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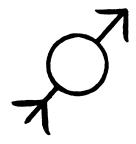
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BIOGRAPHICAL & HISTORICAL LECTURES.

REV. W. M. PUNSHON, LL.D.

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BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL

LECTURES

BY THE

REV. W. M. PUNSHON, LL.D.

COMPRISING

THE PROPHET OF HOREB.

JOHN BUNYAN.

MACAULAY.

WILBERFORCE.

THE HUGUENOTS.

Fondon:

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21, BERNERS STREET.

1881.

J. 12

42745

100 1100 11399 POST

The Prophet of Horeb—his Life and its Lessons.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON,

WESLEYAN MINISTER, SHEFFIELD.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

JANUARY 17, 1854.

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THE PROPHET OF HOREB—HIS LIFE AND ITS LESSONS.

THE mountains of the Bible will well repay the climber. There is a glorious prospect from their summits, and moral bracing in the breathing of their difficult air.

Most of the events in Bible history, which either embody great principles, illustrate Divine perfections, or bear impressively upon the destinies of man, have had the mountains for the pedestals of their achievement. Beneath · the arch of the Covenant-rainbow the lone ark rested upon Ararat; Abraham's trial, handing down the high faith of the hero-father, and typing the greater sacrifice of the future time, must be "on one of the mountains" in the land of Moriah; Aaron, climbing heavenward, is "unclothed and clothed upon " amid the solitudes of Hor; and where but on the crest of Nebo could Moses gaze upon the land and die? If there is to be a grand experiment to determine between rival faiths—to defeat Baal—to exalt Jehovah, what spot so fitting as the excellency of Carmel? It was due to the great and dread events of the Saviour's history that they should be enacted where the world's broad eye could light upon them, hence he is transfigured "on the

high mountain apart," on Olivet he prays, on Calvary heldies,—and at the close of all, in the splendours of eternal allotment, amid adoring angels and perfected men, we cheerfully "come to Mount Zion."

Precious as is the Scripture in all phases of its appearance, the quality which, above all others, invests it with a richer value, is its exquisite adaptation to every necessity of man. Professing itself to be his infallible and constant instructor, it employs all modes of communicating wisdom. "The Man of our counsel" is always at hand, in every condition and in every peril. But we learn more from living exemplar than from preceptive utterance. The truth, which has not been realised by some man of like passions with ourselves, comes cold and distant, like a lunar It may furnish us with correct notions and a beautiful system, just as we can learn proportion from a statue, but there needs the touch of life to influence and to transform. Hence, not the least impressive and salutary Bible-teaching is by the accurate exhibition of individual character. A man's life is there sketched out to us, not that side of it merely which he presents to the world, which the restraints of society have modified, which intercourse has subdued into decorousness, and which shrouds his meaner self in a conventional hypocrisy, but his inner life, his management of the trifles which give the sum of character, his ordinary and household doings, as well as the rare seasons of exigency and of trial. The whole man is before us, and we can see him as he is. Partiality cannot blind us, nor prejudice distort our view. Nothing is exaggerated, nothing is concealed. His defects are there—his falterings and depressions—his mistrusts and betrayals like so many beacons glaring their warning lights upon our path. His excellencies are there—his stern integrity and

consistent walking, his intrepid wrestling and heron endurance—that we may be followers of his patience and faith, and ultimately share his crown. So marked and hallowed is this candour, that we do not wonder at its being alleged as an argument for the book's divinity. The characters are all human in their experience, although Divine in their They were men those Bible worthies, worldrenowned, God-smitten, princely men, towering indeed in moral, as Saul in physical, stature above their fellows, but still men of like passions with ourselves — to the same frailties incident—with the same trials battling—by the same temptations frequently and foully overcome. Their perfect humanness is, indeed, their strongest influence and greatest charm. Of what avail to us were the biography of an angel, could you chronicle his joys in the calm round of heaven? There could be no sympathy either of condition or experience.

But the Bible, assuming the essential identity of the race, tells of man, and the "one blood" of all nations leaps up to the thrilling tale. There is the old narrative of lapse and loss; the tidings, ancient and undecaying, of temptation, conflict, mastery, recompense. In ourselves there have been the quiverings of David's sorrow, and the stirrings of David's sin. We, perhaps, like Elijah, have been by turns confessor and coward—fervent as Peter and as faithless too. The heart answers to the history, and responsive and struggling humanity owns the sympathy, and derives the blessing.

It is a strange history, this history of the Prophet Elijah. Throughout the whole of his career we are attracted almost more by his inspiration than by himself. We are apt to lose sight of the man in the thought of the Divine energy which wielded him at its terrible or gentle will. The unconsciousness of self, which is the distinctive mark of the true seer, is always present with him—in his manliest and in his meekest hours—in his solitary prayer in the loft at Zarephath, in his solemn sarcasm on the summit of Carmel, when he flushes the cheek of a dead child, or pales the brow of a living king. He is surrendered always to the indwelling God. He always seems to regard himself as a chosen and a separated man—lifted, by his consecration, above the love or the fear of his kind—forced, ever and anon, upon difficult and perilous duty—a flying roll, carven with mercy and with judgment—an echo, rather than an original utterance—"the voice of one," not "one," but "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord!"

How abruptly he bursts upon the world. nothing of his birth, nothing of his parentage, nothing of his On all these matters the record is profoundly, silent. He is presented to us at once, a full-grown and authoritative man, starting in the path of Ahab sudden as the lightning, energetic and alarming as the thunder. "Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead." This is all. And it is all we need. What reck we of his ancestry? He is royal in his deeds. Obscure in his origin, ! springing probably from the herdmen or vine-dressers of Galilee, regarded by the men of Tishbe as one of themselves—a little reserved and unsocial withal—his person, perhaps, held in contempt by the licentious court, and his? intrusions stigmatised as annoying impertinence, he held on his high way notwithstanding, performed stupendous miracles, received large revelations, and at last, tired of the world, went up to heaven in a chariot of fire. How often have we seen the main fact of this story realised in later; times! Men have looked at the trappings of the messenger,—

not at the import of his message. Their faculty of appreciation has been grievously impaired. A prophet has leaped into the day with his burden of reproof and truth-telling, but he has not been clad in silken sheen, nor a speaker of smooth things, and the world has gone on to its merchandise, while the broken-hearted seer has retired into the wilderness to die. A poet has warbled out his soul in secret, and discoursed most exquisite music—but, alas! it has been played among the tombs. A glorious iconoclast has come forth among the peoples, "expecting that they would have understood how that the Lord by him had sent deliverance," but he has been met by the insulting rejoinder, "Who made thee a ruler and a judge?" Thus, in the days of her nonage, because they lacked high estate and lofty lineage, has the world poured contempt upon some of the choicest of her sons. "A heretic!" shouted the furious bigotry of the Inquisition. "And yet it moves," said Galileo—resolute, even in the moment of enforced abjuration, for the immutable truth. scoffing to Genoese bravos, grandees of Portugal, and the court of England, Columbus spied the log of wood in its eastward drifting, and opened up America—the rich El Dorado of many an ancient dream. "An empiric!" shouted all the Doctor Sangradoes of the time, and the old physiologists hated Harvey with an intensely professional hatred. because he affirmed the circulation of the blood. fordshire tinker!" sneered the polite ones, with a whiff of the otto of roses, as if the very mention of his craft was infragrant—"What has he to do to preach, and write books, and set up for a teacher of his fellows?" But glorious John Bunyan, leaving them in their own Cabul-country, dwelt in the land of Beulah, climbed up straight to the presence of the shining ones, and had "all the trumpets sounding for him on the other side." Sidney Smith wrote at, and tried to write down, "the consecrated Cobbler," who

was to evangelise India - but William Carey shall live embalmed in the memories of converted thousands, long after the witty canon of St. Paul's is forgotten, or, is remembered only as a melancholy example of genius perverted and a vocation mistaken. "A Methodist!" jested the godless witlings of Brazennose-"A Jacobin!" reiterated the makers of silver shrines—"A ringleader in the Gordon riots!" said the Romanists whose errors he had combatedand the formalistic churchmanship of that day gathered up its gentilities, smoothed its ruffled fringes, and with a dowager's stateliness flounced by "on the other side:" and reputable burghers, the "canny bodies" of the time, subsided into their own respectabilities, and shook their heads at every mention of the pestilent fellow: but calm-browed and high-souled, John Wesley went on until a large portion of his world-parish rejoiced in his light, and wondered at its luminous and ardent flame. And if it be lawful to speak of the Master in the same list as his disciples, who, however excellent, fall immeasurably short of their Divine Pattern, He was called a Nazarene, and there was the scorn of a world couched in the contemptuous word.

There are symptoms, however, of returning sanity. Judicial ermine and archiepiscopal lawn robing the sons of tradesmen, and the blood of all the Montmorencies—fouled by mésalliance with crime—cooling itself in a common prison, are remarkable signs of the times. Men are beginning to feel conscious, not, perhaps, that they have committed a crime, but that they have been guilty of what in the diplomacy of Talleyrand was considered worse—that is, a blunder. Whether the chivalry of feudalism be extinct or not, there can be no question that the villeinage of feudalism is gone. Common men nowadays question the wisdom of nobilities, correct the errors of cabinets, and do not even listen obsequiously to catch the whispers of kings. That is

a strong and growing world-feeling which the poet embodies when he sings—

"Believe us! noble Vere de Veres,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me
"Tis only noble to be good—
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Not that rank has lost its prestige, nor royalty its honour. Elevated station is a high trust, and furnishes opportunity for extensive usefulness. The coronet may be honoured or despised at the pleasure of the wearer. When the rank is larger than the man, when his individuality is shrouded behind a hundred coats-of-arms, when he has so much of the blood of his ancestors in his veins that there is no room for any generous pulses of his own, why, of course, he must find his own level, and be content to be admired, like any other piece of confectionery, by occasional passers-by: but when the noble remembers his humanity, and has sympathy for the erring and encouragement for the sincere—

"When, all the trappings freely swept away,
The man's great nature leaps into the day,"—

his nobility men are not slow to acknowledge—the cap and plume bend very gracefully over the sorrow which they succour, and the jewelled hand is blanched into a heavenlier whiteness when it beckons a struggling people into the power and progress of the coming time. The great question which must be asked of any new aspirer who would mould the world's activities to his will, is not Whence comes he? but

What is he? There may be some semi-fossilised relics of the past who will continue to insinuate, "Has he a grandfather?" But the great world of the earnest and of the workers thunders out, "Has he a soul? Has he a lofty purpose, a single eye, a heart of power? Has he the Prophet's sanctity and inspiration, as well as his boldness and fervour? Never mind the bar sinister on his escutcheon—has he no bar sinister in his life? Has he a giant's strength, a hero's courage, a child's simplicity, an apostle's love, a martyr's will? Then is he sufficiently ennobled." If I, a gospel charioteer, meet him as he essays, trembling, to drive into the world, What must be my salutation?—Art thou of noble blood? Is thy retinue large? thy banner richly emblazoned? thy speech plausible? thy purpose fair? No—but "Is thy heart right?" If it be, give me thy hand.

A prominent feature in the Prophet's character, one which cannot fail to impress us at every mention of his name, is his singular devotion to the object of his great He was sent upon the earth to be the earth's monitor of God. This was his life-purpose, and faithfully he fulfilled it. Rising above the temptations of sense—ready at the bidding of his Master to crucify natural affection sternly repressing the sensibility which might interfere with duty-trampling upon worldly interest, and regardless of personal aggrandisement or safety, he held on his course, unswerving and untired, to the end. God was his object in everything: to glorify God, his aim—to vindicate God, his miracles - to speak for God, his message - to exhibit God, his life. As the rod of Moses swallowed up the symbols of Egyptian wizardry, so did this consuming passion in Elijah absorb each meaner impulse, and each low desire. His decision rarely failed him, his consistency never. He "halted not between two opinions." He spurned alike the adulation of a monarch and of a mob. He neither!

compromise with the idolaters of Baal. Heaven's high remembrancer, he did a true man's work in a true man's way, with one purpose and a "united" heart.

Although many parts of this character cannot, on account of his peculiar vocation, be presented for our imitation, in his unity of purpose and of effort he furnishes us with a noble example. This oneness of principle—freedom from tortuous policy—the direction of the energies to the attainment of one worthy end-appears to be what is meant in Scripture by the "single eye," ἀπλοῦς—not complex—no obliquity in the vision - looking straight on-taking in one object at one And if we look into the lives of the men who have vindicated their right to be held in the world's memory, we shall find that all their actions evolve from one comprehensive principle, and converge to one magnificent achievement. Consider the primitive apostles. There you have twelve men, greatly diverse in character, cherishing each his own taste and mode of working, labouring in different localities, and bringing the one Gospel to bear upon different classes of mind, and yet everywhere-in proud Jerusalem -- inquisitive Ephesus -- cultured Athens -- voluptuous Rome, meeting after many years in that mightiest result, the establishment of the kingdom of Christ. Much of this issue is of course due to the Gospel itself, or rather to the Divine agency which applied it, but something also to the unity of the messengers, their sincere purpose, and sustained endeavour. And so it is in the case of all who have been the benefactors of mankind. They have Ihad some master-purpose, which has moulded all others into a beautiful subordination, which they have maintained amid hazard and suffering, and which, shrined sacredly in the heart, has influenced and fashioned the life. If a man allow within him the play of different or

contradictory purposes, he may, in a life-time, pile up a head of gold, a breast of silver, thighs of brass, and feet of clay, but it is but a great image after all. It crumbles at the first touch of the smiting stone, and, like the chaff of the summer threshing-floor, its fragments are helpless on the wind. If, on the other hand, a man's doings grow out of one and the same spirit, and that spirit be consecrated to holy endeavour, they will interpenetrate and combine into beneficent achievement, and stand out a life-giving and harmonious whole. This oneness of design for which we contend is distinctive of the highest developments of the whole family of genius. A book may run through many editions, and fascinate many reviewers, but it must be informed by one spirit, new correspondences must be revealed to the æsthetic eye, and it must appear "in the serene completeness of artistic unity," ere it can settle down to be a household word in the family, or a hidden treasure in the heart. In whatever department "the beauty-making Power" has wrought—in the bodiless thought, or in the breathing marble—in the chef-d'œuvres of the artist, or in the conceptions of the architect,—whether Praxiteles chisels, Raffaelle paints, Shakspeare delineates, or Milton sings, there is the same singleness of the animating spirit. Hamlet, Paradise Lost, and Festus; the Greek Slave and the Madonna; the Coliseum and Westminster Abbey; are they not, each in its kind, creations to which nothing can be added with advantage, and from which, without damage, nothing can be taken away?

And of that other Book—our highest literature, as well as our unerring law—the glorious, world-subduing Bible, do we not feel the same? In its case the experiment has been tried. The Apocryphal has been bound up with the Inspired, like "wood, hay, and stubble," loading the rich fret-work of a stately pile, or the clumsy work of an appren-

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tice superadded to the finish of a master. Doubtles. tion may be gathered from it. but how it "pales its in fires" before the splendour of the Word! It is unfo for it that they have been brought into contact. be grateful for the gas-lamp at eventide, but it were grievous folly to light it up at noon. As in science, literature, art, so We can wrap up in a word the object of it is in character. "the world's foster gods;" to bear witness for Jehovah—to extend Christianity—to disinter the truth for Europe—to "spread Scriptural holiness"—to humanise prison discipline —to abolish slavery—these are soon told; but if you unfold each word, you have the life-labour of Elijah, Paul, Luther, Wesley, Howard, Wilberforce—the inner man of each heart laid open, with its hopes, joys, fears, anxieties, ventures, faiths, conflicts, triumphs, in the long round of weary and of wasting years.

Look at this oneness of principle embodied in action. See it in Martin Luther. He has a purpose, that miner's That purpose is the acquisition of knowledge. exhausts speedily the resources of Mansfeld, reads hard, and devours the lectures at Magdeburg, chants in the hours of recreation, like the old Minnesingers in the streets, for bread, sits at the feet of Trebonius in the college at Eisenach, enters as a student at Erfurt, and at the age of eighteen has outstripped his fellows, has a University for his admirer, and professors predicting for him the most successful career of He has a purpose, that Scholar of Erfurt. purpose is the discovery of truth, for in the old library he has stumbled on a Bible. Follow him out into the new world which that volume has flashed upon his soul. With Pilate's question on his lip and in his heart, he foregoes his brilliant prospect—parts without a sigh with academical distinction—takes monastic vows in an Augustine convent—becomes the watchman and sweeper of the place—goes, a mendicant friar, with

the convent's begging-bag, to the houses where he had been welcomed as a Friend, or had starred it as a Lion-wastes himself with voluntary penances well-nigh to the grave—studies the Fathers intensely, but can get no light-pores over the Book itself, with scales upon his eyes—catches a dim streak! of auroral brightness, but leaves Erfurt before the glorious dawn-until at last, in his cell at Wittemberg, on his bed of languishing at Bologna, and finally at Rome—Pilate's question answered upon Pilate's stairs—there comes the thricerepeated Gospel-whisper, "The just shall live by faith," and the glad Evangel scatters the darkening and shreds off the paralysis, and he rises into moral freedom, a new man unto the Lord! He has a purpose, that Augustine monk. That purpose is the Reformation! Waiting with the modesty of the hero, until he is forced into the strife, with the courage of the hero he steps into the breach to do battle for the living Tardy in forming his resolve, he is brave in his adhesion to it. Not like Erasmus, "holding the truth in unrighteousness," with a clear head and a craven heart—not like Carlstadt, hanging upon a grand principle the tatters of a petty vanity—not like Seckingen, a wielder of carnal weapons, clad in glowing mail, instead of the armour of righteousness and the weapon of all prayer-but bold, disinterested, spiritual—he stands before us, God-prepared and God-upheld-that valiant Luther, who, in his opening prime, amazed the Cardinal de Vio by his fearless avowal, "Had I five heads I would lose them all rather than retract the testimony which I have borne for Christ"—that incorruptible Luther, whom the Pope's nuncio tried in vain to bribe, and of whom he wrote in his spleen, "This German beast has no regard for gold"—that inflexible Luther, who, when told that the fate of John Huss would probably await him at Worms, said calmly, "Were they to make a fire that would extend from Worms to Wittemberg, and reach even to the !

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sky, I would walk across it in the name of the Lord"—that triumphant Luther, who, in his honoured age, sat in the cool shadow and 'mid the purple vintage of the tree himself had planted, and after a stormful sojourn scaped the toils of the hunters, and died peacefully in his bed—that undying Luther, "who, being dead, yet speaketh," the mention of whose name rouses the ardour of the manly, and quickens the pulses of the free; whose spirit yet stirs, like a clarion, the great heart of Christendom; and whose very bones have so marvellous a virtue, that, like the bones of Elisha, if on them were stretched the corpse of an effete Protestantism, they would surely wake it into tife to the honour and glory of God!

But we must not forget, as we are in some danger of doing, that we must draw our illustrations mainly from the life of Elijah. We have before affirmed that unity of purpose and consistency of effort were leading features in his character, but look at them in action, especially as displayed in the great scene of Carmel. Call up that scene before you, with all its adjuncts of grandeur and of power. The summit of the fertile hill, meet theatre for so glorious a tragedy—the idolatrous priests, with all the pompous ensigns of their idol-worship, confronted by that solitary but princely manthe gathered and anxious multitude—the deep silence following on the prophet's question—the appeal to fire—the protracted invocation of Baal-the useless incantations and barbaric rites, "from morning even until noon, and from noon until the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice"the solemn sarcasm of Elijah—the building of the altar of unfurnished stone-the drenching and surrounding it with water, strangest of all strange preparations for a burnt-sacrifice—the sky reddening as if it blushed at the folly of the priests of Baal--the sun sloping slowly to the West, and Ling aslant upon the pale faces of that unweary multitude,

rapt in fixed attention, patient, stern, unhungering—the high accents of holy prayer—the solemn pause, agonising from its depth of feeling—the falling flame, "a fire of intelligence and power"—the consuming of all the materials of the testimony and that mighty triumph-shout, rolling along the plain of, Sharon, waking the echoes of the responsive mountains, and thrilling over the sea with an eloquence grander than its own,—there it stands—that scene in its entireness—most wonderful even in a history of wonders, and one of the most magnificent and conclusive forthputtings of Jehovah's But abstract your contemplations now from the miraculous interposition, and look at the chief actor in the How calm he is! How still amidst that swaying They, agitated by a thousand emotions—he, self-reliant, patient, brave! Priests mad with malicepeople wild in wonder—an ominous frown darkening the royal brow-Elijah alone unmoved! Whence this self-possession? What occult principle so mightily sustains him? There was, of course, unfaltering dependence upon God. But there was also the consciousness of integrity of purpose, and of a heart "at one." There was no recreancy in the soul. He had not been the passive observer, nor the guilty! conniver at sin. He had not trodden softly, lest he should shock Ahab's prejudices or disturb his repose. He had not shared in the carnivals of Jezebel's table. He had not preserved a dastardly neutrality. Every one knew him to be "on the Lord's side." His heart was always in tune; like Memnon's harp, it trembled into melody at every breath of heaven.

With these examples before us. it behoves us to ask ourselves, *Have we a purpose?* Elijah and Luther may be marks too high for us. Do not let us affect knight-errantry, couch the lance at windmills to prove our valour, or mistake sauciness for sanctity, and impudence for inspi-

It is not probable that our mission is to beard unfaithful royalties, or to pull down the edifices which are festooned with the associations of centuries. But in the sphere of each of us-in the marts of commerce, in the looms of labour-while the sun is climbing hotly up the sky, and the race of human pursuits and competitions is going vigorously on, there is work enough for the sincere and honest workman. The sphere for personal improvement was never so large. To brace the body for service or for suffering-to bring it into subjection to the control of the master-facultyto acquaint the mind with all wisdom—to hoard, with miser's care, every fragment of beneficial knowledge—to twine the beautiful around the true, as the acanthus leaf around the Corinthian pillar—to quell the sinward propensities of the nature—to evolve the soul into the completeness of its moral manhood—to have the passions in harness, and firmly curb them-"to bear the image of the heavenly"-to strive after "that mind which was also in Christ Jesus."—here is a field of labour wide enough for the most resolute will. sphere of beneficent activity was never so large. To infuse the leaven of purity into the disordered masses—to thaw the death-frost from the heart of the misanthrope—to make the treacherous one faithful to duty—to open the world's dim eye to the majesty of conscience—to gather and instruct the orphans bereft of a father's blessing and of a mother's prayer—to care for the outcast and abandoned, who have drunk in iniquity with their mother's milk, whom the priest and the Levite have alike passed by, and who have been forced in the hotbed of poverty into premature luxuriance of evil,-here is labour, which may employ a man's whole lifetime, and his whole soul. Young men, are you working? Have you gone forth into the harvest-field bearing precious seed? Alas! perhaps some of you are yet resting in the con ventional, that painted charnel which has tombed many a man

hood; grasping eagerly your own social advantages; gyved by a dishonest expediency; not doing a good lest it should be evil spoken of, nor daring a faith lest the scoffer should frown. With two worlds to work in-the world of the heart, with its many-phased and wondrous life, and the world around, with its problems waiting for solution, and its contradictions panting for the harmoniser-you are perhaps enchained in the Island of Calypso, thralled by its blandishments, emasculated by its enervating air. Oh, for some strong-armed Mentor to thrust you over the cliff, and strain with you among the buffeting waves! Brothers, let us be men. bravely fling off our chains. If we cannot be commanding, let us at least be sincere. Let our earnestness amend our incapacity. Let ours not be a life of puerile inanities or obsequious Mammon-worship. Let us look through the pliant neutral in his hollowness, and the churlish miser in his greed, and let us go and do otherwise than they. Let us not be ingrates while Heaven is generous, idlers while earth is active, slumberers while eternity is near. Let us have a purpose, and let that purpose be one. Without a central principle all will be in disorder. Ithaca is misgoverned, Penelope beset by clamorous suitors, Telemachus in peril, all because Ulysses is away. Let the Ulysses of the soul return, let the governing principle exert its legitimate authority, and the harpy-suitors of appetite and sense shall be slainthe heart, married to the truth, shall retain its fidelity to its bridal-vow, and the eldest-born, a purpose of valour and of wisdom, shall carve its high way to renown, and achieve its deeds of glory. Aim at this singleness of eye. Abhor a life of self-contradictions, as a grievous wrong done to an immortal nature. And thus, having a purpose—one purpose a worthy purpose—you cannot toil in vain. Work in the inner-it will tell upon the outer world. Purify your own heart - you will have a reformative power on the neighbourhood. Shrine the truth within—it will attract many pilgrims. Kindle the vestal fire—it will ray out a life-giving light. Have the mastery over your own spirit—you will go far to be a world-subduer. Oh, if there be one here who would uplift himself or advance his fellows, who would do his brother "a good which shall live after him," or enrol himself among the benefactors of mankind, to him we say, Cast out of thyself all that loveth and maketh a lie—hate every false way—set a worthy object before thee—work at it with both hands, an open heart, an earnest will, and a firm faith. and then go on—

"Onward, while a wrong remains
To be conquered by the right,—
While Oppression lifts a finger
To affront us by his might.
While an error clouds the reason,
Or a sorrow gnaws the heart,
Or a slave awaits his freedom,
Action is the wise man's part!"

The Prophet's consistency of purpose, his canneless in the time of danger, and his marvellous success, require, however, some further explanation, and that explanation is to be found in the fact, that he was a man of prayer Prayer was the forerunner of his every action—the grace of supplication prepared him for his mightiest deeds. Whatever was his object—to seal or to open the fountains of heaven—to evoke the obedient fire on Carmel—to shed joy over the bereft household of the Sareptan widow—to bring down "forks of flame" upon the captains and their fifties—there was always the solemn and the earnest prayer. Tishbe, Zarephath, Carmel, Jezreel, Gilgal—he had his oratory in them all. And herein lay the secret of his strength. The mountain-closet emboldened him for the mountain-altar. While the winged birds were providing for his body

winged prayers were enstrengthening his soul. In answer to his entreaties in secret, the whole armour of God was at his service, and he buckled the breastplate, and braced the girdle, and strapped on the sandals, and stepped forthfrom his closet a hero, and men knew that he had been in Jehovah's presence-chamber from the glory which lingered on his brow.

Now, as man is to be contemplated, not only in reference to time, but in reference to eternity, this habit of prayer is necessary to the completeness of his character. If the present were his all—if his life were to shape itself only, amid surrounding complexities of good or evil-if he had merely to impress his individuality upon his age, and then, die and be forgotten, or in the veiled future have no living and conscious concern, then, indeed, self-confidence might be his highest virtue — self-will his absolute law—selfaggrandisement his supremest end. But, as beyond the present, there lies, in all its solemness, eternity — as the world to which we are all hastening is a world of result, discovery, fruition, recompense — as an impartial register chronicles our lives, that a righteous retribution may follow -our dependence upon God must be felt and recognised, and there must be some medium through which to receive the communications of his will. This medium is furnished to us in prayer. It has been ordained by himself as a condition of strength and blessing, and all who are under his authority are under binding obligations to pray.

Young men, you have been exhorted to aspire. Self-reliance has been commended to you as a grand element of character. We would echo these counsels. They are counsels of wisdom. But to be safe and to be perfect, you must connect with them the spirit of prayer, Emulation, unchastened by any higher principle, is to our perverted uature very often a danger and an evil. The love of

distinction, not of truth and right, becomes the masterpassion of the soul, and instead of high-reaching labour after good, there comes Vanity with its parodies of excellence, or mad Ambition shrinking from no enormity in its cupidity or lust of power. Self-reliance, in a heart unsanctified, often gives place to Self-confidence, its base-born brother. Under its unfriendly rule there rise up in the soul over-weening estimate of self-inveteracy of evil habitimpatience of restraint or control — the disposition to lord it over others - and that dogged and repulsive obstinacy, which, like the dead fly in the ointment, throws an ill savour over the entire character of the man. These are its smaller manifestations, but, in congenial soil, and with commensurate opportunities, it blossoms out into some of the worst forms of humanity—the ruffian, who is the terror of his neighbourhood—the tyrant, who has an appetite for blood the atheist, who denies his God. Now, the habit of prayer will afford to these principles the salutary check which they need. It will sanctify emulation, and make it a virtue to aspire. It will curb the excesses of ambition, and keep down the vauntings of unholy pride. The man will aim at the highest, but in the spirit of the lowest, and prompted by the thought of immortality-not the loose immortality of the poet's dream, but the substantial immortality of the Christian's hope—he will travel on to his reward. manner will the habit of prayer chasten and consecrate the principle of self-reliance. It will preserve, intact, all its enterprise and bravery. It will bate not a jot of its original strength and freedom, but, when it would wanton out into insolence and pride, it will restrain it by the consciousness of a higher power, it will shed over the man the meekness and gentleness of Christ, and it will show, existing in the same nature and in completest harmony, indomitable courage in the arena of the world, and loyal submission to the

authority of heaven. Many noble examples have attested how this inner life of heaven-combining the heroic and the gentle, softening without enfeebling the character, preparing either for action or endurance—has shed its power over the outer life of earth. How commanding is the attitude of Paul from the time of his conversion to the truth! courage he has - encountering the Epicurean and Stoical philosophers—revealing the unknown God to the multitude at Athens-making the false-hearted Felix tremble, and almost constraining the pliable Agrippa to decision - standing, silver-haired and solitary, before the bar of Nero-dying a martyr for the loved name of Jesus!—that heroism was, born in the solitude where he importunately "besought the Lord." "In Luther's closet," says D'Aubigné, "we have the secret of the Reformation." The Puritans—those "men of whom the world was not worthy"-to whom we owe immense, but scantily acknowledged, obligations—how kept they their fidelity? Tracked through wood and wild, the baying of the fierce sleuth-hound breaking often upon their sequestered worship—their prayer was the talisman which "stopped the mouths of lions, and quenched the violence of fire." You cannot have forgotten how exquisitely the efficacy of prayer is presented in our second book of Proverbs:-

"Behold that fragile form of delicate transparent beauty,
Whose light blue eye and hectic cheek are lit by the bale-fires of decline;
Hath not thy heart said of her, Alas! poor child of weakness?
Thou hast erred; Goliath of Gath stood not in half her strength:
For the serried ranks of evil are routed by the lightning of her eye;
Seraphim rally at her side, and the captain of that host is God,
For that weak fluttering heart is strong in faith assured,—
Dependence is her might, and behold—she prayeth."*

Desolate, indeed, is the spirit, like the hills of Gilboa, reft of the precious things of heaven, if it never prays.

^{*} Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," Of Prayer, p. 109.

Do you pray? Is the fire burning upon that secret altar? Do you go to the closet as a duty? linger in it as a privilege?--What is that you say? There is a scoffer in the same place of business with you, and he tells you it is cowardly to bow the knee, and he jeers you about being kept in leading-strings, and urges you to avow your manliness, and as he is your room-mate, you have been ashamed to pray before him-and, moreover, he seems so cheerful, and resolute, and brave, that his words have made some impression? What! he brave? He who gave up the journey the other day because he lucklessly discovered it was Friday—he who lost his self-possession at the party because "the salt was spilt-to him it fell"-he who, whenever friends solicit and the tempter plies, is afraid to say no-he who dares not for his life look into his own heart, for he fancies it a haunted house, with goblins perched on every landing to pale the cheek and blench the courage—he a brave man? Oh! to your knees, young man-to your knees, that the cowardice may be forgiven and forgotten. There is no bravery in blasphemy, there is no dastardliness in godly fear. It is prayer which strengthens the weak, and makes the strong man stronger. Happy are you, if it is your habit and your privilege. You can offer it anywhere. crowded mart or busy street—flying along the gleaming line -sailing upon the wide waters -out in the broad world-in the strife of sentiment and passion—in the whirlwind of battle — at the festival and at the funeral — if the frost braces the spirit or the fog depresses it—if the clouds are heavy on the earth or the sunshine fills it with laughterwhen the dew is damp upon the grass, or when the lightning flashes in the sky-in the matins of sunrise or the vespers of night-fall,—let but the occasion demand it—let the need be felt—let the soul be imperilled—let the enemy threaten -happy are you, for you can pray.

We learn from the Prophet's history that God's discipline for usefulness is frequently a discipline of trouble. enforced banishment to the brook Cherith—his struggles in that solitude, with the unbelief which would fear for the daily sustenance, and with the selfishness which would fret and pine for the activities of life—Ahab's blood-thirsty and eager search for him, of which he would not fail to hear-Jezebel's subsequent and bitterer persecution—the apparent failure of his endeavours for the reformation of Israel—the forty days' fasting in the wilderness of Horeb, -all these were parts of one grand disciplinary process, by which he was made ready for the Lord-fitted for the triumph on Carmel, for the still voice on the mountain, and for the ultimate occupancy of the chariot of fire. It is a beneficent arrangement of Providence, that "the Divinity which shapes our ends" weaves our sorrows into elements of character, and that all the disappointments and conflicts to which the living are subject—the afflictions, physical and mental, personal and relative, which are the common lot, may, rightly used, i become means of improvement and create in us sinews of strength. Trouble is a marvellous mortifier of pride, and an effectual restrainer of self-will. Difficulties string up the energies to loftier effort, and intensity is gained from repres-By sorrow the temper is mellowed, and the feeling is When suffering has broken up the soil, and made the furrows soft, there can be implanted the hardy virtues which out-brave the storm. In short, trial is God's glorious alchymistry, by which the dross is left in the crucible, the baser metals are transmuted, and the character is riched with the gold. It would be easy to multiply examples of the singular efficacy of trouble as a course of discipline. Look at the history of God's chosen people. A king arose in Egypt. "which knew not Joseph," and his harsh tyranny drove the Hebrews from their land of Goslien, and made them the serfs

of an oppressive bondage. The iron entered into their souls. For years they remained in slavery, until in his own good time God arose to their help, and brought them out "with a high hand and with a stretched-out arm." We do not mean, of all things, to make apologies for Pharaoh and his task-masters, but we do mean to say that that bondage was, in many of its results, a blessing, and that the Israelite, building the treasure-cities, and, perhaps, the Pyramids, was a very different and a very superior being to the Israelite-inexperienced and ease-loving—who fed his flocks in Goshen. God over-ruled that captivity, and made it the teacher of many important They had been hitherto a host of families—they lessons. were to be exalted into a nation. There was to be a transition effected from the simplicity of the patriarchal government and clanship to the superb theocracy of the Levitical economy. Egypt was the school in which they were to be trained for Canaan, and in Egypt they were taught, although reluctant and indocile learners, the forms of civil government, the theory of subordination and order, and the arts and habits of civilised life. Hence, when God gave his laws on Sinai, those laws fell upon the ears of a prepared people—even in the desert they could fabricate the trappings of the temple service, and engrave the mystic characters upon the "gems oracular" which flashed upon the breast-plate of the High Priest of God. The long exile in the wilderness of Midian was the chastening by which Moses was instructed, and the impetuosity of his temper mellowed and subdued, so that he who, in his youthful hatred of oppression, slew the Egyptian, became in his age the meekest man, the muchenduring and patient law-giver. A very notable instance of the influence of difficulty and failure in rousing the energies and carrying them on to success, has been furnished in our own times. Of course we refer to this case in this one aspect only-altogether excluding any expression as to the merit or demerit of the man. There will probably be two opinions about him, and those widely differing, in this assembly. We are not presenting him as an example, but as an illustration—save in the matter of steady and persevering purpose—and in this, if he be even an opponent, Fas est ab hoste doceri.

In the year 1837, a young member, oriental alike in his lineage and in his fancy, entered Parliament, chivalrously panting for distinction in that intellectual arena. already known as a successful three-volumer, and his party were ready to hail him as a promising auxiliary. these auspices he rose to make his maiden speech. But he had made a grand mistake. He had forgetten that the figures of St. Stephen's are generally arithmetical, and that superfluity of words, except in certain cases, is regarded as superfluity of naughtiness. He set out with the intention to dazzle. but country gentlemen object to be dazzled, save on certain conditions. They must be allowed to prepare themselves for the shock, they must have due notice beforehand, and the operation must be performed by an established Parliamentary In this case all these conditions were wanting. The speaker was a parvenu. He took them by surprise, and he pelted them with tropes like hail. Hence he had not gone far before there were signs of impatience—by-and-by the ominous cry of "Question"—then came some Parliamentary extravagance, met by derisive cheers - cachinnatory symptoms began to develope themselves, until, at last, in the midst of an imposing sentence, in which he had carried his audience to the Vatican, and invested Lord John Russell with the temporary custody of the keys of St. Peter, the mirth grew fast and furious—somnolent squires woke up and joined in sympathy, and the House resounded with irrepressible peals of laughter. Mortified and indignant, the orator sat down, closing with these memorable words, "I sit down now—but the time will come when you will hear me!" In the morti-

fication of that night, we doubt not, was born a resolute working for the fulfilment of those words. It was an arduous struggle. There were titled claimants for renown among his competitors, and he had to break down the exclusivism. There was a suspicion of political adventuring at work, and broadly circulated, and he had this to overcome. he had to live down the remembrance of his failure. there was the consciousness of power, and the fall which would have crushed the coward made the brave man braver. Warily walking, and steadily toiling, through the chance of years, seizing the opportunity as it came, and always biding his time, he climbed upward to the distant summit—prejudice melted like snow beneath his feet—and in 1852, fifteen short years after his apparent annihilation, he was in her Majesty's Privy Council, styling himself Right Honourable, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Leader of the British House of Commons.

Sirs, are there difficulties in your path, hindering your pursuit of knowledge, restraining your benevolent endeayour, making your spiritual life a contest and a toil? Be thankful for them. They will test your capabilities of re-You will be impelled to persevere from the very energy of the opposition. If there be any might in your soul, like the avalanche of snow, it will acquire additional momentum from the obstacles which threaten to impede it. a man has thus robed himself in the spoils of a vanquished difficulty, and his conquests have accumulated at every onward and upward step, until he has rested from his labour the successful athlete who has thrown the world. "An unfortunate illustration," you are ready to say, "for all cannot win the Olympic crown, nor wear the Isthmian laurel. What of him who fails? How is he recompensed? does he gain?" What? Why, STRENGTH FOR LIFE. craining has ensured him that. He will never forget the

gymnasium and its lessons. He will always be a stalwart man, a man of muscle and of sinew. The REAL MERIT IS NOT IN THE SUCCESS BUT IN THE ENDEAVOUR, and win or lose he will be honoured and crowned.

It may be that the sphere of some of you is that of endurance rather than of enterprise. You are not called to aggress, but to resist. The power to work has reached its limit for a while—the power to wait must be exerted. There are periods in our history when Providence shuts us up to the exercise of faith, when patience and fortitude are more valuable than valour and courage, and when any "further struggle would but defeat our prospects and embarrass our aims." To resist the powerful temptation—to overcome the besetting sin-to restrain the sudden impulse of anger-to keep sentinel over the door of the lips, and turn back the biting sarcasm and the word unkind—to be patient under unmerited censure, - amid opposing friends and a scoffing world to keep the faith high and the purpose firm—to watch through murky night and howling storm for the coming dayin these cases to be still is to be brave; what Burke has called "a masterly inactivity" is our highest prowess, and A quietude is the part of heroism. There is a young man in business battling with some strong temptation by which he is vigorously assailed—he is solicited to engage in some unlawful undertaking, with the prospect of immediate and lucrative returns. Custom pleads prescription-" It is done every day." Partiality suggests that so small a deviation will never be regarded—"Is it not a little one?" Interest reminds him that by his refusal his "craft will be in danger." Compromise is sure that "when he bows himself, in the house of Rimmon, the Lord will pardon his servant in this thing." All these fearful voices are urging his compliance. But the Abdiel-conscience triumphs—help is invoked where it can never be invoked in vain, and he spurns

the temptation away. Is he not a hero? Earth may despise such a victory, but he can afford that scorning when, on account of him, "there is joy in heaven." Oh, there are, day by day, vanishing from the world's presence those of whom she wotteth not, whose heritage has been a heritage of suffering, who, in the squalors of poverty, have gleaned a hallowed chastening, from whom the fires of sickness have scaled their earthliness away, and they have grown up into such transcendent and archangel beauty, that Death, God's eagle, sweeps them into heaven! Murmur not, then, if in the inscrutable allotments of Providence you are called to suffer rather than to do. There is a time to labour, and there is a time to refrain. The completeness of the Christian character consists in energetic working when working is practicable, and in submissive waiting when waiting is necessary. You believe that beyond the waste of waters there is a rich land to be discovered, and, like Columbus, you have manned the vessel and hopefully set sail. But your difficulties are increasing. The men's hearts are failing them for fear-they wept when you got out of sight of land-the distance is greater than you thought—there is a weary and unvaried prospect of only sky and sea-you have not spoken a ship nor exchanged a greeting-your crew are becoming mutinous, and brand you mad-officers and men crowd round you, savagely demanding return. Move not a hair's breadth. Command the craven spirits to their duty. Bow them before the grandeur of your courage and the triumph of your faith-

"Hushing every muttered murmur,
Let your fortitude the firmer
Gird your soul with strength,—
While, no treason near her lurking,
Patience, in her perfect working,
Shall be queen at length."

Ha! What is it? What says the watcher! Land in the distance. No, not yet—but there's a hopeful fragrance in the breeze—the sounding-line gives shallower and yet shallower water—the tiny land-birds flutter round, venturing on timid wing to give their joyous welcome. Spread the canvass to the wind—by-and-by there shall be the surf-wave on the strand—the summits of the land of promise visible—the flag flying at the harbour's mouth, and echoing from grateful hearts and manly voices the swelling spirit-hymn, "So helpingeth us to our desired haven."

We are taught by the Prophet's history the evil of undue disquietude about the aspect of the times. The followers of Baal had been stung to madness by their defeat on Carmel, and Jezebel, their patroness, mourning over her slaughtered priests, swore by her idol-gods that she would have the Prophet's life for theirs. On this being reported to Elijah, he seems to be paralysed with fear, all his former confidence in God appears to be forgotten, and the remembrance of the mighty deliverances of the past fails to sustain him under the pressure of this new trial. Such is poor human He, before whom the tyrant Ahab had quailednature. he, whose prayer had suspended the course of nature and) sealed up the fountains of heaven—he who, in the face of all Israel, had confronted and conquered eight hundred and fifty men, terrified at the threat of an angry woman, flees in precipitation and in terror, and, hopeless for the time of his own safety, and of the success of his endeavours for the good of Israel, wanders off into the wilderness, and sighs forth his feelings in the peevish and melancholy utterance,—Let me "It is enough - now, O Lord God, take away my life, for I am no better than my fathers." This desertion of duty, failure of faith, sudden cowardice, unwarranted despondency, petulance and murmuring, are characteristics

of modern no less than of ancient days. There is one class of observers, indeed, who are not troubled with any disquietude. to whom all wears the tint of the rose-light, and who are disposed to regard the apprehensions of their soberer neighbours as dyspeptic symptoms, or as incipient hypochondriacism. Whenever the age is mentioned they go off in an ecstasv. They are like the Malvern patients of whom Sir Lytton Bulwer tells, who, after having made themselves extempore mummies in the "pack," and otherwise undergone their matutinal course of hydropathy, are so intensely exhilarated, and have such an exuberance of animal spirits, that they are obliged to run a considerable distance for the sake of working themselves off. Their volubility of praise is extraordinary, and it is only when they are thoroughly out of breath that you have the chance to edge in a syllable. They tell us that the age is "golden," auriferous in all its developements, transcending all others in immediate advantage and in auguries of future good. We are pointed to the kindling love of freedom, to the quickened onset of inquiry, to the stream of legislation broadening as it flows, to the increase of hereditary mind, to the setting further and further back of the old land-marks of improvement, and to the enclosure of whole acres of intellectual and moral waste, thought formerly not worth the tillage. We would not for one moment be understood to undervalue these and other signs equally and yet more encouraging. On the other hand, though no alarmists, we would not be insensible to the fears of those who tell us that we are in danger—that our liberty of which we boast ourselves is strangely like licentiousness that our intellectual eminence may prove practical folly—that our liberality verges on indifferentism—and that our chiefest dignity is our yet unhumbled pride, that peon was ouezos, which, in all its varieties, and in all its conditions, is "enmity

against God." A very cursory glance at the state of things around us will suffice to show that with the dawn of a brighter day there are blent some gathering clouds.

Amid those who have named the Master's name there is much which calls for caution and for warning. Political strife, fierce and absorbing, leading the mind off from the realities of its own condition—a current of worldly conformity setting in strongly upon the churches of the land—the ostentation and publicity of religious enterprises prompting to the neglect of meditation and of secret prayer—sectarian bitterness in its sad and angry developements—the multiform and lamentable exhibitions of practical Antinomianism which abound amongst us,—all these have in their measure prevented the fulfilment of the Church's mission in the world.

If you look outside the pale of the Churches, viewed from a Christian stand-point, the aspect is somewhat alarming. Crime does not diminish. The records of our offices of police and of our courts of justice are perfectly appalling. Intemperance, like a mighty gulf-stream, drowns its thousands. The Sabbath is systematically desecrated, and profligacy yet exerts its power to fascinate and to ruin souls. And then, deny it as we will, there is the engrossing power of Mammon. Covetousness—the sin of the heart, of the church, of the world-is found everywhere; lurking in the guise of frugality in the poor man's dwelling-dancing in the shape of gold-fields and Australia before the flattered eye of youth - shrined in the marts of the busy world, receiving the incense and worship of the traders in vanityarrayed in purple and faring sumptuously every day in the mansion of Dives-twining itself round the pillars of the sanctuary of God-it is the great world-emperor still, swaying an absolute authority, with legions of subordinate vices to watch its nod, and to perform its bidding.

Then, besides this iniquity of practical ungodliness. there is also the iniquity of theoretical opinion. Popery, that antiquated superstition, which is coming forth in its decrepitude, rouging over its wrinkles, and flaunting itself, as it used to do, in its well-remembered youth. There are the various ramifications of the subtle spirit of Unbelief - Atheism, discarding its former audacity of blasphemy, assuming now a modest garb and mendicant whine, asking our pity for its idiosyncrasy, bewailing its misfortune in not being able to believe that there is a God-Rationalism, whether in the transcendentalism of Hegel, or in the allegorising impiety of Strauss, or in the pantheistic philosophy of Fichte, eating out the heart of the Gospel, into which its vampire-fangs have fastened - Latitudinarianism on a sentimental journey in search of the religious instinct, doling out its equal and niggard praise to it wherever it is found, in Fetichism, Thuggism, Mohammedism, or Christianity—that species of active and high-sounding scepticism, which, for want of a better name, we may call a Credophobia, which selects the confessions and catechisms as the objects of its especial hostility, and which, knowing right well that if the banner is down, the courage fails, and the army will be routed or slain, "furious as a wounded bull, runs tearing at the creeds,"—these, with all their offshoots and dependencies (for their name is Legion) grouped . under the generic style of Infidelity, have girt themselves for the combat, and are asserting and endeavouring to esta-. blish their empire over the intellects and consciences of And as this spirit of Unbelief has many sympathies with the spirit of Superstition, they have entered into unholy alliance-"Herod and Pilate have been made friends together"-and, hand joined in hand, they are arrayed against the truth of God. Oh, rare John Bunyan! Was he not among the prophets? Listen to his description of the last

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army of Diabolus before the final triumph of Immanuel. "Ten thousand Doubters, and fifteen thousand Bloodmen, and old *Incredulity* was again made general of the army."

In this aspect of the age its tendencies are not always upward, nor its prospects encouraging, and we can understand the feeling which bids the Elis of our Israel "sit by the wayside watching, for their hearts tremble for the ark of God." We seem to be in the mysterious twilight of which the Prophet speaks, "The light shall not be clear nor dark, but one day known unto the Lord, not day nor night." Ah! here is our consolation. It is "known unto the Lord," -then our faith must not be weakened by distrust, nor our labour interrupted by fear. It is "known unto the Lord," -and from the mount of Horeb he tells us that in the secret places of the heritage there are seven thousand that have not bowed the knee to Baal. It is "known unto the Lord,"—and while we pity the Prophet in the wilderness asking for a solitary death—death under a cloud—death in judgment—death in sorrow—He draws aside the veil, and shows us heaven preparing to do him honour—the celestial escort making ready to attend him-the horses being harnessed into the chariot of fire.

Sirs, if there be this opposition, be it ours to "contend" the more "earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." Many are persuading us to give up and abandon our creeds. We ought rather to hold them with a firmer grasp, and infuse into them a holier life. We can imagine how the infidel would accost an intelligent and hearty believer. "Be independent—don't continue any longer in leading-strings, taking your faith from the ipse dixit of another—use your senses, which are the only means of knowledge—cast your confessions and rituals away—a strong man needs no crutches." And we can imagine the vaply. "Brother, the simile is not a happy one—my creed

is not a crutch—it is a highway thrown up by former travellers to the land that is afar off. 'Other men have laboured,' and of my own free-will I 'enter into their labour.' If thou art disposed to clear the path with thy own hatchet, with lurking serpents underneath and knotted branches overhead, God speed thee, my brother, for thy work is of the roughest, and while thou art resting-fatigued and 'considering'-thou mayest die before thou hast come upon the truth. I am grateful to the modern Macadamizers who have toiled for the coming time. Commend me to the king's highway. I am not bound in it with fetters of iron. I can climb the hill for the sake of a wider landscape. I can cross the stile, that I may slake my thirst at the old moss-covered well in the field. I can saunter down the woodland glade, and gather the wild heart's-ease that peeps from among the tangled fern - but I go back to the good old path where the pilgrim's tracks are visible, and, like the shining light, 'it grows brighter and brighter unto the perfect day." Sirs, this is not the time for us to be done with creeds. They are, in the various churches, their individual embodiments of what they believe to be truth, and their individual protests against what they deem to be error. "Give up our theology!" says Mr. James, of Birmingham, "then farewell to our piety. Give up our theology! then dissolve our churches --- for our churches are founded upon truth. Give up our theology! then next vote our Bibles to be myths. And this is clearly the aim of many—the destruction of all these together—our piety—our churches—our Bibles." This testimony is true. There cannot be an attack upon the one without damage and mischief to the other.

"Just as in old mythology
What time the woodman slew,
Each poet-worshipped forest-tree—
He killed its Dryad too."



So as the assault upon these expressions of Christianity is successful, the spiritual presence enshrined in them will languish and die. "Hold fast," then, "the form of sound words." Amidst the war of sentiment and the jangling of false philosophy, though the sophist may denounce, and though the fool may laugh, let your high resolve go forth to the moral universe, "I am determined to know nothing among men save Christ and him crucified."

There is another matter to which, if you would successfully join in resistance to the works of evil, you must give earnest heed, and that is the desirableness, I had almost said the necessity—I will say it, for it is my solemn conviction, and why should it not be manfully out-spoken? -the necessity of public dedication to the service of your Master-Christ. You will readily admit that confession is requisite for the completeness of discipleship - and you cannot have forgotten how the apostle has linked it to faith. 1 "Confess with thy mouth, and believe with thine heart." To such confession—in the present day, at all events church-fellowship is necessary. You cannot adequately make it in social intercourse, nor by a consistent example, nor even by a decorous attendance with outer-court worshippers. There must be public and solemn union with the Church of Christ. The influence of this avowed adhesion ought not to be forgotten. A solitary "witness" of obedience or faith is lost, like an invisible atom in the air—it is the union of each particle, in itself insignificant, which makes, up the "cloud of witnesses" which the world can see. Your own admirable Society exemplifies the advantage of association in benevolent and Christian enterprise, and the churches of the land, maligned as they have been by infidel slanderers, and imperfectly-very imperfectly-as they have borne witness for God, have yet been the great breakwaters against error and sin-the blest Elims to the desert

wayfarer—the towers of strength in the days of siege and strife. Permit us to urge this matter upon you. Of course we do not pretend to specify—that were treason against the noble catholicity of this Society—though each of your Lecturers has the church of his intelligent preference, and we are none of us ashamed of our own—but we do mean to say, that you ought to join yourselves to that church which appears to your prayerful judgment to be most in accordance with the New Testament, there to render whatever you possess of talent, and influence, and labour. This is my testimony, sincerely and faithfully given—and if, in its utterance, it shall, by God's blessing, recall one wanderer to allegiance, or constrain one waverer to decision, it will not have been spoken in vain.

Yet once more upon this head. There must be deeper piety, more influential and transforming godliness. orthodox creed - valuable church privileges - what are these without personal devotedness? They must be faithful labourers-men of consecrated hearts-who are to do the work of the Lord. Believe me, the depth of apostolic piety, and the fervour of apostolic prayer, are required for the exigencies of the present and coming time. That church of the future, which is to absorb into itself the regenerated race, must be a living and a holy church. Scriptural principles must be enunciated by us all-with John the Baptist's fearlessness, and with John the Evangelist's love. It is a mistake to suppose that fidelity and affection are unfriendly. The highest achievements in knowledge - the most splendid revelations of God - are reserved in his wisdom for the man of perfect love. Who but the beloved disciple could worm out of the Master's heart the foul betrayer's name? Whose heart but his was large enough to hold the Apocalypse, which was flung into it in the Island of Patmos? There must be this union of deepest faithfulness and deepest love to fit us for the coming age—and to get it, we must just do as John did—we must lie upon the Master's bosom until the smile of the Master has burned out of our hearts all earthlier and coarser passion, and has chastened the bravery of the hero by the meekness of the child.

The great lesson which is taught us in the Prophet's aistory is that which was taught to him by the revelation on Hereb, that the Word is God's chosen instrumentality for the Church's progress, and for the world's recovery. were other lessons, doubtless, for his personal benefit. had deserted his duty and was rebuked—he had become impatient and exasperated, and was calmed down-cravenhearted and unbelieving, he was fortified by the display or God's power-dispirited and wishing angrily for death, he was consoled with promise, and prepared for future usefulness and duty. But the grand lesson of all was, that Jehovah, when He works, works not with the turbulence and passion of a man, but with the stillness and grandeur "He was not in the whirlwind, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice." And so it is still. "The whirlwind" of battle, "the earthquake" of political convulsion and change, "the fire" of the loftiest intellect, or of the most burning eloquence, are valueless to uplift and to regenerate the world. They may be, they very often are, the forerunners of the moral triumph —but God's power is in his Gospel—God's presence is in his Word. Here it is that we are at issue—at deep and deadly issue—with the pseudo-philosophers and benevolent "considerers," who profess to be telling in the same cause as ourselves. They discrown Christ — they ignore the influences of the Holy Spirit - they proclaim the perfectibility of their nature in itself — they have superseded the Word as an instrument of progress - and, of their own

masonry, are piling up a tower, if haply a may reach unto This is the great problem of the age. Do not let us deceive ourselves. There are men, earnest, thoughtful, working, clever men, intent upon the question. ship has gathered up its political appliances—Civilisation has exhibited her humanising art — Philanthropy has reared educational, and mechanics', and all other sorts of institutes—amiable dreamers of the Pantheistic school have mapped out in cloud-land man's progress, from the transcendental up to the divine — Communism has flung over all the mantle of its apparent charity, in the folds of which it has darkly hidden the dagger of its terrible purpose nay, every man, nowadays, stands out a ready-made and self-confident artificer, each baving a psalm, or a doctrine or a theory, which is to re-create society and stir the pulses of the world. And yet the world is not regenerated, nor will it ever be by such visionary projects as these. Call up History. She will bear impartial witness. will tell you that, before Christ came with his Evangel of purity and freedom, the finer the culture, the baser the character — that the untamed inhabitant of the old Hercynian Forest, and the Scythian and Sclavonic tribes, who lived north of the Danube and the Rhine, destitute entirely of literary and artistic skill, were, in mcrals, far superior to the classic Greek and all-accomplished Roman. Call up Experience.—She shall speak on the matter. You have increased in knowledge—have you, therefore increased in piety? You have acquired a keener æsthetic *usceptibility -have you gotten with it a keener relish for the spiritually true? Your mind has been led out into higher and yet higher education - have you by its nurture been brought nearer to Experience throws emphasis into the testimony of History, and both combine to assure us that there may be a sad divorce between Intellect and Piety - and anat the

training of the mind is not necessarily inclusive of the culture and discipline of the heart. Science may lead us to the loftiest heights which her inductive philosophy has sealed—Art may suspend before us her beautiful creations— Nature may rouse a "fine turbulence" in heroic soulsthe strength of the hills may nerve the patriot's arm, as the Swiss felt the inspiration of their mountains on the Mortgarten battle-field — but they cannot, any or all of them, instate a man in sovereignty over his mastering corruptions, or invest a race with moral purity and power. If the grand old demon, who has the world so long in his thrall, is, by these means, ever disturbed in his possession, it is only that he may wander into desert places, and then return fresher for the exercise, and bringing seven of his kindred more inveterate and cruel. No! if the world is to be regenerated at all, it will be by the "still, small voice" -that clear and marvellous whisper, which is heard high above the din of striving peoples, and the tumult of sentiment and passion, which runs along the whole line of being, stretching its spiritual telegraph into every heart, that it may link them all with God. All human speculations have alloy about them — that Word is perfect. All human speculations fail—that Word abideth. The Jew hated itbut it lived on, while the veil was torn away from the shrine which the Shekinah had forsaken, and while Jerusalem itself was destroyed. The Greek derided it—but it has seen his philosophy effete, and his Acropolis in ruins. 'The Roman threw it to the flames—but it rose from its ashes, and swooped down upon the falling eagle. The reasoner cast it into the furnace, which his own malignity had heated "seven times hotter than its wont" — but it came out without the smell of fire. The Papist fastened serpents around it to poison it—but it shook them off and felt no harm. The infidel cast it overboard in a tempest of

sophistry and sarcasm—but it rode gallantly upon the crest of the proud waters. And it is living still—yet heard in the loudest swelling of the storm—it has been speaking all the while—it is speaking now. The world gets higher at its every tone, and it shall ultimately speak in power, until it has spoken this dismantled planet up again into the smiling brotherhood of worlds which kept their first estate, and God, welcoming the prodigal, shall look at it as he did in the beginning, and pronounce it to be very good.

It is as they abide by this Word, and guard sacredly this precious treasure, that nations stand or fall. empires of old, where are they? Their power is dwarfed or gone. Their glory is only known by tradition. Their deeds are only chronicled in song. But, amid surrounding ruin, the Ark of God blesses the house of Obed-Edom. We dwell not now on our national greatness. That is the orator's eulogy and the poet's theme. We remember our religious advantages - God recognised in our senate, his name stamped on our currency, his blessing invoked upon our Queen, our Gospel ministry, our religious freedom, our unfettered privilege, our precious Sabbath, our unsealed, entire, wide-open Bible. "God hath not dealt with any nation as he hath dealt with us," and for this same purpose our possessions are extensive and our privileges securethat we may maintain among ourselves, and diffuse amid the peoples, the Gospel of the blessed God. Alas! that our country has not been true to her responsibility, nor lavish of her strength for God. It would be well for us, and it is a startling alternative, if the curse of Meroz were our only heritage of wrath - if our only guilt were that we "came not up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." But we have not merely been indifferent, we have been hostile. The cupidity of our merchants, the profligacy of our soldiers and sailors, +ha

impiety of our travellers, have hindered the work of the Our Government has patronised Paganism — our soldiery have saluted an idol-our cannon have roared in homage to a senseless stone—nay, we have even pandered to the prostitution of a continent, and to the murder of thousands of her sons, debauched and slain by the barbarities of their religion-and, less conscientious than the priests of old, we have flung into the national treasury the hire of that adultery and blood. Oh, if the righteous God were to make inquisition for blood, upon the testimony of how many slaughtered witnesses might he convict pampered and lordly Britain! There is need-strong need-for our national humiliation and prayer. He who girt us with power can dry up the sinews of our strength. Let but his anger be kindled by our repeated infidelities, and our country shall fall. More magnificent than Babylon in the profusion of her opulence, she shall be more sudden than Babylon in her ruin - more renowned than Carthage for her military triumphs, shall be more desolate than Carthage in her mourning-princelier than Tyre in her commercial greatness, shall be more signal than Tyre in her fall - wider than Rome in her extent of territorial dominion, shall be more prostrate than Rome in her enslavement - prouder than Greece in her eminence of intellectual culture, shall be more degraded than Greece in her darkening - more exalted than Capernaum in the fulness of her religious privilege, shall be more appalling than Capernaum in the deep damnations of her doom.

Young men, it is for you to redeem your country from this terrible curse. "The holy seed shall be the substance thereof." As you, and those like you, are impure or holy, you may draw down the destruction, or conduct it harmlessly away. You cannot live to yourselves. Every word you utter makes its impression—every deed you do is fraught

with influences - successive, concentric, imparted - which may be felt for ages. This is a terrible power which you have—and it clings to you—you cannot shake it off. will you exert it? We place two characters before you. Here is one—he is decided in his devotedness to God—painstaking in his search for truth-strong in benevolent purpose and holy endeavour-wielding a blessed influence-failing oft, but ceasing never-ripening with the lapse of years-the spirit mounting upon the breath of its parting prayer—the last enemy destroyed—his memory green for ages—and grateful thousands chiselling on his tomb, "HE, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH." There is another—he resists religious impression—outgrows the necessity for prayer—forgets the lessons of his youth, and the admonitions of his godly home - forsakes the sanctuary - sits in the seat of the scorner-laughs at religion as a foolish dream-influences many for evil-runs to excess of wickedness-sends, in some instances, his victims down before him-is stricken with premature old age-has hopeless prospects, and a terrible death-bed-rots from the remembrance of his fellows-and angel hands burn in upon his gloomy sepul chre the epitaph of his blasted life-" AND THAT MAN PERISHED NOT ALONE IN HIS INIQUITY."

Young men, which will you choose? I affectionately press this question. Oh! choose for God. "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things"—science, art, poetry, friendship—"shall be added unto you." I do unfeignedly rejoice that so goodly a number of you have already decided.

I have only one fitness to address you—but it is one which many of your Lecturers cannot claim—and that is, a fitness of sympathy. Your hopes are mine—with your joys at their keenest I can sympathise. I have not forgotten the glad hours of opening morning, when the

zephyr has a balmier breath, and through the richly-painted windows of the fancy the sun-light streams in upon the soul. I come to you as one of yourselves. Take my counsel. "My heart's desire and prayer for you is, that you may be saved."

There is hope for the future. The world is moving on. The great and common mind of Humanity has caught the charm of hallowed Labour. Worthy and toil-worn labourers fall ever and anon in the march, and their fellows weep their loss, and then, dashing away the tears which had blinded them, they struggle and labour on. There has been an upward spirit evoked which men will not willingly let die. Young in its love of the beautiful, young in its quenchless thirst after the true, we see that buoyant presence—

"In hand it bears, 'mid snow and ice,
The banner with the strange device
EXCELSION!"

The one note of high music struck from the great harp of the world's heart-strings is graven on that banner. The student breathes it at his midnight lamp—the poet groans it forth in those spasms of his soul, when he cannot fling his heart's beauty upon language. Fair fingers have wrought in secret at that banner. Many a child of poverty has felt its motto in his soul, like the last vestige of lingering Divinity. The Christian longs it when his faith, piercing the invisible, "desires a better country, that is, an heavenly." Excelsior! Excelsior! Brothers, let us speed onward the youth who holds that banner—Up, up, brave Spirit!

"Climb the steep and starry road To the Infinite's abode."

Up, up, brave Spirit! Spite of alpine steep and frowning brow—roaring blast and crashing flood—up! Science has

many a glowing secret to reveal thee—Faith has many a Tabor-pleasure to inspire. Ha! does the cloud stop thy progress? Pierce through it to the sacred morning. Fear not to approach the Divinity—it is his own longing which impels thee. Thou art speeding to thy coronation—brave Spirit! Up, up, brave Spirit! till, as thou pantest on the crest of thy loftiest achievement, God's glory shall burst upon thy face, and God's voice, blessing thee from his throne in tones of approval and of welcome, shall deliver thy guerdon,—"I have made thee a little lower than the angels, and crowned thee with glory and honour!"

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John Bunyan.

A LECTURE

RT THE

. REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON.

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JOHN BUNYAN.

It were impossible to gaze upon the Pyramids, those vast sepulchres, which rise, colossal, from the Libyan desert, without solemn feeling. They exist, but where are their builders? Where is the fulfilment of their large ambition? Enter them. In their silent heart there is a sarcophagus with a handful of dust in it, and that is all that remains to us of a proud race of kings.

Histories are, in some sort, the Pyramids of nations. They entomb in olden chronicle, or in dim tradition, peoples which once filled the world with their fame, men who stamped the form and pressure of their character upon the lives of thousands. The historic page has no more to say of them than that they lived and died. "Their acts and all that they did" are compressed into scantiest record. No obsequious retinue of circumstance, nor pomp of illustration, attend them. They are handed down to us, shrivelled and solitary, only in the letters which spelt out their names. It is a serious thought, sobering enough to our aspirations after that kind of immortality, that multitudes of the men of old have their histories in their epitaphs, and that multitudes more, as worthy, slumber in nameless graves.

But although the earlier times are wrapt in a cloud of fable; though tradition, itself a myth, gropes into mythic darkness; though Æneas and Agamemnon are creations rather than men—made human by the poet's "vision and faculty

divine;" though forgetfulness has overtaken actual heroes, once "content in arms to cope, each with his fronting foe;" it is interesting to observe how rapid was the transition from fable to evidence, from the uncertain twilight to the historic day. It was necessary that it should be so. "The fulness of times" demanded it. There was an ever-acting Divinity caring, through all change, for the sure working of His own purpose. The legendary must be superseded by the real; tradition must give place to history, before the advent of the Blessed One. The cross must be reared on the loftiest platform, in the midst of the ages, and in the most inquisitive condition of the human mind. The deluge is an awful monument of God's displeasure against sin, but it happened before there was history, save in the Bible, and hence there are those who gainsay it. The fall has impressed its desolations upon the universal heart, but there are scoffers who "contradict it against themselves." But the atonement has been worked out with grandest publicity. There hangs over the cross the largest cloud of witnesses. Swarthy Cyrenian, and proud son of Rome, lettered Greek and jealous Jew, join hands around the sacrifice of Christ-its body-guard as an historical fact—fencing it about with most solemn authentications, and handing it to after ages, a truth, as well as a life, for all time. In like manner we find that certain periods of the world—epochs in its social progress—times of its emerging from chivalric barbarism—times of reconstruction or of revolution-times of great energy or of nascent life, seem, as by divine arrangement, to stand forth in sharpest outline; long distinguishable after the records of other times Such, besides the first age of Christianity. have faded. was the period of the Crusades, of the Reformation, of the Puritans, and such, to the thinkers of the future, will be the many-coloured and inexplicable age in which we live. The men of those times are the men on whom history seizes, who

are the studies of the after-time; men who, though they must yield to the law by which even the greatest are thrown into somewhat shadowy perspective, were yet powers in their day: men who, weighed against the world in the balance, caused "a downward tremble" in the beam. Such times were the years of the seventeenth century in this country. Such a man was John Bunyan.

Rare times they were, the times of that stirring and romantic era. How much was crowded into the sixty years of Bunyan's eventful life! There were embraced in it the turbulent reign of the first Charles-the Star-chamber, and the High Commission, names of hate and shuddering—Laud with his Papistry, and Strafford with his scheme of Thoroughthe long intestine war; Edgehill, and Naseby, and Marston, memories of sorrowful renown-a discrowned monarch, a royal trial, and a royal execution. He saw all that was /venerable and all that was novel changing places, like the scene-shifting of a drama; bluff cavaliers in seclusion and in exile; douce burghers acting history, and moulded into men. Then followed the Protectorate of the many-sided and wondrous Cromwell; brief years of grandeur and of progress, during which an Englishman became a power and a name. Then came the Restoration, with its reaction of excesses the absolutism of courtiers and courtezans—the madness which seized upon the nation when vampyres like Oates and Dangerfield were gorged with perjury and drunk with blood; the Act of Uniformity, framed in true succession to take effect on St. Bartholomew's-day, by which "at one fell swoop," were ejected two thousand ministers of Christ's holy gospel; the Conventicle Act, two years later, which hounded the ejected ones from the copse and from the glen-which made it treason for a vesper-hymn to rise from the forest-minster. or a solemn litany to quiver through the midnight air; the great plague, fitting sequel to enactments so foul, when the

silenced clergy, gathering in pestilence immunity from law, made the red cross the sad badge of their second ordination, and taught the anxious, and cheered the timid, at the altars from which hirelings had fled. Then followed the death of the dissolute king—the accession of James, at once a dissembler and a bigot—the renewal of the struggle between prerogative and freedom—the wild conspiracy of Monmouth -the military cruelties of Kirke and Claverhouse, the butchers of the army, and the judicial cruelties of Jeffreys, . the butcher of the bench—the martyrdoms of Elizabeth Gaunt, and the gentle Alice Lisle—the glorious acquittal of the seven bishops—the final eclipse of the house of Stuart, that perfidious, and therefore fated race—and England's last revolution, binding old alienations in marvellous unity at the foot of a parental throne. What a rush of history compressed into a less period than threescore years and ten! These were indeed times for the development of character—times for the birth of men.

· And the men were there; the wit—the poet—the divine —the hero—as if genius had brought out her jewels, and furnished them nobly for a nation's need. Then Pym and Hampden bearded tyranny, and Russell and Sydney dreamed of freedom. Then Blake secured the empire of ocean. and the chivalric Falkland fought and fell. In those stirring times Charnock, and Owen, and Howe, and Henry, and Baxter, wrote, and preached, and prayed. "Cudworth and Henry More were still living at Cambridge; South was at Oxford, Prideaux in the close at Norwich, and Whitby in the close of Salisbury. Sherlock preached at the Temple. Tillotson at Lincoln's Inn, Burnet at the Rolls, Stillingfleet at St. Paul's Cathedral, Beveridge at St. Peter's, Cornhill. Men," to continue the historian's eloquent description, " who could set forth the majesty and beauty of Christianity with such justness of thought and such energy of language

that the indolent Charles roused himself to listen, and the fastidious Buckingham forgot to sneer." But twelve years before the birth of Bunyan, all that was mortal of Shakespeare had descended to the tomb. Waller still flourished, an easy and graceful versifier; Cowley yet presented his "perverse metaphysics" to the world; Butler, like the parsons in his own Hudibras,

"Proved his doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;"

Dryden wrote powerful satires and sorry plays "with longresounding march and energy divine;" George Herbert clad his thoughts in quaint and quiet beauty; and, mid the groves of Chalfont, as if blinded on purpose that the inner eye might be flooded with the "light which never was on sea or shore," our greater Milton sang.

In such an era, and with such men for his cotemporaries, John Bunyan ran his course, "a burning and a shining light" kindled in a dark place, for the praise and glory of God.

With the main facts of Bunyan's history you are most of you, I presume, familiar; though it may be doubted whether there be not many—his warm and hearty admirers withal,—whose knowledge of him comprehends but the three salient particulars, that he was a Bedfordshire tinker, that he was confined in Bedford jail, and that he wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress." It will not be necessary, however, to-night, to do more than sketch out, succinctly, the course of his life, endeavouring—Herculean project—to collate, in a brief page, Ivimey, and Philip, and Southey, and Offor, and Cheever, and Montgomery, and Macaulay; a seven-fold biographical band, who have reasoned about the modern, as a seven-fold band of cities contended for the birth of the ancient Homer.

He was born at Elstow, a village near Bedford, in the year 1628. Like many others of the Lord's heroes he was of

obscure parentage, "of a low and inconsiderable generation," and, not improbably, of gipsy blood. His youth was spent in excess of riot. There are expressions in his works descriptive of his manner of life, which cannot be interpreted, as Macaulay would have it, in a theological sense, nor resolved into morbid self-upbraidings. He was an adept and a teacher in evil. In his 17th year, we find him in the army-"an army where wickedness abounded." It is not known accurately on which side he served, but the description best answers certainly to Rupert's roystering dragoons. At 20 he married, receiving two books as his wife's only portion— "The Practice of Piety," and "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven." By the reading of these books, and by his wife's converse and example, the Holy Spirit first wrought upon his soul. He attempted to curb his sinful propensities, and to work in himself an external reformation. He formed a habit of church-going, and an attachment almost idolatrous to the externalisms of religion. The priest was to him as the Brahman to the Pariah; "he could have lain down at his feet to be trampled on, his name, garb, and work did so intoxicate and bewitch him." While thus under the thraldom which superstition imposes, he indulged all the licence which superstition claims. He continued a blasphemer and a Sabbath-breaker, running to the same excess of riot as before. Then followed in agonizing vicissitude a series of convictions and relapses. He was arrested, now by the pungency of a powerful sermon, now by the reproof of an abandoned woman, and anon by visions in the night, distinct and terrible. One by one, under the lashes of the law, "that stern Moses, which knows not how to spare," he relinquished his besetting sins - swearing, Sabbath-breaking, bell-ringing, dancing; from all these he struggled successfully to free himself while he was yet uninfluenced by the evangelical motive, and with his heart alienated from the life

of God. New and brighter light flashed upon his spirit from the conversation of some godly women at Bedford who spake of the things of God and of kindred hopes and yearnings "with much pleasantness of scripture," as they sat together in the sun. He was instructed more perfectly by "holy Mr. Gifford," the Evangelist of his dream, and in "the comment on the Galatians" of brave old Martin Luther he found the photograph of his own sinning and troubled soul. For two years there were but glimpses of the fitful sunshine dimly seen through a spirit-storm, perpetual and sad. Temptations of dark and fearful power assailed and possessed Then was the time of that fell combat with Apollyon, of the fiery darts and hideous yells, of the lost sword and the rejoicing enemy. Then also he passed, distracted and trembling, through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and a horror of great darkness fell upon him. At length, by the blest vision of Christ "made of God unto him wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption," the glad deliverance came—the clouds rolled away from his heart and from his destiny, and he walked in the undimmed and glorious heaven. From this time his spiritual course was, for the most part, one of comfort and peace. became a member of the Baptist Church under Mr. Gifford's pastorate, and when that faithful witness ceased his earthly testimony, he engaged in earnest exhortations to sinners, "as a man in chains speaking to men in chains," and was shortly urged forward, by the concurrent call of the Spirit and the bride, to the actual ministry of the gospel. His ministry was heartfelt, and therefore powerful, and was greatly blessed of God. In 1660 he was indicted "as a common upholder of unlawful meetings and conventicles," and by the strong hand of tyranny was thrown into prison; and though his wife pleaded so powerfully in his favour as to move the pity of Sir Matthew Hale, beneath whose ermine throbbed a God-fearing heart like that which beat beneath the tinker's doublet, he was kept there for twelve long years. His own words are, "So being again delivered up to the jailor's hands, I was had home to prison." Home to prison. — Think of that, young men! See the bravery of a Christian heart! There is no affectation of indifference to suffering—no boastful exhibition of excited heroism; but there is the calm of the man "that has the herb heart's-ease in his bosom"—the triumph of a kingly spirit, happy in its own content, and throned over extremest ill.

Home to prison! And wherefore not? Home is not, the marble hall, nor the luxurious furniture, nor the cloth of gold. If home be the kingdom where a man reigns, in his own monarchy, over subject hearts-if home be the spot where fireside pleasures gambol, where are heard the sunny laugh of the confiding child, or the fond "what ails thee?" of the watching wife—then every essential of home was to be found, "except these bonds," in that cell on Bedford Bridge. There, in the daytime, is the heroine-wife, at once bracing and soothing his spirit with her leal and womanly tenderness, and, sitting at his feet, the child—a clasping tendril—blind and therefore bestbeloved. There, on the table, is the "Book of Martyrs." with its records of the men who were the ancestors of his faith and love; those old and heaven-patented nobility whose badge of knighthood was the hallowed cross, and whose chariot of triumph was the ascending flame. There, nearer to his hand, is the Bible, revealing that secret source of strength which empowered each manly heart, and nerved each stalwart arm; cheering his own spirit in exceeding heaviness, and making strong, through faith, for the obedience which is even unto death. Within him the good conscience bears bravely up, and he is weaponed by this as by a shield of triple mail. By his side, all unseen by casual guest or

surly warder, there stands, with heart of grace and consolation strong, the Heavenly Comforter; and from overhead, as if anointing him already with the unction of the recompense, there rushes the stream of glory.

And now it is night-fall. They have had their evening worship, and, as in another dungeon, "the prisoners heard them." The blind child receives the fatherly benediction. The last good night is said to the dear ones, and Bunyan is alone. His pen is in his hand, and his Bible on the table. A solitary lamp dimly relieves the darkness. But there is fire in his eye, and there is passion in his soul. "He writes as if joy did make him write." He has felt all the fulness or his story. The pen moves too slowly for the rush of feeling as he graves his own heart upon the page. There is beating over him a storm of inspiration. Great thoughts are striking on his brain, and flushing all his cheek. Cloudy and shapeless in their earliest rise within his mind, they darken into the gigantic, or brighten into the beautiful, until at length he flings them into bold and burning words. Rare visions rise before him. He is in a dungeon no longer. He is in the palace Beautiful with its sights of renown and songs of melody, with its virgins of comeliness and of discretion, and with its windows opening for the first kiss of the sun. His soul swells beyond the measure of its cell. It is not a rude lamp that glimmers on his table. It is no longer the dark Ouse that rolls its sluggish waters at his feet. His spirit has no sense of bondage. No iron has entered into his soul. Chainless and swift, he has soared to the Delectable Mountains—the light of Heaven is around him the river is the one, clear as crystal, which floweth from the throne of God and of the Lamb-breezes of Paradise blow freshly across it, fanning his temples and stirring his hair. from the summit of the Hill Clear he catches rarer splendours—the new Jerusalem sleeps in its eternal noon—the

shining ones are there, each one a crowned harper unto God—this is the land that is afar off, and that is the King in his beauty; until prostrate beneath the insufferable splendour, the dreamer falls upon his knees and sobs away his agony of gladness in an ecstasy of prayer and praise. Now, think of these things—endearing intercourse with wife and children, the ever fresh and ever comforting Bible, the tranquil conacience, the regal imaginings of the mind, the faith which realized them all, and the light of God's approving face shining, broad and bright, upon the soul, and you will understand the undying memory which made Bunyan quaintly write "I was had home to prison."

In 1672, Richard Carver, a member of the Society of Friends, who had been mate of the vessel in which King Charles escaped to France after his defeat at Worcester, and who had carried the king on his back through the surf and landed him on French soil, claimed, as his reward, the release of his co-religionists who crowded the jails throughout the land. After some hesitation, Charles was shamed into compliance. A cumbrous deed was prepared, and under the provisions of that deed, which was so framed as to include sufferers of other persuasions, Bunyan obtained deliverance, having lain in the prison complete twelve years.

From the time of his release his life flowed evenly on. Escaped alike from Doubting Castle and from the net of the flatterer, he dwelt in the Beulah land of ripening piety and immortal hope. The last act of the strong and gentle spirit brought down on him the peace-maker's blessing. Fever seized him in London on his return from an errand of mercy, and after ten days' illness, long enough for the utterance of a whole treasury of dying sayings, he calmly fell asleep.

"Mortals cried, a man is dead; Angels sang, a child is born:"

and in honour of that nativity "all the bells of the celestial

city rang again for joy." From his elevation in heaven, his whole life seems to preach to us his own Pentecostal evangel, "There is room enough here for body and soul, but not for body, and soul, and sin."

There are various phases in which Bunyan is presented to us which are suggestive of interesting remark, or which may tend to exhibit the wholeness of his character before us, and upon which, therefore, we may not unprofitably dwell.

As a writer, he will claim our attention for a while. This is not the time to enter into any analysis of his various works, nor of the scope and texture of his mind. a task rather for the critic than the lecturer; and although many mental anatomists have been already at work upon it, there is room for the skilful handling of the scalpel still, His fame has rested so extensively upon his marvellous allegories, that there is some danger lest his more elaborate works should be depreciated or forgotten; but as a theologian he is able and striking, and as a contributor to theological literature he is a worthy associate of the brightest Puritan divines. His terse, epigrammatic aphorisms, his array of "picked and packed words," the clearness with which he enunciates, and the power with which he applies the truth. his intense and burning earnestness, the warm soul that is seen beating, in benevolent heart-throbs, through the transparent page, his vivacious humour, flashing out from the main body of his argument like lightning from a summer sky, his deep spirituality, chastening an imagination princily almost beyond compare—all these combine to claim for him high place among that band of masculine thinkers, who ere the glory of the Commonwealth, and whose words, weighty in their original utterance, are sounds which echo The amount of actual good accomplished by his writings it would be difficult to estimate. No man since

the days of the Apostles has done more to draw the attention of the world to the matters of supremest value, nor painted the beauty of holiness in more alluring colours, nor spoken to the universal heart in tenderer sympathy or with more thrilling tone. In how many readers of the "Grace Abounding" has there been the answer of the heart to the history. What multitudes are there to whom "the Jerusalem Sinner Saved" has been as "yonder shining light" which has led through the wicket gate, and by the house of the Divine Interpreter, to the blest spot "where was a cross, with a sepulchre hard by," and at the sight of that cross the burden has fallen off, and the roll has been secured, and jubilant, and sealed, and shining, they have gone on to victory and heaven. How many have revelled in silent rapture in his descriptions of "the Holy City" until there have floated around them some gleams of the "jasper light," and they felt an earnest longing to be off from earth-that land of craft, and crime, and sorrowfulness-

"And wished for wings to flee away, And mix with that eternal day."

Oh, to thousands of the pilgrims that have left the city of Destruction—some valiant and hopeful, others much afraid and fearing—has Bunyan come in his writings, to soothe the pang or to prompt the prayer, to scare the doubt or to solve the problem—a Great-heart guide, brave against manifold ill-favoured ones—a faithful Evangelist, ever pointing the soul to the Saviour.

Of the "Pilgrim's Progress" it were superfluous to speak in praise. It seizes us in childhood with the strong hand of its power, our manhood surrenders to the spell of its sweet sorcery, and its grasp upon us relaxes not when "mingles the brown of life with sober gray," nay, is often strongest amid the weariness of waning years. Its scenes are familiar to us as the faces of home. Its characters live to our per-

ceptions, no less than to our understanding. We have seen them all, conversed with them, realised their diversities of character and experience for ourselves. There never was a poem which so thoroughly took possession of our hearts, and hurried them along upon the stream of the story. We have an identity of interest with the hero in all his doubts and dangers. We start with him on Pilgrimage; we speed with him in eager haste to the Gate; we gaze with him on the sights of wonder; we climb with him the difficult hill; the blood rushes to our cheek warm and proud as we gird ourselves for the combat with Apollyon; it curdles at the heart again amid the "hydras and chimeras dire" of the Valley of the Shadow of Death; we look with him upon the scoffing multitude from the cage of the town of Vanity; we now lie, listless and sad, and now flee, fleet and happy, from the cell in Doubting Castle; we walk with him amid the pleasantness of Beulah; we ford the river in his company; we hear the joy-bells ringing in the city of habitations; we see and greet the hosts of welcoming angels; and it is to us as the gasp of agony with which the drowning come back to life, when some rude call of earthly concernment arouses us from our reverie, and we wake, and, behold, it is a dream.

There must be marvellous power in a book that can work such enchantment, wrought withal with the most perfect suffunconsciousness on the part of the enchanter himself. "The joy that made him write" was, in no sense, the prospect of literary fame. With the true modesty of genius he hesitated long as to the propriety of publication, and his fellow-prisoners in the jail were empanelled as a literary jury, upon whose verdict depended the fate of the story which has thrilled the pulses of the world. In fact, his book fulfilled a necessity of his nature. He wrote because he must write: the strong thoughts within him laboured for expression. The "Pilgrim's Progress" was written without thought of

the world. It is just a wealthy mind rioting in its own riches for its own pleasure; an earnest soul painting in the colours of a vivid imagination its olden anguish, and revelling in exultation at the prospect of its future joy. And while the dreamer thus wrote primarily for himself—a "prison amusement" at once beguiling and hallowing the hours of a weary bondage—he found to his delight, and perhaps to his surprise, that his vision became a household book to thousands worldlings enraptured with its pictures, with no inkling of the drift of its story; Christians pressing it to their hearts as a "song in the night" of their trouble, or finding in its thrilling pages "a door of hope" through which they glimpsed the coming of the day.

It has been often remarked that, like the Bible, its great model, the "Pilgrim's Progress" is, to a religious mind, its own best interpreter. It is said of a late eminent clergyman and commentator, who published an edition of it with numerous expository notes, that having freely distributed copies amongst his parishioners, he some time afterwards inquired of one of them if he had read the "Pilgrim's Progress." "Oh, yes, Sir!" "And do you think you understand it?" "Yes, Sir, I understand it, and I hope before long I shall understand the notes as well."

One of the most amusing and yet conclusive proofs of the popularity of this wonderful allegory is to be found in the liberties which have been taken with it, in the versions into which it has been rendered, and in the imitations to which it has given rise. Mr. Offor, in his carefully-edited and invaluable edition of Bunyan's works, has enumerated between thirty and forty treatises, mostly allegorical, whose authors have evidently gathered their inspiration from the tinker of Elstow. The original work has been subjected to a thousand experiments. It has been done into an oratorio for the satisfaction of play-goers; done into verse at the caprice of

rhymesters; done into elegant English for the delectation of drawing-rooms; done into catechisms for the use of schools. It has been quoted in novels; quoted in sermons innumerable; quoted in Parliamentary orations; quoted in plays. It has been put upon the Procrustes' bed of many who have differed from its sentiments, and has been mutilated or stretched as it exceeded or fell short of their standard. Thus there has been a Supralapsarian supplement, in which the interpreter is called the Enlightener, and the House Beautiful is Castle Strength. There has been a Popish edition, with Giant Pope left out. There has been a Socinian parody, describing the triumphant voyage, through hell to heaven, of a Captain Single-eye and his Unitarian crew; and last, not least note-worthy, there has been a Tractarian travesty, in which the editor digs a cleansing well at the wicket-gate, omits Mr. Worldly Wiseman, ignores the town of Legality. makes no mention of Mount Sinai, changes the situation of the cross, gives to poor Christian a double burden, transforms Giant Pope into Giant Mahometan, Mr. Superstition into Mr. Self-indulgence, and alters, with careful coquetry towards Rome, every expression which might be distasteful to the Holy Mother. Most of those who have published garbled or accommodated editions have done their work silently, and, with some sense of shame, balancing against the risk of present censure the hope of future advantage: but the editor of the last-mentioned mutilation dwells with ineffable complacency upon his deed, and evidently imagines that he has d.ne something for which the world should speak him well. He defends his insertions and omissions, which are many. and which affect important points of doctrine, in a somewhat curious style. "A reasonable defence," he says, "is found in the following consideration:—The author, whose works are altered, wished, it is to be assumed, to teach the truth. In the editor's judgment, the alterations have tended to the

more complete setting-forth that truth, that is, to the better accomplishment of the author's design. If the editor's views of the truth, then, are correct, he is justified in what he does; if they are false, he is to be blamed for originally holding them, but cannot be called dishonest for making his uthor speak what he believes, that, with more knowledge the author would have said." Exquisite logic! How would t avail in the mouth of some crafty forger, at the bar of the Old Bailey! "I am charged with altering a cheque, drawn for my benefit, by making £200 into £1,200. I admit it, but a reasonable defence may be found in the following consideration. The gentleman whose cheque I altered wished. it is to be assumed, to benefit me and my family. In my judgment, the alteration has tended to the better accomplishment of the gentleman's design. If my views in this matter are correct, I am justified in what I have done; if they are incorrect, I may be blamed for originally holding them, but cannot be called dishonest for doing what, with more knowledge of my circumstances and his own, the gentleman himself would have done." Out upon it! Is there one shade of sentiment, from the credulousness which gulps the tradition and kisses the relic, to the negativism of "the everlasting No," which might not lay the flattering unction to its soul, that, "with more knowledge" Bunyan would have been ranged under its banner. Rejoicing as 1 do in substantial oneness of sentiment with the glorious dreamer, I might yet persuade myself into the belief that, with more knowledge, he would have become an Evangelical Arminian, and would hardly have classed the election doubters among the army of Diabolus: but shall I, on this account, foist my notions into the text of his writings? or were it not rather an act from which an honest mind would shrink with lordly scorn? I cannot forbear the utterance of an indignant protest against a practice which appears to me subversive of

every canon of literary morality, and which, in this case, has passed off, under the sanction of Bunyan's name, opinions from which he would have recoiled in indignation, which war against the whole tenor of his teaching, and which might almost disturb him in his grave; and especially is my soul vexed within me that there should have been flung, by any sacrilegious hand, over those sturdy Protestant shoulders, one solitary rag of Rome.

Though the "Pilgrim's Progress" became immediately popular, the only book save the Bible on the shelf of many a rustic dwelling, and though it passed in those early times through twelve editions in the space of thirty years, the "inconsiderable generation" of its author long prevented its circulation among the politer classes of the land. There was no affectation, but a well grounded apprehension in Cowper's well known line:

"Lest so despised a name should move a sneer."

At length, long the darling of the populace, it became the study of the learned. Critics went down into its treasure-chambers and were astonished at their wealth and beauty. The initiated ratified the foregone conclusion of the vulgar; the Tinker's dream became a national classic; and the pontificate of literature installed it with a blessing and a prayer.

No uninspired work has extorted eulogies from a larger host of the men of mark and likelihood. That it redeemed into momentary kindliness a ferocious critic like Swift; that it surprised, from the leviathan lips of Johnson, the confession that he had read it through and wished it longer; that Byron's banter spared it, and that Scott's chivalry was fired by it; that Southey's philosophical analysis, and Franklin's serene contemplation, and Mackintosh's elegant research, and Macaulay's artistic criticism should have resulted in a symphony to its praise; that the spacious

intellect and poet-heart of Coleridge revelled with equal gladness in its pages; that the scholarly Arnold, chafed by the attritions of the age, and vexed by the doubt-clouds which darkened upon his gallant soul, lost his trouble in its company, and looked through it to the Bible, which he deemed it faithfully to mirror;—all these are cumulative testimonies that it established its empire over minds themselves imperial, and constrained their acknowledgment of its kingly power.

It would, we suspect, be of no account with Bunyan now, that critics conspire to praise him; that artists, those bending worshippers of beauty, have drawn sumptuous illustrations from his works; or that his statue, the tinker's effigy, standing in no unworthy companionship with statesmen, and heroes, and men of high degree, should decorate the British House of Commons. But if the faithful in glory have earthly sympathies and recognitions still; if, from the region where they "summer high in bliss upon the hills of God," they still look down lovingly upon the world which has missed and mourned them; if their inviolate joy may be enhanced from aught below—it might surely thrill the heart of the Dreamer with a deeper ecstasy, that his Pilgrim yet walks the earth, a faithful witness for Jesus; that it has guided thousands of the perplexed, and cheered thousands of the fearing; and that it has testified to multitudes of many a clime and colour, "in their own tongues, the wonderful works of God." How blissful the thought to him whose "nil nisi cruce" determination was manifest through the whole or his life, that no book but God's own has been so honoured to lift up the cross among the far off nations of mankind. The Italian has read i it under the shadow of the Vatican, and the modern Greek amid the ruins of Athens. It has blessed the Armenian trafficker, and it has calmed the fierce Malay; it has been carried up the far rivers of Burmah; and it has drawn tears

from dark eyes in the cinnamon gardens of Ceylon. The Bechuanas in their wildwoods have rejciced in its simple story; it has been as the Elim of palms and fountains to the Arab wayfarer; it has nerved the Malagasy for a Faithful's martyrdom, or for trial of cruel mockings, and tortures more intolerable than death. The Hindoo has yielded to its spell by Gunga's sacred stream; and, crowning triumph! Hebrews have read it on the slopes of Olivet, or on the banks of Kedron, and the tender-hearted daughters of Salem, descendants of those who wept for the sufferings of Jesus, have "wept" over it "for themselves and for their children."

Dr. Johnson, in his life of Waller, advances the strange opinion that spiritual subjects are not fit subjects for poetry; and he dogmatizes in his usual elephantine style of writing, upon the alleged reason. He says, "The essence of poetry is invention; such invertion as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights. The topics of devotion are few, and being few are universally known; but few as they are they can be made no more; they can receive no grace from novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression." Such an unworthy definition of poetry might answer for an age of lampooners, when merry quips and fantastic conceits passed muster as sparks from the Heaven-kindled fire. We prefer that of Festus, brief and full:—

Poets are all who love, who feel great truths And tell them."

And the greatest truths are those which link us to the invisible, and show us how to realize its wonders. If, then, there be within each of us a gladiator soul, ever battling for dear life in an arena of repression and scorn—a soul possessed with Thought, and Passion, and Energy invincible, and immortal Hope, and yearnings after the far off and the everlasting which all the tyranny of the flesh cannot sub-

due; if there be another world which sheds a holy and romantic light upon every object and upon every struggle of this-a world where superior intelligences (intelligences with whom we may one day mingle) shine in undimmed beauty, and where God the all-merciful (a God whom we may one day see) is manifested without a cloud; if by the Word and Spirit divine there can be opened the soul's inner eye,—that sublime faith which is "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen"-to the visions of which our nature becomes a treasury of hidden riches, and which instates us in the heirship of "the powers of the world to come;"—then there can be poetry in this world only because light from heaven falls on it, because it is a subtle hieroglyph full of solemn and mystic meanings, because it cradles a magnificent destiny, and is the type and test of everlasting life. It must be so. All conceptions of nature, or of beauty, or of man, from which the spiritual element is excluded, can be, at best, but the first sweep of the finger over the harp-strings, eliciting, it may be, an uncertain sound, but failing to evoke the soul of harmony which sleeps in the heart of the chords. Macaulay shall answer Johnson: "In the latter half of the seventeenth century there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of those minds produced the 'Paradise Lost;' the other the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" Religious epics these! the one painting the lapse and the loom of our race in all shapes of beauty or of grandeur; the other, borrowing nothing from voluptuous externalisms, dealing only with the inner man in his struggles and yearnings after God. We want to see, in this age of ours, more and more of the genius that is created by piety; of a literature informed with the spirit of the Gospel of Christ. Critics have predicted the decay of poetry with the spread of civilization; and literary men speak with diffident hope

of its "ultimate recovery from the staggering blows which science has inflicted;" and, in truth, if its inspiration he all of earth, there may be some ground for fear. As mere secular knowledge has no antiseptic power, so mere earthly beauty has no perennial charms. But draw its subjects from higher sources; let it meddle divinely with eternal things and it can never die.

"O say not that pocsy waxeth old,
That all her legends were long since told!
It is not so! It is not so!
For while there's a blossom by summer drest,
A sigh for the sad, or a smile for the blest,
Or a changeful thought in the human breast,
There'll be a new string for her lyre, I trow.
Do you say she is poor, in this land of the free?
Do you call her votaries poor as she?
It may be so! It may be so!
Yet hath she a message more high and clear,
From the burning lips of the heaven-taught seer;
From the harp of Zion that charms the ear;
From the choir where the seraph-minstrels glow."

Not, of course, that the monotone should be the measure of every life-song: rather should it flow after Scriptural precept and precedent, now in "psalms," grand, solemn, stately, the sonorous burst of the full soul in praise, now in "hymns," earnest, hopeful, winning—the lyrics of the heart in its hours of hope or pensiveness, and now in "songs" light and hearty—the roundelay, the ballad, the carol of a spirit full of sunshine, warbling its melodies out of its own exuberance of joy. Nor, of course, that literary men should write only on Christian themes. We would have them illustrate the goodliness of nature, the inductions of science, the achievements of art. They should speak to us in the language of the sweet affections, give soul and sentiment to the harmony of music, and strike the chords of the resounding lyre. They should take, in comprehensive and sympathetic survey, all nature and all man. But they must submit to the baptism

of Christianity, and be leavened with her love divine, ere they can be chroniclers of the august espousals, or honoured guests at the happy bridal of the beautiful and true.

Young men, lend your energies to this hallowed consummation. You are not poets, perhaps, and according to the old "Poeta non fit" adage, you are not fit to be. If you have the "divine afflatus," by all means give it forth; but if you have not, do not strain after it to the neglect of nearer and more practicable things. One would not wish to see a race of Byronlings,—things of moustache and turn-down collar,moody Manfreds of six feet three, with large loads of find frenzy and infinitesimal grains of common sense. woful enough to meet the weird-youth of a later day, with his jargon of "subjective" and "objective," who looms dimly upon us through the blended smoke of mist and meerschaum, and who goes floundering after transcendental nonsense until he is nearly run over in Cheapside. It is given to very few of us to live ethereal lives, or to be on familiar terms with thunder. But if you are not the writers, you are the readers of the age. You have an appreciation of the beautiful, an awakened intelligence which pants hard after the true. Terminate, I beseech you, in your own experience, the sad divorce which has too often existed between intellect and piety. Take your stand, unswerving, heroic, by the altar of truth; and from that altar let neither sophistry nor ridicule expel you. Let your faith rest with a manly strength, with, a child's trust, with a martyr's gripe, upon the immutable truth as it is in Jesus. Then go humbly, but dauntlessly to work, and you can make the literature of the time. Impress your earnest and holy individuality upon others, and in so far as you create a healthier moral sentiment and a purer taste, the literature of the future is in your hands. rature of any age is but the mirror of its prevalent tendencies. A healthy appetite will recoil from garbage and carrion.

Pestilent periodicals and a venal press are the indices of the depraved moral feeling which they pamper. Work for the uplifting of that moral feeling, and by the blessing of God upon the efforts of the fair brotherhood who toil for Him, the dew of Hermon shall descend upon the hill Parnassus, and there shall be turned into the fabled Helicon a stream of living waters. Religion shall be throned in her own queenly beauty, and literature shall be the comeliest handmaid in her virgin train. I do most earnestly wish for every one of you, that reason may be clear and conscience calm—that imagination may be buoyant but not prodigal—that all which Fancy pictures Faith may realize, so that when you wander amid fair nature's landscapes, through the deep ravine or fertile dell-when you see the sun glass itself in the clear lake, or the sportive moonlight fling over the old mountains a girdle of glory, there may be a conscious sparkle in the eye, and the Æolian murmur of a joy too deep for words, "My Father made them all"-or when, in some sunny mood of mind, your thoughts go out after the "distant Aidenn," and Fancy pictures it palpable and near, with its dreamless rest, and its holy fellowships, and its bliss ever brightening in the nearer vision of the Throne,—it may come to you inspiring as a sweet dream of home, and you may hear the whisper of the Spirit witness-

"Be thou faithful unto death, and it is thine."

There is no feature more noticeable in Bunyan's character than the devout earnestness with which he studied the Divine Word, and the reverence which he cherished for it throughout the whole of his life.

In the time of his agony, when "a restless wanderer after rest," he battled with fierce temptation, and was beset with Antinomian error, he gratefully records, "the Bible was precious to me in those days;" and after his deliverance it

was his congenial life-work to exalt its honour, and to proclaim its truths. Is he recommending growth in grace to his hearers?—The Word is to be the aliment of their life. "Every grace is nourished by the Word, and without it there is no thrift in the soul." Has he announced some fearless exposition of truth?—Hark how he disarms opposition and challenges scrutiny! "Give me a hearing: take me to the Bible, and let me find in thy heart no favour if thou find me to swerve from the standard." Is he uplifting the Word above the many inventions of his fellows?—Mark the racy homeliness of his assertion: "A little from God is better than a great deal from men. What is from men is often tumbled over and over; things that we receive at God's hand come to us as things from the minting-house. Old truths are always new to us if they come with the smell of Heaven upon them." Is his righteous soul vexed with the indifference of the faithful, or with the impertinences of the profane?—How manfully he proclaims his conviction of a pressing want of the times! "There wanteth even in the hearts of God's people, a greater reverence for the Word of God than to this day appeareth among us; and this let me say that want of reverence for the Word is the ground of all the disorders that are in the heart, life, conversation, or Christian communion."

If ever Bunyan saw with a seer's insight, and spoke with a prophet's inspiration, he has in this last-quoted sentence foreseen our danger, and uttered a solemn warning for the times in which we live. There never was an age in which reverence for the Word needed more impressive inculcation. There never was an age when there were leagued against it fiercer elements of antagonism. Not that infidelity proper abounds; the danger from this source is over. Some rare specimens of this almost extinct genus do occasionally flounder into sight, like the ichthyosaurus of some remote

period, blurting out their blasphemies from congenial slime; but men pity their foolishness or are shocked with their profanity. That infidelity is the most to be dreaded which moves like the virus of a plague, counterfeiting, by its hectic glow, the flush of health and beauty, unsuspected till it has struck the chill to the heart, and the man is left pulseless of a living Faith, and robbed of the rapture of life—a conscious paralytic who "brokenly lives on." This kind of scepticism. -a scepticism which apes reverence, and affects candourwhich, by its importunity, has almost wearied out some of the sturdy guardians of the truth—which seems to have talked itself into a prescriptive right, like other mendicants, to exhibit its sores among the highways of men,—has, it is not to be denied, done its worst to infect society, and to wither the living energy of religion in multitudes of souls. It may be that some amongst yourselves have not altogether escaped the contagion. Could I place the young men of London in the confessional to-night, or could their various feelings be detected, as was the concealed demon at the touch of Ithuriel's spear, I might find not a few who would tell that stranger doubts had come to them which they had not forborne to harbour—that distrust had crept over them that unbelief was shaping out a systematic residence in their souls—that they had looked upon infidelity, if not as a haven of refuge amid the conflicts of warring faiths, at least as a theatre which gave scope for the ideal riot of fancy, or the actual riot of sense, in indulgences and excesses far fitter for earth than heaven?

And there are, unhappily, many around us, at the antipodes of sentiment from each other, and yet all after their manner hostile to the Divine Word, who fan the kindled unbelief, and whose bold and apparently candid objections are invested to the unsettled mind with a peculiar charm.

The Jew, with prejudice as inveterate as ever, rejects

the counsel of God against himself, and crushes the Law ; and the Prophets beneath a load of rabbinical traditions, the Mishna and Gemara of his Talmuds. The papist still gives to the decretals of popes and the edicts of councils co-ordinate authority with the Scriptures, and locks up those Scriptures from the masses, as a man should imprison the free air, while men perish from asphyxia around him. The rationalist spirits away the inspiration of the Bible, or descants upon it as a fascinating myth, to be reviewed like any other poem, by ordinary criticism, or postpones it to the proud reason of Eichhorn and Paulus, or Strauss and Hegel, or Belsham and Priestley. The mystic professes to have a supplemental and superior revelation drafted down into his own heart. Printing furnishes unprecedented facilities for the transmission of thought, and man's perdition may be cheapened at the stall of every pedlar. And finally, some ministers of religion, yielding to the clamour of the times, have lowered the high tone of Scriptural teaching, and have studiously avoided the terminology of the Bible. What wonder with influences like these, that upon many over whom had gathered a penumbra of doubt before, there should deepen a dark and sad eclipse of faith; or that, loosing off from their moorings and forsaking quiet anchorage, they should drift, rudderless and wild, into the ocean of infidelity and evil?

Brothers, nothing will avail to preserve you amid the strife of tongues, but to cherish, as a habit engrained into the soul—as an affection enfibred with your deepest heart—continual reverence for the Divine Word. We do not claim your feudal submission to its sovereignty. It recks not a passive and unintelligent adhesion. Inquire by all means into the evidences which authenticate its divinity. Bring keenest intellects to bear upon it. Try it as gold in the fire. Bring its august and important matters to the scrutiny. Satisfy your-

selves by as searching a process as you can, that the Eternal has really spoken it, and that there looms from it the shadow of a large immortality; but do this once for all. Don't be "ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." Life is too short to be frittered away in endlessconsiderings and scanty deeds. There can be no more pitiable state than that of the eternal doubter, who has bid the sad "vale, vale, in æternum vale," to all the satisfactions of faith, and who is tossed about with every wind of doctrine—a waif upon the wreckage of a world. Settle your principles early, and then place them "on the shelf," secure from subsequent assault or displacement. Then in after years, when some rude infidel argument assails you, and busied amid life's activities you are unable, from the absorption of your energies otherwhere, to recall the train of reasoning by which you arrived at your conclusion; you will say, "I tried this matter before—I threw these doctrines into the crucible, and they came out pure—the assay was satisfactory—the principles are on the shelf," and when the Sanballats and Tobiahs gather malignantly below, you will cry with good Nehemiah, girt with the sword, and wielding the trowel the while, and therefore fit for any emergency, "I am doing a great work-I cannot come down—why should the work stop while I come down to you?" Oh it will be to you a source of perennial comfort that in youth, after keen investigation of the Bible—the investigation, not of frivolity or prejudice, but of candour, and gravity, and truth-loving, and prayer-you bowed before it as God's imperishable utterance, and swore your fealty to the monarch-word. Depend upon it the Bible demands no inquisition, and requires an disguises. It does not shrink before the light of science, nor crouch abashed before the audit of a scholarly tribunal. Rather does it seem to say, as it stands before us in its kingliness, all pride bumbled and all profanity silenced in its majestic presence1

Error fleeing at its approach—Superstition cowering beneath the lightning of its eye, "I will arise, and go forth, for the hour of my dominion is at hand."

There is yet one matter on which I would fain add my testimony, though it is not needed. I would fain be one among the "cloud of witnesses," who have testified against the clamour for a new version of the Bible. "No man having tasted the old wine, straightway desireth new, for he saith, the old is better." Doubtless certain words in the authorised version might be more felicitously rendered; certain philological emendations might be made; certain passages might be made less amenable to criticism; but no improved translation could set the essential doctrines of Christianity in clearer light, nor give to the articles of our precious faith a more triumphant vindication, nor point the weeping sinner more directly to the cross of Jesus, nor give to the inquiring after truth a speedier answer, or a safer rest. And what are the petty advantages we should gain, compared with the invaluable benefits which we should inevitably lose? "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" What could compensate for the dismay which would be struck to the hearts of thousands, and the incertitude which would be instilled into the minds of thousands more—for the upheaval of old associations and memories—for the severance of that which is the closest bond of international union wherever Anglo-Saxons wander-for the abolition of any recognised standard of arbitration and appeal—and for the resolution of all religious opinion into an elemental chaos, "a mighty maze, and all without a plan." Sirs, this cry for a new translation of the Bible has come from the wrong quarter. Doubtless there are some earnest and godly students of the Divine Word who look for such an advance in some far time to come, but who candidly contess that "now, all is most unfit for it." But theirs are not

the voices which swell the present clamour. Unspiritual professors who feel as warmly for an Elzevir Virgil—critics who glide through it as they glide through Shakespeare, and who deem the inspiration of the one quite equal to the inspiration of the other—sceptics who doubt the possibility of a Book-revelation, but whose doubts would be resolved were that revelation other than it is-weak men who would be thought important, and bold men who would be reckless with impunity,--What have all these to do with it? Who made them rulers and judges on a matter which involves the dearest interests of millions? This is a question too vital to be settled by dark pundits in cloisters, or by solemn triflers in magazines, or by dilettanti members of Parliament. Put it to the people. Let the masses of pious men give a voice: those to whom the "word is spirit and life,"—who have been quickened into energy by its transforming power--who thank God for it as for daily bread-who strengthen in the true soul-growth by its nourishment—who exhibit its pure precepts in their lives to whom it is the great charter at once of their present freedom and of their future hope: ask them if they are tired of the old Bible: poll the sacramental host of God's elect upon the matter, and you will find few of them who will hesitate to brand the fancied improvement, if not as an actual sacrilege, at least as an unwarrantable interference with the sacredness of a spiritual home. Put the case to yourselves. Fancy an officious stranger entering into your dwelling, suggesting alterations in the interior arrangements, depreciating the furniture, and anxious about re-"That bed is coarse and hard. It modelling the whole. must have been in use a century. Modern skill will cast one in a shapelier mould." "Ah, I have pillowed on it thro' many a fevered dream, and it is hallowed to me because from it the angels carried my first-born to a Sabbatic rest in heaven."

"That chair is clumsy and antiquated, and out of date. Sen it out of sight." Oh

"Touch it not—a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair."

Rude and insolent! What does he know of the sensibilities on which he tramples, of the clustering thoughts and memories—the spells of sweetest wizardry, which give to each and every object its sanctity and charm? Steps are on the stair, but they are not for common ears, and familiar faces are present to the household more than are counted by the stranger. The strongest affection in the national heart is this fond love of home, and it is this which has secured the integrity of the rustic roof-tree, no less than of temple-fane and palace-hall. It may be a mean and homely dwelling; there may be a clumsy stile at the garden-gate; the thatch may be black with the grime of years—there may be no festoon of jasmine over the trellised window; but it is sacred, for it is home.

"And if a caitiff false and vile,
Dares but to cross that garden-stile—
Dares but to fire that lowly thatch—
Dares but to force that peasant's latch—
The thunder-peal the deed will wake,
Will make his craven spirit quake;
And a voice from people, peer, and throne,
Will ring in his ears, Atone, Atone!"

If the Bible be the spiritual home of the believer—if it minister efficiently to the necessities of his entire man—if witnesses from opposing points have testified in its favour—if from the Ultima Thule of scepticism Theodore Parker is eloquent in its praise—if from the torrid zone of Popery Father Newman declares that "it lives in the soul with a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego;

and all that there is about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him for ever out of his English Bible"—if it has come down to us hallowed with the memories of eld, and wet with the last tearful blessing of parents passed into the skies—if it has sustained our own spirits in extremest trouble, made our life-work easy to us, beguiled the toil of this world, and inspired the hope of the world that is to come,—what wonder that the jealous Christianity of the land, roused by the threatened desecration, should speak in tones of power, and should say to the mistaken men who would tamper with it, "Hands off there! proud intruders, let that Bible alone!"

And you, oh ye highly-privileged possessors and guardians of the truth! guard well your sacred trust—clasp it as your choicest treasure—lift it high in your temples—hide it deep in your hearts: it is "the word of the Lord, and that word endureth for ever."

As a Preacher of the truth Bunyan had a high reputation in his day. Sympathy, earnestness, and power, were the great characteristics of his successful ministry. He preached what he felt, and his preaching therefore corresponded to the various stages of his personal experience. At first, himself in chains, he thundered out the terrors of the law, like another Baptist, against rich and poor together; then, happy in believing, he proclaimed salvation and the unparalleled blessedness of life by Christ, "as if an angel stood at his back to encourage him," and then, with advancing knowledge, he disclosed the truth in its rounded harmony-"the whole counsel of God." Instances of conversion were frequent under his ministry-many churches were founded by his Dr. Owen assured King Charles that for the tinker's ability to prate, he would gladly barter his own stores of learning; and in his annual visit to London, twelve hundred people would gather at seven in the morning of a winter's working day, to hear him. Nor can we wonder that his ministry should have had "favour both with God and man," when we listen to his own statements of the feelings with which he regarded it. "In my preaching I have really been in pain, and have, as it were, travailed to bring forth children to God. If I were fruitless, it mattered not who commended me; but if I were fruitful, I cared not who did condemn." "I have counted as if I had goodly buildings and lordships in those places where my children were born, my heart hath been so wrapped up in the glory of this excellent work, that I counted myself more blessed and honoured of God by this, than if He had made me the emperor of the Christian world, or the lord of all the glory of the earth without it." This is what we want now. will not despair of the speedy conversion of the world if you give us an army of ministers who have—burned into their hearts—this passionate love for souls.

There are those, indeed, who tell us that the mission of the pulpit is fulfilled. They acknowledge that in the former ages-in the times of immaturity, when men spelt out the truth in syllables, it did a noble work. But the world has outgrown it, they tell us. It is an anachronism now. need neither its light nor its warning. The all-powerful press shall direct them—from the chair of criticism they shall learn wisdom—the educational institute shall aid them in heavenward progress—they shall move upward and onward under the guidance of the common mind. But the divine institution of the ministry is not to be thus superseded. It has to do with eternity, and the matters of eternity are paramount. It has to deal with the most lasting emotions of our naturewith those deep instincts of eternal truths which underlie all systems, from which the man can never utterly divorce himself, and which God himself has graven on the soul. This

opposition to the pulpit, however the inefficiency of existing agencies may have contributed to it—however the memories of olden priestcraft may have given it strength, cannot be explained, but as originating in the yet unconquered enmity of the carnal mind to God. The teaching of the political theorizer, of the infidel demagogue, of the benevolent idealist -why are they so popular? The teaching of the religious instructor—why is it so repulsive to the world? The main secret will be found in the fact that the one exalt, the other reprove, our nature - the one ignore, the other insist upon, the doctrine of the fall. If you silence the ministry, you silence the only living agency which, of set purpose, appeals to the moral sense of man, and brings out the world's conscience in its answer to moral obligation, and to the truths of the Bible. The minister divides an empire over the other faculties. He may speak to the intellect, but the philosopher will rival him. He may charm the imagination, but the poet is his master. rouse the passions, the mob-orator will do it better; but in his power over conscience he has a government which no man shares, and, as a czar of many lands, he wields the sceptre over the master-faculty of man. It is absolutely necessary, in this age of manifold activities and of spiritual pride, that there should be this ever-speaking witness of man's feebleness and God's strength. That witness dares not be silent amid the strife of tongues; and however the clamour may tell-and it does tell and it ought to tell, upon the time-serving and the indolent, upon the vapid and the insincere—it is an unanswerable argument for the mission of the ministry itself; just as the blast which scatters the acorns, roots the oak more firmly in the soil. Standing as I do to-night, in connection with an association which I dearly love, and which has been so highly honoured as an instrument of good, I must yet claim for the pulpit the

foremost place among the agencies for the renovation of the world. Neither the platform nor the press can supersede it. So long as they work in harmony with its high purpose, and aim at the elevation of the entire man, it will hail their helpings with glad heart and free, but God hath set it on the monarchy, and it may not abdicate its throne.

One great want of the times is a commanding ministry a ministry of a piety at once sober and earnest, and of mightiest moral power. Give us these men, "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," who will proclaim old truths with new energy, not cumbering them with massive drapery, nor hiding them 'neath piles of rubbish. Give us these men! men of sound speech, who will preach the truth as it is in Jesus, not with faltering tongue and averted eye, as if the mind blushed at its own credulity—not distilling it into an essence so subtle, and so speedily decomposed, that a chemical analysis alone can detect the faint odour which tells it has been there, but who will preach it apostle-wise, that is, "first" of all," at once a principle shrined in the heart, and a motive mighty in the life—the source of all morals, and the inspiration of all charity—the sanctifier of every relationship, and the sweetener of every toil. Give us these men! men of dauntless courage, from whom God-fear has banished manfear—who will stand unblenched before the pride of birth, and the pride of rank, and the pride of office, and the pride of intellect, and the pride of money, and will rebuke their conventional hypocrisies, and demolish their false confidences, and sweep away their refuges of lies. Give us these men! men of tenderest sympathy, who dare despise none, however vile and crafty, because the "one blood" appeals for relationship in its sluggish or fevered flow—who deal not in fierce reproofs nor haughty bearing, because their own souls have just been brought out of prison—by whom the sleeper will not be harshly chided, and who will mourn over the

wanderer, "My brother—ah! my brother!" Give us these men! men of zeal untiring—whose hearts of constancy quail not, although dull men sneer, and proud men scorn, and timid men blush, and cautious men deprecate, and wicked men revile—who though atrophy wastes the world, and paralysis has settled on the Church, amid hazard and hardship, are "valiant for the truth upon the earth,"

"And think
What others only dreamed about, and do
What others did but think, and glory in
What others dared but do,"

Give us these men! in whom Paul would find congenial reasoners—whom the fervent Peter would greet with a welcome sparkle in the eye—to whom the gentle John would be attracted as to twin-souls which beat like his own—all lovingly. Give us these men! and you need speak no more of the faded greatness and prostrate might of the pulpit; the true God-witnesses shall be re-instated in their ancient moral sovereignty, and "by manifestation of the truth, shall commend themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

Young men, I bespeak your prayers for a ministry like this as for one of the greatest necessities of the age, and I would pray that God may raise up some among yourselves who may feel the stirrings of the Divinity within, and be called by His grace to be diligent reapers in the vast Home Harvest-field, or with beautiful feet upon the slopes of some distant mountain, to publish "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good-will towards men."

One main reason of Bunyan's repute among the people was his thorough humanness. He was no bearded hermit, sarcastic in his seclusion, upon a world which he had forsaken, or which he never knew. He was no dark ascetir

snarling at his fellows from some cynical tub, or self-righteous; in his maceration, inveighing against pleasures which were beyond his reach, and which he had toiled in vain to enjoy. He was a brave, manly, genial, brotherly soul; full of sympathy with the errors and frailties of men, mingling in the common grief and in the common cheerfulness of life. See him as he romps with the children in their noisy mirth. himself as great a child as they. Listen to him as he spins out of his fertile brain riddles to be guessed by the pilgrims. such as "keep Old Honest from nodding." Mark the smile that plays over his countenance as he writes how Ready-tohalt and Much-afraid footed it right merrily, in dance of joy. for the destruction of Giant Despair. Observe the ineffable tenderness with which he describes Feeblemind and Fearing. See in his real life the wealth of affection which he lavishes upon his sightless child. Oh, it is charming—this union of the tender and the faithful in a master-mind-this outflow of all graceful charities from a spirit which bares its breast to danger, and which knows not to blench or quail! Beautiful are these gushes of sensibility from a manly soul.—as if from some noble mountain, with granite heart and crest of cedar, there should issue a crystal rill, brightening the landscape with its dimpled beauty, or flashing archly beneath the setting sun.

Strength and gentleness are thus combined, in grandest harmony, only under the humanizing rule of Christianity. We might expect, under the old stoical morality, to find patient endurance and dauntless bravery—the perfection of an austere manhood—Roman virtue and Spartan pride. Under the precepts of a philosophy which never compromised with human weakness, we do not wonder at a Leonidas at the pass of Thermopylæ, or a Miltiades on the plains of Marathon, at a high-souled Epaminondas, or a meditative Numa, at an Aristides consenting to his own ostracism, or

a Brutus pronouncing the death-doom of his son. They are the natural efflorescence of such culture and such soil. And, in truth there is a hardy endeavour, an heroic self-abandonment, a capacity for deed and suffering, in some of these brave old Heathen, that would make many a modern Christian dwindle into the shadow of a man. But it was reserved for Christianity, by the inspiration of her faith and love, to exhibit human nature in its "highest embodied possibility," to show the bravery of heroes chastened by the meekness of children—beneficence employing power—an endurance more resolute than stoicism ever knew, combined with an all-embracing tenderness that would "clasp the universe to keep it warm." In Christianity, and in Christianity alone, can be discovered character in harmonious wholeness, at once the "righteous man," high in the practice of all social virtues, stern in his inflexible adhesion to the utter rightand the "good man," who has won for himself a revenue of affection, at whose name men's eyes sparkle and their spirits glow, as if a sun-beam glinted in, and for whom some, in their strength of tenderness, would even dare to die.

It would seem, indeed, to be God's usual method to prepare men for extensive usefulness by the personal discipline of trial. Hence, when we see Bunyan encompassed by terrible temptations, and immured in bondage; Luther in the fortress on the Wartburg, pining in sore sickness, and battling, in fancy, with embodied evil; Wesley wandering to Georgia and back, led through doubt and darkness to the long-deferred moment which ended his "legal years," and then welcomed on his evangelistic journeys with ovations of misrepresentation and mud;—we remember that this protracted suffering is but the curriculum of heavenly discipline by which, learning of Him who is lowly, they are shriven of self and pride, and which superadds to the fortitude which bears all, and to the courage which dares

all, the meekness and gentleness of Christ. You will remem ber a notable instance of the teaching of the Master on this matter in the history of the disciples. On one occasion, monopolists of their Redeemer's presence, misers of that wealth divine which could have enriched every man of the five thousand, and have been none the poorer for the sumptuous dole, they exhibited a sad lack of needful sympathy, and impatiently murmured, "Send the multitudes away." Mark the sequel. "Straightway He constrained His disciples to get into a ship, and go before Him to the other side, while He sent away the people." They must be sent away like the multitudes, that they might know what such banishment meant, and feel, by bitter experience, the pangs of an absent Lord. Stormfully howled the wind on Tiberias' lake that night; deep would be the disquietude as the vexed waves tossed the vessel, and the eyes of the watchers, straining wistfully through the darkness, saw no star of hope nor glimpse of Saviour. But there came blessing to the world out of that storm. They would be better apostles for that night's anxious vigil; more thoroughly human in their sympathy; better able to proclaim to the benighted nations the overcoming might of love. If you look from the Master's teaching to the Master's example, who fails to remember that for this purpose He became "touched with the feeling| of our infirmity," and was tempted, that He might succour the tempted—that hunger, and thirst, and weariness, and pain came upon Him—that He felt the pangs of desertion when those whom He trusted forsook Him, and the pangs of bereavement when those whom He loved had died—that He sorrowed with human tears over a freshly opened grave, and feared with human apprehensions under the shadow of impending trial?

Brothers, he must be no fiery recluse who shall preach the people into a new crusade. The great work of the world's uplifting now-a-days is not to be wrought by the stern prophet of wrath, moving amongst men with the austerity as well as with the inspiration of the wilderness, but by the mild and earnest seer who comes, like the Son of Man, "eating and drinking," of genial soul, and blithe companionship, and divinest pity; who counsels without haughtiness, and reproves without scorn; and who bears about with him the reverent consciousness that he deals with the majesty of man. Neither the individual nor the aggregate can be lectured out of vice nor scolded into virtue. There is a relic of humanness, after all, lingering in every heart, like a dear gage of affection, stealthily treasured amid divorce and estrangement, and the far wards where it is locked up from men, can be opened only by the living sympathy of love. Society is like the prodigal, whom corrective processes failed to reform, and whom gaol discipline only tended to harden, and whom enforced exile only rendered more audacious in his crime; but adown whose bronzed cheek a tear stole in a far-off land at some stray thought of home, and whose heart of adamant was broken by the sudden memory of some dead mother's prayer. us recognize this truth in all our endeavours for the benefit of men. It is quite possible to combine inflexibility of adhesion to the right with forbearing tenderness towards the wrong doer. Speak the truth, by all means: let it fall upon the hearts of men with all the imparted energy by which the Spirit gives it power; but speak the truth in love, and, perchance, it may subdue them by its winsome beauty, and prompt their acknowledgment that it is altogether lovely. Such an one, holding truth in the heart, speaking it lovingly from the lip, exhibiting its power in the beneficent workings of the life, such an one will be the chief benefactor of his species; though eloquence may pour no eulogy on his merits, and though the common annals of fame may pass him by.

Such a one in his teachings will be equally remote from lax indifferentism and from cynical theology. He will not dare a hair's-breadth deviation from the Bible; but he will not graft upon it his own moroseness, nor mutilate it into his own deformity. Such an one will not complain that he has no neigh-He will find neighbours, aye, even in the heart of-London. He will be a kind husband and a tender father; but his hearth-stone will not bound his sympathy. He will be a patriot; he will be a philanthropist. His love, central in his home and in his country, will roll its far ripples upon all men. He will see in the poorest man a brother, and in the worst man a nature of divine endowment, now sunk in/ darkness, which he is to labour to illumine and to save. Such an one will not call earth a howling wilderness. will not slander this dear old world because some six) thousand years ago an injury befell it, which disfigured it sadly, and has embittered its subsequent history. Against that which did the wrong he will cherish intensest hatredhe will purge it from himself—he will root it out of others. He will love the world as a theatre for the display of noble energies, of rich benevolence, of manly strength, of godlike pity; and he will work in it with an honest heart and loving purpose, until the finger beckons him into the wealthier heaven.

Young men, the age of chivalry is not over. The new crusade has already begun. The weapons are not shaped by mortal skill, nor is the battle with garments rolled in blood. Strong-souled, earnest men—knights, of the true order of Jesus, are leagued in solemn covenant, and are already in the field. "Theirs are the red colours, and for a scutcheon they have the holy lamb and golden shield." "Good-will to man" is their inspiring banner-text. "Faith working by love" is broidered on their housings. Not to prance in the tilt-yard, amidst the sheen of bright lances and bright eyes,

don they their armour. They have too serious work on hand to flaunt in a mimic pageant, or to furnish a holiday review. They have caught the spirit of their Master. As with eyes dimmed by their own sympathy, He looked upon the fated Jerusalem, they have learnt to look upon a fallen but ransomed race. They war for its rescue from the inexorable bondage of wrong. Ignorance, improvidence, intemperance, indifference, infidelity; these are the giants which they set lance in rest to slay. I would fain, like another Peter the Hermit, summon you into the ranks of these loving and valiant heroes. The band will admit you all. In this, the holier chivalry, the churl's blood is no bar to honour. highest distinctions are as open to the peasant's offspring as to the scion of the Plantagenets and Howards. Go, then, where glory waits you. The field is the world. Go where the abjects wander, and gather them into the fold of the sanctuary. Go to the lazarettos where the moral lepers herd, and tell them of the healing balm. Go to the squalid haunts of crime, and float a gospel-message upon the feculent air. Go wherever there are ignorant to be instructed, and timid to be cheered, and helpless to be succoured, and stricken to be blessed, and erring to be reclaimed. Go wherever faith can see, or hope can breathe, or love can work, or courage can venture. Go and win the spurs of your spiritual knighthood there.

"Oh! who would not a champion be,
In this the lordlier chivalry?
Uprouse ye now, brave brother band,
With honest heart and working hand.
We are but few, toil-tried, but true,
And hearts beat high to dare and do;
Oh! there be those that ache to see
The day-dawn of our victory!
Eyes full of heart-break with us plead,
And watchers weep, and martyrs bleed;
Work, brothers, work! work, hand and brain,
We'll win the golden age again.

And love's millennial morn shall rise, In happy hearts and blessed eyes; We will, we will, brave champions be, In this, the lordlier chivalry."

It remains only that we present Bunyan before you as a CONFESSOR FOR THE TRUTH. One would anticipate that a character like his would be sustained in its bravery during the hour of trial, and that, like Luther, whom in many points he greatly resembled, he would witness a good confession before the enemies of the Cross of Christ, A warrant was issued for his apprehension in the dreary month of November. The intention of the magistrate was whispered about beforehand, and Bunyan's friends, alarmed for his safety, urged him to forego his announced purpose to preach. Nature pleaded hard for compliance, and urged the claims of a beloved wife and four children, one of them blind. Prudence suggested that, escaping now, he might steal other . exportunities for the preaching of the truth. He took counsel of God in prayer, and then came to his decision. "If I should now run, and make an escape, it will be of a very ill savour in the country; what will my weak and newly converted brethren think of it? If God, of His mercy, should choose me to go upon the forlorn hope, if I ' should fly, the world may take occasion at my cowardliness to blaspheme the Gospel." At Samsell, in Bedfordshire, the people assembled; there were about forty persons present. Some of the timid sort advised, even then, that the meeting should be dismissed. Bravely, he replied, "No, by no means! I will not stir, neither will I have the meeting dismissed. Come, be of good cheer, let us not be daunted; our cause is good! we need not be ashamed of it; to preach God's word is so good a work, that we shall be well rewarded if we suffer for that." Accordingly he was cast into prison. After seven weeks' imprisonment the session was

held at Bedford, and Bunyan was arraigned at the bar. This was his sentence: "You must be had back again to prison, and there lie for three months following; and then if you do not submit to go to church to hear divine service, you must be banished the realm; and after that, if you should be found in the realm, without the special licence of the King, you must stretch by the neck for it, I tell you plainly." So spake the rude and arbitrary Justice Kelynge. who, like Scroggs and Jeffreys, enjoys the distinction, rare among English judges, of being in infamy immortal. Bunyan answered, inspired with Lutheran and Pauline courage, "I am at a point with you; if I were out of prison to-day, I would preach the Gospel again to-morrow, by the help of God." His spirit blenched not with the lapse of time, though he lay twelve years in that foul dungeon, the discovery of whose abominations, a century afterwards, first started John Howard in his "circumnavigation of charity." Towards the close of his imprisonment, we hear the dauntless beatings of the hero-heart: "I have determined—the Almighty God being my help and my shield-yet to suffer, if frail life might continue so long, even until the moss shall grow over my eye-brows, rather than violate my faith and my principles." Oh, rare John Bunyan! thy "frail life" has become immortal; the world will not let thee die. Thou art shrined in the loving memory of thousands, while thy judges and persecutors are forgotten, or remembered only with ridicule and shame. "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance, but the memory of the wicked shall rot."

Our lot is cast in gentler times than these. No indictments are preferred against us now for "devilish and pernicious abstinence from church-going." Felons are not now let loose in honour of a monarch's coronation, while men of God are hailed to closer durance. Phœnix-like, out

of the ashes of the martyr-fires, arose religious freedom. The flames of outward persecution have well-nigh forgotten to burn. And yet the offence of the cross has not ceased. The profession of the Gospel does not always bring peace, but a sword. Trouble is yet the heritage "of all that will live godly in Christ Jesus," and there is strong need in all of us, for the exhibition of the main element in a confessor's character-nobleness of religious decision. We must have convictions of duty wrought so strongly into our souls, that neither opposition nor difficulty, nor even disaster, shall make us falter in the course which we have intelligently chosen. For lack of these sincere and abiding convictions, many have erred from the faith, and have manifested an instability of character that is truly deplorable. Many young men have run well for a season—have formed large plans of usefulness, and have been full of promise in all that was of good report and lovely; but a fatal indecision has blighted the promise, and rendered the plans abortive; and their course has reminded us of Emerson's ludicrous account of the American roads, starting fair and stately, between avenues of branching pines, but narrowing gradually as they proceed. and at last ending in a squirrel track, and running up a tree. It may be questioned, indeed, whether any of us, in this matter, approximate to the standard. Let us ask ourselves. if we had lived in the days of the Master, should "we have left all and followed Him"? As we looked at Him in the garb of a peasant, and a Nazarene, of ignoble origin and vagrant life, opposed by all recognized authorities, calm in His single-handed strength, alone against the world, shocking every ancient prejudice, and pronouncing the doom of a ritual, gorgeous in its ceremonial, and enfibred, by the ties of ages, round the hearts of men, what should we have thought of such a questionable man? Should we have dared to have come to Him, even by night, while living.

much less to have gone boldly and begged His body when dead? Should we have foregone, for His sake, the chief seat of synagogues, and the uppermost rooms at feasts, and for the pleasure of His Divine discourse, and for the hopes immortal but unseen, have cast ourselves on His fidelity, even for daily bread? Let us look into the glass of our own consciousness, that we may be humbled and reproved. And, in the present, with the light of His teaching and of His example, how are we living? Would it please us that the hidden man of the heart should be unveiled to our neighbour's scrutiny? Do we the right always, because it is the right-without thought of profit-and at the sure risk of ill? Do we rejoice to be brought in contact with a man, that we may put our own manhood to the proof? Can we resolve to work ever for the good of this bad world, not bating from weariness, nor deterred by ingratitude, nor palsied with fear? Dare we speak honestly and act bravely, though loss and shame should follow speech and deed? Is there in us no division of activity against itself; are our thought and action mutually representative of each other? In one word, are we sincere? Do we serve one Master? with no reserve of our endowments? with every fragment of our influence? at every moment of our time? Oh! let us search our hearts on this matter. There is a great deal more of this sincere and decisive godliness wanted in the world, and you are to furnish it. I assume, of course, that you are decided for God; that the great change has taken place in you, and that you are walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost. If it be not so with you, seek first, for yourselves, the kingdom of God. It will be a terrible thing if the "Perdidi diem" of the regretful Roman should deepen into a "Perdidi vitam" for you; if your life be but an accumulation of remorseful memories; or if there be one term of therein of mingines in, which, like Post

Shall in lifted, nevermore."

when the same are shready the a series and any vision of religion and the to the time the pour presence. To was us a vone .: whe time Christian young it is said . I was to be the mai the selfish, and to an interest of the glory of to the name of er t er rare wette auch world, and 1. o. 2 in man I former, that she to the content of the Awaren more by the THE THE CHARGE SELECT AND A PARTY OF THE PAR was as a wine services which of sections of : - The I Hamily strict We want I - IF WE THERE WILL WITH - ж жег до-То пап a and the The Technology Invest. Trans L His soul te times Never and a content ---

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Remember that every promise to the Apocalyptic churches is "To him that overcometh." If at any time your purpose falter or your courage fail, hie you to the Interpreter's house for comfort. Gaze again upon that sight inspiring, which made Christian eager for his perilous journey. Look at that "stately palace, beautiful to behold." See the men in golden garments on the top. Mark the cravens crouching at the gate below. See the scribe at the table, with the book and the ink-horn before him. Take the measure of the men in armour who keep the doorway from the enterers in. Watch the man of stout countenance, girt with sword and helmet for the battle: see him as he maintains the fearful strife, and wounded, but unyielding, cuts his way to victory: listen to the pleasant voice which heartens the champion into hope and valour-

> "Come in! come in! Eternal glory thou shalt win."

That vision is for you. Your names are in the muster-roll. Your path to the house of many mansions is beset by strong men armed. Quit yourselves like men. Take to yourselves the whole armour of God, and then press forward manfully for ever. Every conflict brings you nearer to the recompence. Already the harp-songs of the cloud of witnesses encourage you. A soft accompaniment floats down to each of you, for your own ear and heart alone—the gentle cheering, wafted from on high, of the mother who nursed your infancy, or the father "whose knee you clomb, the envied kiss to share." Above all, His voice whose will is duty, and whose smile is Heaven, speaks to you from His highest throne—Fight, I'll help thee; Conquer, I'll crown thee.

I cannot bid you farewell without expressing my gratification in being permitted, however imperfectly, to address you, and my best wishes for the Association to which most of you belong. I rejoice to hail this and kindred Societies as preparing us for that diviner future which shall yet burst on this ransomed world. Wearily have the years passed, I know: wearily to the pale watcher on the hill who has been so long gazing for the day-break: wearily to the anxious multitudes who have been waiting for His tidings below. Often has the cry gone up through the darkness, "Watcher, what of the night?" and often has the disappointing answer come, "It is night still; here the stars are clear above me, but they shine afar, and yonder the clouds lower heavily, and the sad night-winds blow." But the time shall come, and perhaps sooner than we look for it, when the countenance of that pale watcher shall gather into intenser expectancy, and when the challenge shall be given, with the hopefulness of a nearer vision, "Watcher, what of the night?" and the answer comes, "The darkness is not so dense as it was; there are faint streaks on the horizon's verge; mist is in the valleys, but there is a radiance on the distant hill. comes nearer—that promise of the day. The clouds roll rapidly away, and they are fringed with amber and gold. It is, it is the blest sunlight that I feel around me—Morning!"

IT IS MORNING!

And, in the light of that morning, thousands of earnest eyes flash with renewed brightness, for they have longed for the coming of the day. And, in the light of that morning, things that nestle in dust and darkness cower and flee away. Morning for the toil-worn artisan! for oppression and avarice, and gaunt famine, and poverty are gone, and there is social night no more. Morning for the meek-eyed student! for scowling doubt has fled, and sophistry is silenced, and the clouds of error are lifted from the fair face of Truth for aye, and there is intellectual night no more. Morning for the lover of man! for wrongs are redressed, and contradictions

harmonised, and problems solved, and men summer in perpetual brotherhood, and there is moral night no more. Morning for the lover of God! for the last infidel voice is hushed, and the last cruelty of superstition perpetrated, and the last sinner lays his weapons down, and Christ the crucified becomes Christ the crowned. Morning! Hark how the earth rejoices in it, and its many minstrels challenge the harpers of the sky—"Sing with us, ye heavens! The morning cometh, the darkness is past, the shadows flee away, the true light shineth now." Morning! Hark how the sympathetic heavens reply, "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw herself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended!"

IT IS MORNING!

"The planet now doth, like a garment, wear the beauty of the morning." And the light climbeth onward, and upward, for there is a sacred noon beyond. That noon is HEAVEN.

"AND THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE"

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Macaulay.

A LECTURE

BY

'THE REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, D.D.

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I AM in difficulties to-night. There are three pictures vivid to my mental eye, which will haply illustrate those difficulties better than any long array of words. The first is that of a gleaner, by the dim light of the moon, searching painfully among the unwealthy stubble, in a harvest-field from which the corn has been reaped, and from which the reapers have withdrawn. I am that gleaner. About the great man who is my subject to-night, there has been as much said as would suffice for a long course of lectures, and as much written as would almost furnish a library. Where is the tongue which has not been loosened to utter his eulogy? Where is the pen which has not been swift in his praise? I have, therefore, to deal with matters which are already treasured as national property. If I am to furnish for you any but thin and blasted ears, I must of necessity enrich myself from the full sheaves of others. The second picture is that of an unfortunate individual, who has to write an art-criticism upon a celebrated picture, but who finds himself, with a small physique and with a horror of crowds, jammed hopelessly into the front rank of the spectators at the Academy, with the sun dazzling his eyes, and so near to the picture that he sees little upon the canvass but a vague and shapeless outline of colour. I am that unhappy critic, dazzled as I look upon my subject—and both

you and I are too near for perfect vision. Macaulay, as everyone knows, was through life identified with a political party. Even his literary efforts were prompted by political impulses, and tinged necessarily with political hues. It would seem, therefore, that to be accurately judged he must be looked at through the haze of years, when the strife or) passion has subsided, and prepossession and prejudice have alike faded in the lapse of time. The third picture is that of a son, keenly affectionate, but of high integrity, clinging with almost reverent fondness to the memory of a father, but who has become conscious of one detraction from that father's excellence, which he may not conscientiously conceal. I am that mourning son. There are few of you who gold that marvellous Englishman more dear, or who are more jealous for the renown which, on his human side, he merits, and which has made his name a word of pride wherever Anglo-Saxons talk in their grand, free, mothertongue. If this world were all, I could admire and worship with the best of you, and no warning accompaniment should! mingle with the music of the praise; but I should be recreant to the duty which I owe to those who listen to me, and traitorous to my higher stewardship as a minister of Christ, if I forbore to warn you, that without godliness in the heart and in the life, the most brilliant career has missed of its allotted purpose, and there comes a paleness upon the lustre of the very proudest fame. It is enough. Your discernment perceives my difficulties, and your sympathy will accord me its indulgence while we speak together of the man who was the marvel of other lands, and who occupies no obscure place upon the bright bead-roll of his own—the rhetorician, the essayist, the poet, the statesman, the historian—Thomas Babington, first and last Baron Macaulay.

From a middle-class family, in a midland county in England, was born the man whom England delighteth to

honour. The place of his birth was Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, at the house of his uncle. Mr. Thomas Babington, after whom he was named; and the time the month of October, when the century was not many moons His grandfather was a minister of the Kirk of Scotland, who dwelt quietly in his manse at Cardross on the Clyde. His father, after the manner of Scotchmen, travelledin early life toward the south, that he might find wider scope for his enterprise and industry than the country of Macallum More could yield. His mother was the daughter of a bookseller in Bristol, who was a member of the Society of Friends. Some of his critics, on the "post hoc propter hoo" principle, have discovered in these two facts the reasons of his subsequent severity against Scotchmen and Quakers. When, in these times, we ask after a man's parentage, it is not that we may know by how many removes he is allied to the Plantagenets, nor how many quarterings he is entitled to grave upon his shield. It is morally certain that most of us had ancestors who distinguished themselves in the Wars of the Roses, and that most of us will have posterity who shall be engaged in the last strife of Armageddon. But estates and names are not the only inheritances of children. They inherit the qualities by which estates are acquired or scattered, and by which men carve out names for themselves, the prouder because they are self-won. Influences which are thrown around them in the years of early life are vital, almost creative, in their power upon the future of their being. You look upon a child in the rounded dimples of its happiness, with large wonder in its eyes, and brow across which sun and shadow chase each other ceaselessly. It is all unconscious of its solemn stewardship, and of the fine or fatal destiny which it may achieve; but you take the thoughts of responsibility and of influence into account, and you feel that of all

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MACAULAY.

known and terrible forces, short of Omnipotence, the mightiest may slumber in that cradle, or look wistfully from out those childish eyes. You look at it again when the possible of the child has developed into the actual of the The life-purpose has been chosen, and there is the steady strife for its accomplishment. The babe who once slumbered so helplessly has become the village Hampden, or the cruel Claverhouse; the dark blasphemer, or the ready helper of the friendless; the poet, in his brief felony of the music of Paradise, or the missionary in his labour to restore its lost blessings to mankind. You might almost have predicted the result, because you knew the influences, subtle but mighty, which helped to confirm him in the right, or which helped to warp him to the wrong. And who shall say in the character of each of us, how much we are indebted to hereditary endowments, to early association, to the philosophy of parental rule, and to that retinue of circumstances which guarded us as we emerged from the dream-land of childhood into the actual experiences of life? In the character and habits of Macaulay, the results of these influences may be very largely discovered. Those of you who are familiar with the wicked wit of Sydney Smith will remember his reference to "the patent Christianity of Clapham;" and in Sir James Stephen's inimitable essay, the worthies of the Clapham sect are portrayed with such fidelity and power, that we feel their presence, and they are familiar to us as the faces of to-day. Let us look in upon them on a summer's eve some fifty years ago. We are in the house of Henry Thornton, the wealthy banker, and for many years the independent representative of the faithful constituency of Southwark. The guests assemble in such numbers, that it might almost be a gathering of the clan. They have disported on the spacious lawn, beneath the hadow of venerable elms, until the evening warns them

inside, and they are in the oval saloon, projected and decorated, in his brief leisure, by William Pitt, and filled, to every available inch, with a well-selected library. Take notice of the company, for men of mark are here. There is Henry Thornton himself, lord of the innocent and happy revels, with open brow and searching eye; with a mind subtle to perceive and bright to harmonize the varied aspects of a question; with a tranquil soul, and a calm, judicial, persevering wisdom, which, if it never rose into heroism, was always ready to counsel and sustain the impulses of the heroism of others. That slight, agile, restless little man, with a crowd about him, whose rich voice rolls like music upon charmed listeners, as if he were a harper who played upon all hearts at his pleasure; can that be the apostle of the brotherhood? By what process of compression did the great soul of Wilberforce get into a frame so slender? It is the old tale of the genius and the fisherman revived. He is fairly abandoned to-night to the current of his own joyous fancies; now contributing to the stream of earnest talk which murmurs through the room, and now rippling into a merry laugh, light-hearted as a sportive child. There may be seen the burly form, and heard the sonorous voice of William Smith, the active member for Norwich, separated from the rest in theological beliefs, but linked with them in all human charities; who at thesescore years and ten could say that he had no remembrance of an illness, and that though the head of a numerous family, not a funeral had ever started from his door. Yonder, with an absent air, as if awakened from some dear dream of prophecy, sits Granville Sharp, that man of chivalrous goodness; stern to indignation against every form of wrongdoing, gentle to tenderness towards the individual wrongdoer. The author of many publications, the patron of many societies, the exposer of many abuses, there was

underlying the earnest purpose of his life, a festive humour which made the world happy to him, and which gladdened the circle of his home. His leisure was divided, when he was not called to the councils of Clapham, between his barge, his pencil, and his harp, the latter of which he averred was after the precise pattern of David's; and strollers through the Temple Gardens in the early morning might often hear his voice, though broken by age, singing to it, as in a strange land, and by the river of the modern Babylon, one of the songs of Zion. In his later years the study of prophecy absorbed him, and we smile at the kindly aberrations which devised portable wool-packs to save the lives at once of exposed soldiers in the Peninsula, and of starving artisans at home; which thought that in King Alfred's law of frankpledge there was a remedy for all the sorrows of Sierra Leone, and which mourned over the degeneracy of statesmen, because Charles Fox, whom he saw at the Foreign Office, had never so much as heard of Daniel's "Little Horn." Approaching with a half-impatient look, as if he longed to be breathing the fresh air in some glen of Needwood Chase, comes Thomas Gisborne, the sworn friend of Nature, to whom she whispered all her secrets of bird and stream and tree, and who loved her with a pure love, less only than that which he felt for the souls in his homely parish to whom he ministered the word of life. There, in a group, eagerly conversing together, are the lamented Bowdler, and the elder Stephen, - Charles Grant, at that time the reputed autocrat of that Leadenhall Street, whose glory has so recently departed, and John, Lord Teignmouth, whose quiet, gentlemanly face one could better imagine in the chair of the Bible Society, than ruling in viceregal pomp over the vast empire of India. Summoned up from Cambridge to the gathering there is Isaac Milner, "of lofty stature, vast girth, and superincumbent wig,"

charged perhaps with some message of affection from good old John Venn, who then lay quietly waiting until his change should come; and Charles Simeon, redeemed from all affectations, as he is kindled by the reading of a letter which has just reached him from the far East, and which bears the signature of Henry Martyn. Are we mistaken, or did we discover in the crowd, lighted up with a fine benignity, the countenance of the accomplished Mackintosh? And surely there flitted by us, with characteristic haste, that active, working, marvellously expressive face which could answer to no other name than that of Henry Brougham. There is just one more figure in the corner upon whom we must for a moment linger, and as we pass towards him that we may get a nearer vision, look at that group of three ingenuous youths, drinking in the rich flow of soul with feelings of mingled shyness and pride. Can you tell their fortunes? The interpreting years would show them to you—the one dying beloved and honoured as the Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, the second living, as the active and eloquent Bishop of Oxford, and the third the future historian of his country, and one of her most renowned and most lamented sons.

With beetling brows, and figure robust but ungainly, slow of speech, and with a face which told no tale, described as the man "whose understanding was proof against sophistry, and his nerves against fear," and who, though his demeanour was "inanimate, if not austere, excited among his chosen circle a faith approaching to superstition, and a love rising to enthusiasm."—What was the secret of Zachary Macaulay's power? Just this, the consecration of every energy to the one purpose upon which his life was offered as a living sacrifice—the sweeping from the face of the earth of the wrong and shame of slavery. An eye-witness of its abominations in Jamaica, a long resident at Sierra Leone,

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with the slave-trade flourishing around him, he became impressed with the conviction that God had called him to do battle with this giant sin, and from that moment he lived apart, lifted above ordinary cares and aims by the grandeur of this solemn inspiration. For this cause he laboured without weariness, and wrote with force and vigour. For this cause he suffered slander patiently, made light of fame and fortune, wasted health, and died poor. His friends marked this self-devotion, and respected it. They bowed in homage to the majesty of goodness. They regarded him almost as a being of superior order, while so deep was his humility, and so close his fellowship with God, that it became easy to imagine that he dwelt habitually in the presence of the shining ones, and that the glory of the mount upon which his footsteps often lingered, shone about him as he sojourned among men.

Such were the men who, as leaders of the "Clapham sect," as it was called, drew down the wonder of the worldly, and provoked the scoffing of the proud.

Oh rare and sacred fellowship! Where is the limner who will preserve for us these features upon canvass? Already upon our walls we can live with the renowned and the worthy. We see the great Duke in the midst of his companions in arms; we are at home with Dr. Johnson and his friends; we realise the penetralia of Abbotsford; we are present when John Wesley dies; we can nod familiarly to a group of free-traders; we can recognise noble sheep-breeders and stalwart yeomen at an agricultural show; why should our moral heroes be forgotten? Who will paint the Clapham sect for us? Their own age derided them; let tus, their posterity, enthrone them with double honour. They sowed the seeds of which the harvest waveth now. It was theirs to commence, amid unfriendly watchers, those wide schemes of philanthropy which have made the name of

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England blessed. Catching the mantle of those holy men who in the early part of the last century were the apostles of the second Reformation, they had perhaps a keener sense of the difficulties of evangelism, and a more practical knowledge of the manners and customs of the world. Fearlessly as their fathers had testified in attestation of some vital doctrine, they bore their heroic witness against insolent oppression and wrong; and to them we owe the creation of that enlightened public opinion which has made the nation a commonwealth, and the world a neighbourhood, which is so prolific in its merciful inventions in the times in which we live; and which, while it screens the peasant's thatch, and protects the beggar's conscience, and uplifts the poor man's home, is so world-wide in its magnificence of charity, that it has an ear for the plaint of the exile, a response to the cry of the Sudra, and a tear for the sorrows of the slave.

With such healthy and stirring influences surrounding him, Macaulay passed his childhood; and though in after years he became the contemplative student, rather than the beneficent worker, and though, retaining many of the opinions of his early friends, he seems to have remained ignorant of the grand and living principle which was the inspiration of them all-"brought over," as Mr. Maurice significantly says, " from the party of the saints to the party of the Whigs,"-the results of the association stamped themselves upon his character, and we can trace them in his sturdy independence, and consistent love of liberty, in his rare appreciation of the beauty of moral goodness, and in the quiet energy of perseverance which urged him to the mastery of every subject he handled, and which stored his mind so richly, that he grew into a living encyclopedia of knowledge. The world has recently been enriched with information upon the subject of Macaulay's childhood, from the letters addressed to his father by the venerable Hannah

More. This remarkable woman—sprightly at seventy as at twenty-five-was a living link between the celebrities of two ages, and wielded, from her retirement at Barley Wood, an influence of which it is scarcely possible for us to estimate the extent and value. Rich in recollections of Garrick. Burke, Walpole, and Johnson, she entered heartily into the schemes and interests of the world of later times, and many were the eminent names who sought her counsel, or who prized her correspondence and friendship. Her interest in the Macaulay family was increased by the fact that the Selina Mills, whom Zachary Macaulay afterwards married, had been under her charge as a pupil, when she and her sister kept a school in Bristol. From her letters we learn the impression of extraordinary endowment which the young Macaulay gave. When he had attained the mature age of eight, she rejoices "that his classicality has not | extinguished his piety," and adds—" his hymns were really extraordinary for such a baby." What better illustration can there be of the old adage that poets are born, not made! "He lisped in numbers, and the numbers came." In his twelfth year, when the momentous question of a public school was debated in the parental councils, Hannah More gives her judgment in favour of his being sent to Westminster by day—thus, as she thought, securing the discipline and avoiding the danger. And in the same letter she says, "Yours, like Edwin, is no vulgar boy, and will require attention in proportion to his great superiority of intellect and quickness of passion. He ought to have competitors. He is like the prince who refused to play with anything but kings. I never saw any one bad propensity in him; nothing except natural frailty and ambition, inseparable, perhaps, from such talents and so lively an imagination. He appears sincere, veracious, tender-hearted, and affectionate." It would seem that private tuition was thought to have the

advantage over public schools, for the Rev. Matthew M. Preston, then of Shelford, Cambridgeshire, and subsequently of Aspeden House, Herts, was entrusted with the educational guardianship of young Macaulay. During his residence here, he is described as a studious, thoughtful boy. rather largely built than otherwise, with a head which seemed too big for his body, stooping shoulders, and pallid face; not renowned either at boating or cricket, nor any of the other articles in the creed of muscular Christianity, but incessantly reading or writing or repeating ballad-poetry by the yard or by the hour. Hannah More says that during a visit to Barley Wood, he recited all Bishop Heber's prizepoem of "Palestine," and that they had "poetry for breakfast, dinner, and supper." She laboured hard to impress him with Sir Henry Savile's notion that poets are the best writers of all, next to those who have written prose, and seems to have been terribly afraid lest he should turn out a poet after all. It was about this period that he wrote an epitaph on Henry Martyn, which has been published as his earliest effort, and which other judges than partial ones will pronounce excellent, to have been written by a boy of twelve:-

"Here Martyn lies! in manhood's early bloom,
The Christian hero found a Pagan tomb!
Religion, sorrowing o'er her favourite son,
Points to the glorious trophies which he won.
Immortal trophies! not with slaughter red,
Not stained with tears by helpless orphans shed;
But trophies of the Cross! In that dear Name,
Through every scene of danger, toil, and shame,
Onward he journeyed to that happy shore,
Where danger, toil, and shame are known no more."

In the fifteenth year of his age, we find the young student, with characteristic energy, coming out as a church reformer, assailing the time-honoured prerogative of parish clerks, and

making "heroic exertions" to promote, in the village where be worshipped, the responses of the congregation at large The same period was signalised by the appearance of his first critical essay, and of his earliest published work—the criticism, however, ventured only in a letter to Barley Wood, and the work being neither an epic nor a treatise, but an index to the thirteenth volume of the Christian Observer. It seems that his father shared the jealousy of his poetical tendencies which Hannah More so frequently expressed; and to curb his Pegasus, imposed upon him the cultivation of prose composition, in one of its most useful, if not of its most captivating styles. The letter in which Macaulay talks the critiques, and alludes to the forthcoming publication, shall tell its own tale, and you may forget or remember, as you please, that the writer was not yet fifteen. After alluding to the illness of Mr. Henry Thornton, and to Hannah More's recovery from the effects of an accident by fire, he says :---

"Every emiment writer of poetry, good or bad, has been publishing within the last month, or is to publish shortly. Lord Byron's pen is at work over a poem, as yet nameless. Lucien Buonaparte has given the world his 'Charlemagne.' Scott has published his 'Lord of the Isles,' in six cantos—a beautiful and elegant poem; and Southey his 'Roderick, the last of the Goths.' Wordsworth has printed 'The Excursion' (a ponderous quarto of five hundred pages), being a portion of the intended poem entitled 'The Recluse.' What the length of this intended poem is to be, as the Grand Vizier said of the Turkish poet—'n'est connu qu'à Dieu et à M. Wordsworth.' This fore-runner, however, is, to say no more, almost as long as it is dull; not but that there are many striking and beautiful passages interspersed; but who would wade through a poem

publicance - in rather that organization - but for

MACAULAY.

"Where perhaps one beauty shines L. In the dry desert of a thousand lines."

To add to the list, my dear Madam, you will soon see a work of mine in print. Do not be frightened; it is only the Index to the thirteenth volume of the *Christian Observer*, which I have had the honour of composing. Index-making, though the lowest, is not the most useless round in the ladder of literature; and I pride myself upon being able to say that there are many readers of the *Christian Observer* who could do without Walter Scott's works, but not without those of

"My dear Madam, your affectionate friend,
"Thomas B. Macaulay."

From Mr. Preston's roof Macaulay proceeded in due course to Trinity College, Cambridge, the alma mater of so many distinguished sons, proud in the past of the fame of those whose "mens divinior" first developed itself within her classic precincts—her Bacon, Newton, Milton, Barrow—as she will be proud in the future of her later child, who spake of their greatness to the world. Such is reported to have been his distaste for mathematics that he did not compete for honours, but he twice carried off the Chancellor's medal for prizepoems on the subjects respectively of "Pompeii," and "Evening;" gained the Craven scholarship; and in 1822 obtained his Bachelor's degree. It should not be forgotten, and the mention of it may hearten into hope again some timid youth who has been discouraged by partial failure, that a third poem on the inspiring subject of "Waterloo," failed to obtain the prize. In 1825 his Master's degree was taken, and in the year following he was called to the bar.

It was during his residence at the University that he started as an adventurer into that world of letters, which is

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MACAULAY:

so stony-hearted to the friendless and the feeble, but which, once propitiated or mastered, speeds the vigorous or the fortunate to the temple of fame. He was happy in the enterprising individual who first enlisted his ready pen. There were times when the publisher was as a grim ogre, who held the writer in his thrall; and there would be material for many an unwritten chapter of the "Calamities of Authors," if one could but recount the affronts put upon needy genius by vulgar but wealthy pride. They are to be congratulated who find a publisher with a heart to sympathise, and a soul to kindle, as well as with brows to knit and head to reckon. It was well for Macaulay, though his genius would have burst through all trammels of poverty or sordidness, that he was a kind and genial leader under whose banner he won his spurs of literary fame. There are few names which the literature of modern times should hold in dearer remembrance than the name of Charles Knight, at once the Mecænas of youthful authorship, and a worthy fellow-labourer with the band whom he gathered around him. He yet lives in the midst of us, though in the winter of his years. Long may it be ere Jerrold's apt epitaph be needed, and the last "Good Knight" be breathed above the turf that wraps his clay!

A goodly band of choice spirits those were, who, under various names, enriched the pages of "Knight's Quarterly Magazine." It is not too much to say, however, that though John Moultrie, Nelson Coleridge, and Winthrop Praed were among the valued contributors, the great charm of the magazine, during its brief but brilliant existence, was in the articles signed "Tristram Merton," which was the literary alias of Thomas Macaulay. In these earlier productions of his pen there are the foreshadowings of his future eminence, the same flashes of genius, the same antithetical power, the same prodigious learning, the same marvellous fecundity of

illustration, which so much entrance and surprise us in his later years. His versatility is amazing. Nothing comes amiss to him: Italian poets and Athenian orators—the revels of Alcibiades, and the gallantries of Cæsar, the philosophy of history, and the abstruser questions of political science,—all are discussed with boldness and fervour by this youth of twenty-four summers; while those who read his fragments of a parish law-suit, and a projected epic, will pronounce him "of an infinite humour;" and those who read his "Songs of the Huguenots," and of the "Civil War," will recognise the first martial outbursts of the poet-soul which flung its fiery words upon the world in the "Lays of Ancient Rome." His old love of the ballad, which had been a passion in his schoolboy life, was not entirely overborne by his application to graver studies. Calliope had not yet been supplanted by Clio, and he sung the Battle of Naseby, for example, with a force of rushing words which takes our hearts by storm, in spite of olden prejudice or political creed, and which, in what some critics would call a wanton perversion of power, carries away the most peace-loving amongst us in a momentary insanity for war.

- "Oh! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
 With your hands and your feet and your raiment all red?
 And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
 And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?
- "Oh! evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
 And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
 For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
 Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.
- "It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
 That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine;
 And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
 And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

- "Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
 The General rode along us to form us for the fight.
 When a murmuring sound broke out, and swell'd into a shout,
 Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.
- "And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
 The cry of battle rises along their charging line—
 For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
 For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!
- "The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
 His bravoes of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall;
 They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes:—close your
 ranks:—

For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

- "They are here:—they rush on.—We are broken—we are gone:—Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
 - O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right! Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.
- "Stout Skippon hath a wound:—the centre hath given ground:—
 Hark! hark!—What means the trampling of horsemen on our
 rear?
 - Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys.

 Bear up another minute. Brave Oliver is here!
- "Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
 Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
 Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
 And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.
- "Fast, fast the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
 Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple-Bar.
 And he—he turns, he flies,—shame on those cruel eyes
 That bore to look on torture, and dared not look on war.
- "Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,

When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day,
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

"And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword;
And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the Word."

It has been said that a speech delivered by Macaulay, on the great question which absorbed his father's life, attracted the notice of Jeffrey, then seeking for young blood wherewith to enrich the pages of the "Edinburgh Review," and that this was the cause of his introduction into the guild of literature, of which he became the decus et tutamen. world is now familiar with that series of inimitable essays, which were poured out in rapid and apparently inexhaustible succession, for the space of twenty years. To criticise them, either in mass or in detail, is no part of the lecturer's province; and even to enumerate them would entail a pilgrim. age to many and distant shrines. As we surrender ourselves to his masterly guidance, we are fascinated beneath a lifelike biography, or are enchained by some sweet spell of travel, we pronounce upon canons of criticism, and solve problems of government with a calm dogmatism which is troubled by no misgivings; we range unquestioned through the Court at Potsdam, and mix in Italian intrigues, and settle Spanish successions; and under the robe of the sagacious Burleigh, peer out upon starched ruffs and colossal headdresses in the presence chamber of Elizabeth herself. Now. with Clive and Hastings, we tread the sultry Ind-our path glittering with "barbaric pearl and gold"-now on bloody Chalgrove we shudder to see Hampden fall, and anon we gaze upon the glorious dreamer, as he listens musingly to the dull plash of the water from his cell on Bedford Bridge. We stand aside, and are awed while Byron raves, and charmed while Milton sings. Addison condescendingly writes for us. and Chatham declaims in our presence; Madame d'Arblay trips lightly along the corridor, and Boswell comes ushering

in his burly idol, and smirking like the showman of a giant. We watch the process curiously as an unfortunate poet is impaled amid the scattered Sibyllines of the reviews which puffed him; and we hold our breath while the Nemesis descends to crucify the miscreant Barère. In all moods of mind, in all varieties of experience, there is something for us of instruction or of warning If we pause, it is from astonishment: if we are wearied, it is from excess of splendour; we are in a gorgeous saloon, superbly draped, and from whose walls flash out upon us a long array of pictures, many of them Pre-Raphaelite in colour; and we are so dazzled by the brilliant hues, and by the effective grouping, that it is long ere we can ask ourselves whether they are true to nature, or to those deeper convictions which our spirits have struggled to attain. Criticism, for a season, becomes the vassal of delight; and we know not whether most to admire—the prodigality of knowledge, or the precision of utterance—the sagacity which foresees, or the fancy which embellishes—the tolerant temper, or the moral courage.

In these essays Macaulay has written his mental autobiography. He has done for us in reference to himself what, with all his brilliancy, he has often failed to do for us in his portraitures of others. He has shown us the man. He has anatomised his own nature. As in a glass, we may here see him as he is. He is not the thinker—reverent, hesitating, troubled, but the rare expositor of the thoughts of elder time. He is not the discerner of spirits, born to the knowledge of others in the birth-pangs of his own regeneration, but the omnivorous reader, familiar with every corner of the book-world, and divining from the entrails of a folio, as the ancient augurs from the entrails of a bird. He is not the prophet, but has a shrewdness of insight which often simulates the prophet's inspiration. He is not the

philosopher, laying broad and deep the foundations of a new system, but the illustrator, stringing upon old systems a multitude of gathered facts; not dry and tiresome, but transmuted into impetuous logic or inspiring poetry by the fire that burned within him. He is not the mere partisan, save only "in that unconscious disingenuousness from which the most upright man when strongly attached to an opinion is seldom wholly free," but the discriminating censor, who can deride the love-locks and fopperies of the Cavalier, and yet admire his chivalrous loyalty; who can rejoice in the stern virtues of the Puritan, and yet laugh at his small scruples, and at his nasal twang. He is not, alas! the Christian apostle, the witness alike amid the gloom of Gethsemane and on the mount of vision; not for him are either those agonies or that mountain-baptism; he would have "feared to enter into the cloud." He is rather the Hebrew scribe, astonished at the marvellous works, eager and fluent in recording them, and yet retaining his earthward leanings, and cherishing his country's dream of the advent of a temporal Messiah.

The first essay, that on Milton, at once established Macaulay's fame. In later years, he spoke of it as overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament, and "as containing scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approved." There are many yet, however, with whom its high moral tone, courage, and healthy freshness of feeling will atone for its occasional dogmatism, and for the efflorescence of its youthful style. Who has not glowed to read that description of the Puritan worthies, "whose palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt, for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language;

nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand "?

Scarcely less eloquent, though much less known, is the description of the influence of the literature of Athens, which I quote as a fair example of the essayist's early style:

"It is a subject on which I love to forget the accuracy of a judge in the veneration of a worshipper, and the gratitude of a child. If we consider merely the subtlety of disquisition, the force of imagination, the perfect energy and elegance of expression, which characterise the great works of Athenian genius, we must pronounce them intrinsically most valuable; but what shall we say when we reflect that from hence have sprung, directly or indirectly, all the noblest creations of the human intellect—that from hence were the vast accomplishments and the brilliant fancy of Cicero; the withering fire of Juvenal; the plastic imagination of Dante; the humour of Cervantes; the comprehension. of Bacon; the wit of Butler; the supreme and universal excellence of Shakspeare? All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, consoling: by the lonely lamp of Erasmus; by the restless bed of Pascal; in the tribune of Mirabeau; in the cell of Galileo; on the scaffold of Sidney. But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, and better. by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage?—to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty, liberty in bondage. health in sickness, society in solitude? Her power is

indeed manifested at the bar, in the senate, in the field of battle, in the schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain, wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep, there is exhibited in its noblest form the immortal influence of Athens. The dervise, in the Arabian tale, did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels with their load of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious juice which enabled him to behold at one glance all the hidden riches of the universe. no exaggeration to say that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world, all the hoarded treasures of its primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of its yet unexplored mines. This is the gift of Athens to man. Her freedom and her power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated; her people have degenerated into timid slaves; her language into a barbarous jargon; her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable. And when those who have rivalled her greatness shall have shared her fate; when civilisation and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travellers from distant regions shall in vain labour to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief-shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple, and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts—her influence and her glory will still survive, fresh in eternal youth,

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'exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control.'"

You will not fail to perceive in the last sentence of this quotation the first sketch of the celebrated New Zealander, who has certainly earned the privilege of a free seat on London Bridge, by the frequency with which he has "pointed a moral and adorned a tale." In his finished form, and busy at his melancholy work, he appears in an article on "Ranke's History of the Popes," to illustrate Macaulay's opinion of the perpetuity of the Roman Catholic Church:-"She saw the commencement of all the governments, and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." As one reads this oracular announcement, one is ready to inquire, 'Is it really so? Is the tide to roll back so far? Are all the struggles of the ages fruitless? Has the light streamed into the darkness only that the darkness may not comprehend it? The blood of our fathers, shed in the battle for dear life, that life of the spirit which is costlier far than this poor life of the bodyhas it flowed in vain?' Ah! he sees but events on the level, and the mists of the past dim the eyes that would penetrate the future. Let us get up higher, higher than the plain, higher than the plateau, higher than the tableland, even on to the summit where Faith rests upon the promises and awaits patiently their fulfilment; and in the light of that clear azure, which is unclouded by the fog or by the shadow, we shall learn other lessons than these. We shall see one purpose in the history of the nations, in the preparation of agencies, in the removal of hinderances, in the subordination, both of good and evil fortune, to the unfolding of one grand design. We shall see a profound religious movement awakened, growing, gathering strength, and preparing in secret for the ministry which its manhood is to wield. We shall see that Protestantism has hold of the world's intellectual wealth, spreads herself among new peoples as a missionary power, breathes even in Romish countries as a healing and salutary breath, and is heaving unconsciously in every trampled land which yearns and groans for freedom. We shall see science extending her discoveries, and Popery is at variance with science; Education diffusing her benefit, and Popery shrinks from knowledge; Liberty putting forth her hand that serfs may touch it, and leap at the touch into freemen, and Popery cannot harbour the free; Scripture universally circulated, and Popery loves not the Bible; and then, remembering that we have a sure word of prophecy, and gazing down upon the city of harlotry and pride, where foul corruptions nestle, and the ghosts of martyrs wander and the unburied witnesses appeal, we know that its doom is spoken, and that, in God's good time, Popery shall perish, -thrown from the tired world which has writhed beneath its voke so long,—perish, from its seven hills, and from its spiritual wickedness, utterly and for ever, before the Lord, 'slain by the breath of His mouth, and consumed by the brightness of His coming.'

To the wealth of Macaulay in illustration we have already made reference, and also to the fact that his images are drawn but rarely from external nature. In books he found

the enchanted cave which required but his "open sesame" to disclose to him the needed treasure; and in his discursive reading the highest book was not forgotten. The reader of his various works will not fail to be struck with his frequent scriptural allusions; and if he is in search of a peroration, and hits upon an image which rings more musically on the ear, or which lingers longer in the memory than another, it! will be strange if he has not drawn it from that wonderful Bible which dispenses to all men, and grudges not, and is none the poorer for all the bounties of its magnificent giving. I select but two brief passages; the one from the essay on Lord Bacon, and the other from that on Southey's Colloquies of Society: "Cowley, who was among the most ardent, and not among the least discerning followers of the new philosophy, has, in one of his finest poems, compared Bacon to Moses standing on Mount Pisgah. Bacon, we think, as he appears in the first book of the Novum Organum, that the comparison applies with peculiar felicity. There we see the great lawgiver looking round from his lonely elevation on an infinite expanse; behind him a wilderness of dreary sands and bitter waters, in l which successive generations have sojourned, always moving, yet never advancing, reaping no harvest, and building no abiding city; before him a goodly land, a land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey; while the multitude below saw only the flat sterile desert in which they had so long wandered, bounded on every side by a near horizon, or diversified only by some deceitful mirage, he was gazing from a far higher stand on a far lovelier country, following with his eye the long course of fertilising rivers, through ample pastures, and under the bridges of great capitals, measuring the distances of marts and havens, and portioning out all those wealthy regions from Dan to

Beersheba." The other extract represents the evils of the alliance between Christianity and Power, and commends itself to our literary taste, even if we suppose that there are two sides to the shield: "The ark of God was never taken till it was surrounded by the arms of earthly defenders. captivity its sanctity was sufficient to vindicate it from insult, and to lay the hostile fiend prostrate on the threshold of his own temple. The real security of Christianity is to be found in its benevolent morality, in its exquisite adaptation to the human heart, in the facility with which its scheme accommodates itself to the capacity of every human intellect, in the consolation which it bears to every house of mourning, in the light with which it brightens the great mystery of the grave. To such a system it can bring no addition of dignity or strength, that it is part and parcel of the common law. It is not now for the first time left to rely on the force of its own evidences, and the attractions of its own Its sublime theology confounded the Grecian schools in the fair conflict of reason with reason. bravest and wisest of the Cæsars found their arms and their policy unavailing, when opposed to the weapons that were not carnal, and the Kingdom that was not of this world. The victory which Porphyry and Diocletian failed to gain is not, to all appearance, reserved for any of those who have, in this age, directed their attacks against the last restraint of the powerful, and the last hope of the wretched. The whole history of Christianity shows that she is in far greater danger of being corrupted by the alliance of power, than of being crushed by its opposition. Those who thrust temporal sovereignty upon her, treat her as their prototypes treated her Author. They bow the knee, and spit upon her; they cry, 'Hail!' and smite her on the cheek; they put a sceptre in her hand, but it is a fragile reed; they crown her, but it is with thorns; they cover with purple the

wounds which their own hands have inflicted on her; and inscribe magnificent titles over the cross on which they have fixed her to perish in ignominy and pain."

Every reader of the essays must be impressed with the marvellous versatility of knowledge which they disclose. What has he not read? is the question which we feel disposed to ask. Quotations from obscure writers, or from obscure works of great writers; multitudinous allusions to ancient classics, or to modern authors whom his mention has gone far to make classic—recondite references to some less studied book of Scripture—names which have driven us to the atlas to make sure of our geography-or to the Biographical Gallery to remind us that they lived;—they crowd upon us so thickly that we are wildered in the profusion, and there is danger to our cerebral symmetry \ from the enlargement of our bump of wonder. It is said that, in allusion to this accumulation of knowledge, his associates rather profanely nicknamed him "Macaulay the Omniscient;" and, indeed, the fact of his amazing know-/ ledge is beyond dispute. Then, how did he get it? Did it come to him by the direct fiat of heaven, as Adam's, in Paradise? Did he open his eyes and find himself the heir of the ages, as those who are born to fair acres and broad lands? Did he spring at once, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, full-armed, a ripe and furnished scholar? Or was he just favoured as others, with a clear mind and a resolute will-with a high appreciation of knowledge, and a keen covetousness to make it his own? He had a wonderful memory, that is true; so that each fragment of his amassed lore seemed to be producible at will. He had a regal faculty, that also is true; by whose high alchemy all that he had gathered goldened into a beauty of its own; but it was the persevering industry of labour which brought stores to the retentive memory, and material to the creative

mind. Work, hard work, the sweat of the brain through h many an exhausting hour, and through many a weary vigil, was the secret, after all, of his success. Many who slumber in nameless graves, or wander through the tortures of a wasted life, have had memories as capacious, and faculties as fine as he, but they lacked the steadiness of purpose, and patient thoughtful labour, which multiplied the "ten talents" into "ten other talents beside them." It is the old lesson, voiceful from every life that has a moral in itfrom Bernard Palissy, selling his clothes, and tearing up his floor to add fuel to the furnace, and wearying his wife and amusing his neighbours with dreams of his white enamel, through the unremunerative years; from Warren Hastings, lying at seven years old upon the rivulet's bank, and vowing inwardly that he would regain his patrimonial property and dwell in his ancestral halls, and that there should be again a Hastings of Daylesford; from William Carey, panting after the moral conquest of India, whether he sat at the lap-stone of his early craft, or wielded the ferule in the village school, or lectured the village elders when the Sabbath It is the old lesson,—a worthy purpose, patient energy for its accomplishment, a resoluteness that is undaunted by difficulties, and, in ordinary circumstances, success. Do you say that you are not gifted, and that therefore Macaulay is no model to you?—that yours is a lowly sphere or a prosaic occupation, and that even if you were ambitious to rise, or determined to become heroic, your unfortunate ! surroundings would refuse to give you the occasion? quite possible that you may not have the affluent fancy, nor the lordly and formative brain. All men are not thus endowed, and the world will never be reduced to a level uniformity of mind. The powers and deeds of some men will be always miracles to other men, even to the end of time. It is quite possible, too, that the conditions of your life may

be unfavourable, that your daily course may not glow with poetical incident, nor ripple into opportunities of ostentatious greatness. But, granted all these disadvantages, it is the part of true manhood to surmount natural hinderances, and to make its own occasions. The highest greatness is not that which waits for favourable circumstances, but which compels hard fortune to do it service, which slays the Nemæan lion, and goes on to further conquests, robed in its tawny hide. The real heroes are the men who constrain the tribute which men would fain deny them,—

"Men who walk up to Fame as to a friend,
Or their own house, which from the wrongful heir
They have wrested; from the world's hard hand and gripe,
Men who—like Death, all bone, but all unarmed—
Have ta'en the giant world by the throat, and thrown him,
And made him swear to maintain their name and fame
At peril of his life,"

There are few of you, perhaps, who could achieve distinction; there are none of you who need be satisfied without an achievement that is infinitely higher. You may make your lives beautiful and blessed. The poorest of you can afford to be kind; the least gifted amongst you can practise that loving wisdom which knows the straightest road to human hearts. You may not be able to thrill senates with your eloquence, but you may see eyes sparkle and faces grow gladder when you appear; you may not astonish the listeners by your acquirements of varied scholarship, but you may dwell in some spirits, as a presence associated with all that is beautiful and holy; you may neither be a magnate nor a millionnaire, but you may have truer honours than of earth, and riches which wax not old. You may not rise to patrician estate, and come under that mysterious process by which the churl's blood is transformed into the nobleman's, but you may ennoble yourselves, in a higher aristocracy than \ 1

that of belted earl. Use the opportunities you have; make the best of your circumstances, however unpromising. Give your hearts to God, and your lives to earnest work and loving purpose, and you can never live in vain. Men will feel your influence like the scent of a bank of violets, fragrant with the hidden sweetness of the spring, and men will miss you when you cease from their communions, as if a calm, familiar star shot suddenly and brightly from their vision; and if there wave not at your funeral the trappings of the world's gaudy woe, and the pageantry of the world's surface-honour, "eyes full of heartbreak" will gaze wistfully adown the path where you have vanished, and in the long after-time, hearts which you have helped to make happy will recal your memory with gratitude and tears.

The union of great acquirements and great rhetorical power, so manifest in Macaulay's mind, could not fail to render him a desirable acquisition to any political party; and as he had imbibed, and in some sort inherited. Whig principles, an opportunity was soon found for his admission into Parliament, where he appeared in time to join in the discussions on the Reform Bill. He was first returned, in February, 1830, by the influence of the Marquis of Lansdowne, for the nomination borough of Calne. He sat for Calue until the passing of the Reform Bill, when he was elected one of their first representatives by the newlycreated constituency of Leeds. In 1834 he was appointed a Member of Council in India, and devoted himself to the construction of a new penal code for that part of her Majesty's dominions. This was his sole legislative offspring, and, from the best estimate which we can form from imperfect knowledge, it would seem to have been exquisite on paper, but useless in working—a brilliant, but impracticable thing. During his residence in India he continued on the staff of the "Edinburgh," and contributed some of nis

superb criticisms from beneath an Eastern aky. Here, also, it is probable that he gathered the material and sketched the plan of those masterly articles which, perhaps, more than most others, aroused English sympathies for Indiathe articles on Warren Hastings and Lord Clive. In May, 1839, he reappeared in Parliament, on the elevation to the peerage of Mr. Speaker Abercromby, as the representative of Edinburgh. He was re-elected at the general election of 1841, and twice on occasion of his accession to office. In 1847, at the general election, he failed to obtain his seat, partly, as it is said, from the brusque manner in which he treated his constituents, and partly from his consistent support of the enlarged Maynooth grant, to which many of those who had previously supported him were conscientiously opposed. The papers were loud in condemnation of the Edinburgh electors, who were represented as having disgraced themselves for ever by their rejection of a man of so much excellent renown. Well, if a representative is to be chosen for his brilliant parts, or for his fluent speech, perhaps they did; but if men vote for conscience' sake, and they feel strongly on what they consider a vital question, and if a representative is to be what his name imports—the faithful reflex of the sentiments of the majority who send him—one can see nothing in the outcry but unreasoning clamour. I cannot see dishonour either in his sturdy maintenance of unpopular opinions, or in his constituents' rejection of him because his sentiments were opposed to their own; but I can see much that is honourable to both parties in their reconciliation after temporary estrangement,—on their part, that they should honour him by returning him in 1852, unsolicited, at the head of the poll,—on his part, that he should, with a manly generosity, bury all causes of dissension, and consent to return to public life, as the representative of a constituency which

had bidden him for a season to retire. There is, indeed, no part of Macaulay's character in which he shows to more advantage than in his position as a member of parliament. We may not always be able to agree with him in sentiment, we may fancy that we discover the fallacies which lurk beneath the shrewdness of his logic, we may suffer now and then from the apt sarcasm which he was not slow to wield; but we must accord to him the tribute, that his political. life was a life of unswerving consistency and of stainless honour. In his lofty scorn of duplicity he became, perhaps, sometimes contemptuous, just as in his calm dogmatism he never seemed to imagine that there were plausible arguments which might be adduced on both sides of a question; but in his freedom from disguise, and abhorrence of corruption, in his refusal to parley when compromise would have been easy, and in his refusal to be silent when silence would have wounded his conscience but saved his seat, in the noble indignation with which he denounced oppression, and in his fearless independence of all influences which were crafty and contemptible, he may fairly be held up as a model Before the Reform Bill, the member English statesman. for the city usually subscribed fifty guineas to the Edinburgh races, and shortly after the election of 1841, Mr. Macaulay was applied to on this behalf. His reply is a fine specimen of manly decision. "In the first place," he says, "I am not clear that the object is a good one. In the next place, I am clear that by giving money for such an object in obedience to such a summons, I should completely change the whole character of my connection with Edinburgh. has been usual enough for rich families to keep a hold on corrupt boroughs by defraying the expense of public amuse-Sometimes it is a ball, sometimes a regatta. ments. Derby family used to support the Preston races. members for Beverley, I believe, find a bull for their conlaw, which would make a man an offender for a wordconsidering that it was one of the most effective war-cries which routed him from the field in Edinburgh, and that by English fair play no one should be tried and punished twice for the same offence—considering that the word expresses the call of a trumpet as well as the music of a not very complimentary quadruped, and that we need not, unless we like, prefer the lower analogy when a higher one is ready to our hand—considering, though one must very delicately whisper it, that amid the motley groups who have held their councils in Exeter Hall, it is not impossible that less noble sounds have now and then mingled with the leonine roar considering that no one takes the trouble to impale a worm, and that therefore the very mention of the name of an adversary is in some sort a confession of his power-considering that Macaulay's writings have done so much to foster those eternal principles of truth and love, to whose advocacy Exeter Hall is consecrated—and considering, especially, that Exeter Hall survived the assault, and seems in pretty good condition still, that it has never ceased its witness-bearing against idolatry and perfidy and wrong, and that its testimony is a word of power to-day. - I should like to pronounce that Exeter Hall is generous to forgive him, and that this, its very latest "bray," is a trumpet-blast which swells his fame.

There is one extract from the speeches which I quote with singular pleasure. It will answer the double purpose of affording a fair specimen of his clear and earnest style, and of revealing what, to a resident in India, and one of the most shrewd and sagacious observers, appeared sound policy in reference to the method in which that country should be governed. It is from his speech on Mr. Vernon Smith's motion of censure on Lord Ellenborough anent the celebrated gates of Somnauth. "Our duty, as rulers, was

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to preserve strict neutrality on all questions merely religious; and I am not aware that we have ever swerved from strict neutrality for the purpose of making proselytes to our own faith. But we have, I am sorry to say, sometimes deviated from the right path in an opposite direction. Some Englishmen, who have held high office in India, seem to have thought that the only religion which was not entitled to toleration and respect was Christianity. They regarded every Christian missionary with extreme jealousy and disdain; and they suffered the most atrocious crimes, if enjoined by the Hindoo superstition, to be perpetrated in open day. It is lamentable to think how long after our power was firmly established in Bengal, we, grossly neglecting the first and plainest duty of the civil magistrate, suffered the practices of infanticide and suttee to continue unchecked. We decorated the temples of the false gods.1 We provided the dancing girls. We gilded and painted the images to which our ignorant subjects bowed down. We repaired and embellished the car under the wheels of which crazy devotees flung themselves at every festival to be crushed to death. We sent guards of honour to escort pilgrims to the places of worship. We actually made oblations at the shrines of idols. All this was considered, and is still considered, by some prejudiced Anglo-Indians of the old school, as profound policy. I believe that there never was so shallow, so senseless a policy. We gained nothing by it. We lowered ourselves in the eyes of those whom we meant to flatter. We led them to believe that we attached no importance to the difference between Christianity and heathenism. Yet how vast that difference is! I altogether abstain from alluding to topics which belong to divines; I speak merely as a politician, anxious for the morality and the temporal well-being of society; and so speaking, I say that to countenance the Brahminical idol-

atry, and to discountenance that religion which has done so much to promote justice, and mercy, and freedom, and arts, and sciences, and good government, and domestic happiness, which has struck off the chains of the slave, which has mitigated the horrors of war, which has raised women from servants and playthings into companions and friends, is to commit high treason against humanity and civilisation." I should like to commend this manly and Christian utterance to our rulers now. The old traditional policy is yet a favourite sentiment with many, though it has borne its bitter fruits of bloodshed. While we thankfully acknowledge an improved state of feeling, and the removal of many restrictions which in former times hindered the evangelisation of India, we must never forget that at this day, not by a company of traders, but the government of our beloved Queen, there is in all government schools on that vast continent, a brand upon the Holy Bible. It may lie upon the shelf of the library, but for all purposes of instruction it is a sealed book. The Koran of the Mussulman is there, the Shastras of the pagan are there, the Zend Avesta of the Parsee is there; and their lessons, sanguinary or sensual or silly, are taught by royal authority, and the teachers endowed by grants from the royal treasury; but the Book which this nation acknowleges as the fountain of highest inspiration, and the source of loftiest morals; from whose pure precepts all sublime ethics are derived; which gives sanction to government, and majesty to law; on which senators swear their allegiance, and royalty takes its coronation oath,—that Book is not only ignored but proscribed, subjected to an Index Expurgatorius as rigid as ever issued from Rome; branded with this foul dishonour before scoffing Mussulmen and wondering pagans at the bidding of time-serving state-craft, or spurious charity, or craven fear. It is time that this should end. Our holy religion ought not to be thus wounded in the house of her enemies, by the hands of her professed friends. An empire which extends "from cape Comorin to the eternal snow of the Himalayas," "far to the east of the Burrampooter and far to the west of the Hydaspes," should not demean itself before those whom it has conquered by a proclamation of national irreligion. We ask for Christianity in India neither coercive measures nor the boastful activity of government proselytism. Those who impute this to the Christians of this land are either ignorant of our motives, or they slander us for their own ends. The rags of a political piety but disfigure the Cross around which they are ostentatiously displayed, and to bribe a heathen into conformity were as bad as to persecute him for his adhesion to the faith of his fathers. All we ask of the government is a fair field; if Alexander would but stand out of the way, the fair sunshine would stream at once into the darkness of the Cynic's dwelling; if they will give freedom to the Bible, it will assert its own supremacy by its own power, and Britain will escape from the curse which now cleaves to her like a Nessus' robe—that in a land committed to her trust, and looking up to her for redress and blessing, she has allowed the Word upon which rest the dearest hopes of her sons for eternity, to be forbidden from the Brahman's solicitude, and trampled beneath the Mollah's scorn.

In the year 1842 Mr. Macaulay appeared in a new character, by the publication of the "Lays of Ancient Rome." This was his first venture in acknowledged authorship. It is not safe often to descend from the bench to the bar. The man who has long sat in the critic's chair must have condemned so many criminals that he will find little mercy when he is put upon his own trial, and has become a suppliant for the favour which he has been accustomed to grant or to refuse. The public were taken by surprise, but sur-

prise quickly yielded to delight. Minos and Rhadamanthus abdicated their thrones to listen; every pen flowed in praise of that wonderful book, which united rare critical sagacity with the poetic faculty and insight; and now, after the lapse of years, the world retains its enthusiasm, and refuses to reverse the verdict of its first approval. By one critic, indeed, whose opinions are entitled to all respect, the ballads are said to be as much below the level of Macaulay, as the "Cato" of Addison was below all else which proceeded from his pen. But there is surely more in them than "rattling and spirited songs." These are expressions which hardly describe those minutely accurate details; that gorgeousness of classic colouring, those exquisite felicities of word; and, above all, that grand roll of martial inspiration which abounds throughout their stirring Another critic strangely says that "none of the characters have the flesh and blood, the action and passion of human nature." The test of this, I suppose, should be the effect which they produce upon those who hear or read It has not been an unfrequent charge against Macaulay that he had no heart, and that he was wanting in that human sympathy which is so large an element of strength. He who has no heart of his own cannot reach mine and make it feel. There are instincts in the soul of a man which tell him unerringly when a brother-soul is speaking. Let me see a man in earnest, and his earnestness will kindle mine. I apply this test in the case of Macaulay. I am told of the greatest anatomist of the age suspending all speculations about the mastodon, and all analyses of the lesser mammalia, beneath the spell of the sorcerer who drew the rout at Sedgemoor and the siege of Derry. I see Robert Hall lying on his back at sixty years of age, to learn the Italian language, that he might verify Macaulay's description of Dante, and enjoy the "Inferno"

and the "Paradiso" in the original. I remember my own emotions when first introduced to the Essays; the strange, wild heart-throbs with which I revelled in the description of the Puritans; and the first article on Bunyan. There is something in all this more than can be explained by artistic grouping or by the charms of style. The man has convictions and sympathies of his own, and the very strength of those convictions and sympathies forces an answer from the "like passions" to which he appeals. It is just so with the poetry. It were easy to criticise it, and perhaps to find in it some shortcomings from the rules of refined melody, and a ruggedness which the linked sweetness of the Lakers might not tolerate; but try it in actual experiment, sound it in the ears of a Crimean regiment, and see how it will inspirit them to the field; rehearse it with earnestness and passion to a company of ardent schoolboys, at the age when the young imagination has just been thrilled with its first conscious sense of beauty and of power; and you shall have the Bard's best guerdon in their kindling cheeks and gleam-"The Prophecy of Capys" is perhaps the most ing eves. sustained, "Virginia" the most eloquent, and "The Battle of the Lake Regillus" the one which contains the finest passages; but I confess to a fondness for "Horatius," my first and early love, which all the wisdom which ought to have come with maturity has not been able to change. Perhaps you will bear with a few stanzas of it, just to try the effect upon yourselves:

"But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once but win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?

"Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?

"'Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul, With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?'

"Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.'
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee.'

"'Horatius,' quoth the Consul,
'As thou sayest, so let it be.'
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:

Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

"But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

"Was none, who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack:
But those behind cried 'Forward!'
And those before cried 'Back!'
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet peal
Dies fitfully away.

"But meanwhile are and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
'Come back, come back, Horatius!'
Loud cried the Fathers all.
'Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!'

"Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces, And on the farther shore Saw brave Horatius stand alone, They would have crossed once more.

"But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

"Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
'Down with him!' cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
'Now yield thee,' cried Lars Porsena,
'Now yield thee to our grace.'

"Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Roma.

"'Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!'
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

"No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

"Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

"'Curse on him!' quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town.'
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before.

** And now he feels the bottom; Now on dry earth he stands; Now round him throng the Fathers To press his gory hands; And now, with shouts and clapping, And noise of weeping loud, He enters through the River-gate, Borne by the joyous crowd.

"They gave him of the corn land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;

And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

"And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within—

"When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows—

"When the goodman mends his armour,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old,"

It is undoubtedly as the historian that Macaulay will be longest remembered. His work, which, fragment though it is, yet possesses a sort of dramatic unity, will survive at once the adulation of servile flattery and the snarl of cynical criticism, and will be shrined among the classics of our literature in calmer times than ours. It is amusing to read the various opinions of reviewers, each convinced after the manner of such literary craftsmen that he is nothing if

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not critical, and gloating over some atom of inaccuracy or some discovery of Oriental colouring, as if he had found hidden treasure. I deemed it my duty in the preparation for this lecture to go through a course of review reading, if haply I might find confirmation of the sentiments I had entertained, or some reason to change them; and while I have been delighted with and proud of the vast and varied talent of the articles, the result as to opinion has been only to unsettle my own, and to induce a mental dyspepsia from which I have hardly yet recovered. I have been told that it is the History of England—a history of England an attempt at history—a mistaken notion of history—an historiette - an historical picture-gallery - an historical novel. I have been informed that it is thoroughly impartial, and I have been informed that it is thoroughly factious: one critic tells me that his first object is to tell the story truly; another, that his first object is picturesque effect. Some christen him Thucydides, and others Walter Scott. One eulogist exalts my confidence by assuring me that "he does not lie, even for the Whigs;" and just as I have made up my mind to trust him thoroughly, I am thrown into terrible bewilderment by the averment of another learned Theban, that "his work is as full of political prejudice as any of his partisan speeches, and is written with bad taste. bad feeling, and bad faith." The impression left upon my mind by all this conflict of testimony is a profound conviction of Macaulay's power. All the faults which his censors charge upon him, reappear in their own writings, as among the supple courtiers of Macedon was reproduced the wry neck of Alexander. They charge him with carelessness, but it is in flippant words. If they call him vituperative, they become atrabilious. If he is said to exaggerate, not a few of them out-Herod him; and his general impartiality may be inferred from the fact, that while his critics are

indignant at the caricatures which they allege that he has drawn of their own particular idols, they acknowledge the marvellous fidelity of his likenesses of all the world beside. Moreover, for the very modes of their censorship, they are indebted to him. They bend Ulysses' bow. They wield the Douglas brand. His style is antithetical, and therefore they condemn him in antitheses. His sentences are peculiar, and they denounce him in his own tricks of phrase. There can be no greater compliment to any man. The critics catch the contagion of the malady which provokes their surgery. The eagle is aimed at by the archers, but "he nursed the pinion which impelled the steel." To say that there are faults in the history is but to say that it is a human production, and they lie on the surface and are patent to the most ordinary observer. That he was a "good hater" there can be no question; and Dr. Johnson, the while he called him a vile Whig, and a sacrilegious heretic, would have hugged him for the heartiness with which he lays on his dark shades of colour. That he exaggerated rather for effect than for partisanship, may be alleged with great show of reason, and they have ground to stand upon who say that it was his greatest literary sin. There are some movements which he knew not how to estimate, and many complexities of character which he was never born to understand. Still, if his be not history, there is no history in the world. Before his entrance, history was as the marble statue; he came, and by his genius struck the statue into life.

We thank him that he has made history readable; that it is not in his page the bare recital of facts, names, and deeds inventoried as in an auctioneer's catalogue, but a glowing portraiture of the growth of a great nation, and of the men who helped or hindered it. We thank him that he has disposed for ever of that shallow criticism, that the

brilliant is always the superficial and unworthy, and that in the inestimable value of his work he has confirmed what the sonorous periods of John Milton, and the long-resounding eloquence of Jeremy Taylor, and the fiery passion-tones of Edmund Burke had abundantly declared before him, that the diamond flashes with a rarer lustre than the spangle. We thank him for the happy combination which he has given us of valuable instruction and of literary enjoyment, of massive and substantial truth decorated with all the graces of style. We thank him for the vividness of delineation, by which we can see statesmen like Somers and Nottingham in their cabinets, marshals like Sarsfield and Luxembourg in the field, and galliard-intriguers like Buckingham and Marlborough, who dallied in the council-room and plotted at the revel.

We thank him for the one epical character which he has left us-William, the hero of his story, whom he has taxed himself to the utmost to portray—the stadtholder adored in Holland—the impassive, sagacious monarch who lived apart in the kingdom which he freed and ruledthe audacious spirit of whom no one could discover the thing that could teach him to fear—the brave soldier who dashed about among musketry and sword-blades, as if he bore a charmed life—the reserved man upon whom "danger acted like wine, to open his heart, and loosen his tongue"—the veteran who swam through the mud at the Boyne, and retrieved the fortunes which the death of Schomberg had caused to waver-"the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England" at Landen—the acute diplomatist who held his trust with even-handed wisdomthe faithful friend, who when he loved once, loved for a lifetime-who kept his heart barred against the multitude, but gave pass-keys to the chosen ones so that they might go in and out at pleasure—the stern and stoical sufferer, who

wrote, and hunted, and legislated, and devised, while ague shook the hand which held the pen or the bridle, and fever was burning away the life which animated the restless brain—the rigid predestinarian, who though he grieved over noble works unfinished, and plans which could never become deeds, submitted himself calmly as a child when the inevitable hour drew nigh. We feel that, if there had been nothing else, the working out of that one character, its investiture with "newer proportions and with richer colouring," the grand exhibition which it gives us of the superiority of mind over matter and circumstance, and native repulsiveness and alien habits, is in itself a boon for which the world should speak him well.

Above all, we thank Macaulay for the English-heartedness which throbs transparently through his writings, and which was so marked a characteristic of his life.-It has been well said, "he loved his country as a Roman the city of the Seven Lulls, as an Athenian the city of the Violet Crown." Herein is his essential difference from the hero whom he celebrated, and whom in so many things he so closely resembles. William never loved England. She was but an appanage of Holland to him. One bluff Dutch burgomaster would outweigh with him a hundred English squires, and he was never so happy as when he could escape from the foggy Thames to the foggier Meuse, or be greeted with a Rhenish welcome by a people to whom an enthusiasm was as an illness which came once in a lifetime, and was over. But with Macaulay the love of country was a passion. How he kindles at each stirring or plaintive memory in the annals he was so glad to record! Elizabeth at Tilbury; the scattering of the fierce and proud Armada; the deliverance of the Seven Bishops; the thrilling agony and bursting gladness which succeeded each other so rapidly at the siege of Derry; the last sleep of Argyle; Lord Russell's parting from his heroic wife; the wrongs of Alice Lisle; the prayer upon whose breath fled the spirit of Algernon Sydney: they touch his very soul, and he recounts them with a fervour which becomes contagious until his readers are thrilled with the same joy or pain.

It is not unfashionable among our popular writers to denounce the England of to-day, and to predict for us in the future, auguries of only sinister omen. The mediæval admirers sigh in the midst of us for the past, and are never weary of recalling the days when feudalism displayed its brilliant but barbaric chivalry, when the baldrick of the noble was answered by the horn of the freebooter in the glens of merry Sherwood; when the thane upon his dais held wassail in the Saxon homestead, and the baron feasted his retainers, or caroused with jolly monk and swarth Crusader as his boon companions, in his oaken and bannered hall; and there is a school of prophets to whom everything in the present is out of joint; who can see nothing around them but selfishness, and nothing beyond them but the undiscoverable bourn, to whom there is "cold shade" in an aristocracy, and in the middle classes but a miserable mammonworship; and beneath a trampled people, in whom the sordid and the brutal instincts strive from day to day. these extremes of sentiment, meeting on the common ground of gloomy prophesyings about England, her history, as Macaulay has told it, is the best possible rebuke. He has shown us the steps by which, in his own eloquent words, "the England of the Curfew and the Forest laws, the England of Crusaders, monks, schoolmen, astrologers, seris, outlaws, became the England which we know and love, the classic ground of liberty and philosophy, the school of all knowledge, the mart of all trade." He has shown us how, through the slow struggles of years, the component forces of society become equalised in their present rare and

happy adjustment; how each age has added to the conquests of its predecessors, by the truer solution of political problems; by the readier recognition of human rights; by the discovery of richer resources in nature, and of more magnificent capabilities in man. He has shown us how in health, in intelligence, in physical comfort, in industrial appliances, in social and moral culture, the tide of progress has rolled on without a refluent wave. He has shown us now the despairs and hopes, the passions and lassitudes of the former generations, have helped our national growth; how our country has been rallied by her very defeats, and enriched by her very wastefulness, and elevated by her disasters to ascendency; how the storms which have howled along her coast have only ribbed her rocks the more firmly; and the red rain of her slaughtered sires has but watered the earth for the harvest of their gallant sons. Oh, if the young men of our time would glow with a healthy pride of race; if they would kindle with the inspirations of patriotism; if they would find annals wealthier in enduring lesson, and bright with the radiance of a holier virtue, than ever Rome embraced or Sparta knew, let them read their own land's history, as traced by the pen of its most fervent recorder; and while grateful for the instruction of the past, let its unwavering progress teach them to be hopeful for the future. What hinders that the growth of England's past should be but the type of the yet rarer splendours of its coming time? There are many who wait for her halting, "wizards that peep and that mutter" in bootless necromancy for her ruin; but let her be true to herself and to her stewardship, and her position may be assured from peril. On the "coign of vantage" to which she has been lifted, let her take her stand; let her exhibit to the wondering nations the glad nuptials between liberty and order; let her sons, at once profound in their loyalty and manly in their independence, be fired with ambition greater than of glory, and with covetousness nobler than of gain; let her exult that her standard, however remote and rocky the islet over which it waves, is ever the flag of the freeman; let her widen with the ages into still increasing reverence for truth and peace and God, and "she may stand in her lot until the end of the days," and in the long after-time, when the now young world shall have grown old, and shall be preparing, by reason of its age, for the action of the last fires, she may still live and flourish, chartered among the nations as the home of those principles of right and freedom which shall herald and welcome the coming of the Son of man.

The one great defect in Macaulay's life and writings, viewed from a Christian standpoint, is his negativism, to use no stronger word, on the subject of evangelical religion. Not that he ever impeaches its sacredness; no enemy of religion can claim his championship; he was at once too refined and too reverent for infidelity, but he nowhere upholds Divine presence or presidency; nowhere traces the unity of a purpose higher than the schemes of men; nowhere speaks of the precepts of Christianity as if they were Divinely-sanctioned; nowhere gives to its cloud of witnesses the adhesion of his honoured name. As we read his essays or his history, when he lauds the philosophy of Bacon, or tells of the deliverances of William, we are tempted to wonder at his serene indifference to those great questions which sooner or later must present themselves t the mind of every man. Did it never occur to him that men were deeper than they seemed, and restless about that future into which he is so strangely averse to pry? Did the solemn problems of the soul, the whence of its origin, the what of its purpose, the whither of its destiny, never perplex and trouble him? Had he no fixed opinion about

religion as a reality, that inner and vital essence which should be "the core of all the creeds"? or did be content himself with "the artistic balance of conflicting forces," and regard Protestantism and Popery alike as mere schemings of the hour, influences equally valuable in their day and equally mortal when their work was done? Did it never strike him that there was a Providence at work when his nero was saved from assassination, when the fierce winds scattered the Armada, when the fetters were broken which Rome had forged and fastened, when from the struggles of years rose up the slow and stately growth of English freedom? Did he never breathe a wish for a God to speak the chaos of events into order, or was he content to leave the mystery as he found it, deeming "such knowledge too wonderful for man"? Why did he always brand vice as an injury or an error? Did he never feel it to be a sin? Looking at the present, why always through the glass of the past, and never by the light of the future? Did he never pant after a spiritual insight, nor throb with a religious faith? Alas, that on the matters on which these questions touch, his writings make no sign! Of course, no one expected the historian to become a preacher, nor the essayist a theologian; but that there should be so studious an avoidance of those great, deep, awful matters which have to do with the eternal, and that in a history in which religion, in some phase or other, was the inspiration of the events which he records, is a fact which no Christian heart can think of without surprise and sorrow.

It has become fashionable to praise a neutral literature which prides itself upon its freedom from bias, and upon the broad line of separation which it draws carefully between things secular and things sacred; and there are many who call this liberality, but there is an old Book whose authority, thank God, is not yet deposed from the

heart of Christian England, which would brand it with a very different name. That Book tells us that the figtree was blasted, not because it was baneful, but because it was barren; and that the bitter curse was denounced against Meroz, not because she rallied with the forces of the foe, but because in her criminal indifference she came not up to the help of the Lord. Amid the stirring and manifold activities of the age in which we live, to be neutral in the strife is to rank with the enemies of the Saviour. There is no greater foe to the spread of His cause in the world than the placid indifferentism which is too honourable to betray, while it is too careless or too cowardly to join Him. The rarer the endowments, the deeper the obligation to consecrate them to the glory of their Giver. That brilliant genius, that indefatigable industry, that influencing might of speech, that wondrous and searching faculty of analysis, what might they not have accomplished if they had been pledged to the recognition of a higher purpose than literature, and fearless in their advocacy of the faith of Christ! Into the secret history of the inner man, of course we may not enter; and we gladly hope, from small but significant indications which a searcher may discover in his writings, as well as from intimations, apparently authentic, which were published shortly after his death, that if there had rested any cloud on his experience, the Sun of righteousness dispersed it, and that he anchored his personal hope on that "dear Name" which his earliest rhymes had sung; but the regret may not be suppressed that his transcendent powers were given to any object lower than the highest. And when I see two life courses before me, both ending in Westminster Abbey, for the tardy gratitude of the nation adjudged to Zachary Macaulay's remains, the honour which it denied to his living reputation; when I see the father, poor, slandered, living a life of struggle, yet

secretly but mightily working for the oppressed and the friendless, and giving all his energies in a bright summer of consecration unto God: and when I see the son, rich, gifted, living a life of success, excellent and envied in everything he undertook, breathing the odours of a perpetual incense-cloud, and passing from the memory of an applauding country to the tomb, but aiming through his public lifetime only at objects which were "of the earth, earthy," I feel that if there be truth in the Bible, and sanction in the obligations of religion, and immortality in the destinies of man, "he aimed too low who aimed beneath the skies;" that the truer fame is with the painstaking and humble Christian worker, and that the amaranth which encircles the father is a greener and more fragrant wreath than the laurel which crowns the forehead of the more gifted and brilliant son.

In 1856 he resigned his seat for Edinburgh, in consequence of failing health; and in 1857 literature was honoured with a peerage in the person of one of the noblest of her sons, and the peerage was honoured by the accession of Lord Macaulay's illustrious name. Thenceforward in his retirement at Kensington he devoted himself to his History, "the business and the pleasure of his life." The world rejoiced to hope that successive volumes might yet stimulate its delight and wonder, and wished for the great writer a long and mellow eventide, which the night But suddenly, with the partshould linger to disturb. ing year, a mightier summons came, and the majestic brain was tired, and the fluttering heart grew still. Already, as the months of that fatal year waned on, had the last harvestman multiplied his sheaves from the ranks of genius and of skill. There had been mourning in Prussia for Humboldt, and across the wide Atlantic there had wailed a dirge for Prescott and Washington Irving; Brunel and Stephenson had gone down in quick succession to the grave; men had missed the strange confessions of De Quincey, and the graceful fancies with which Leigh Hunt had long delighted them; Hallam and Stephen had passed the ivory gates; but, as in the sad year which has just closed upon our national sorrow, it seemed as if the spoiler had reserved the greatest victim to the last, that he might give to the vassal world the very proudest token of his power.

If Macaulay had an ambition dearer than the rest, it was that he might lie "in that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried;" and the walls of the great Abbey do enclose him "in their tender and solemn gloom." Not in ostentatious state, nor with the pomp of sorrow, but with hearty and mourning affection, did rank and talent, and office and authority, assemble to lay him in the grave. The pall was over the city on that drear January morning, and the cold, raw wind wailed mournfully, as if sighing forth the requiem of the great spirit that was gone; and amid saddened friends—some who had shared the sports of his childhood, some who had fought with him the battles of: political life—amid warm admirers and generous foes, while the aisles rang with the cadences of solemn music, and here and there were sobs and pants of sorrow, they bore him to that quiet resting-place, where he "waits the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body." Not far from the place of his sepulture are the tablets of Gay, and Rowe, and Thomson, and Garrick, and Goldsmith; on his right sleeps Isaac Barrow, the ornament of his own Trinity College; on his left, no clamour breaks the slumber of Samuel Johnson; from a pedestal at the head of the grave, serene and thoughtful, Addison looks down; the coffin, which was said to have been exposed at the time of the funeral, probably held all

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Milberforce:

HIS LIFE, WORK, AND FELLOW-WORKMEN.

A LECTURE

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THE REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, M.A.

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WILBERFORCE, HIS LIFE, WORK, AND FELLOW-WORKMEN.

On Saturday, August 3rd, 1833, there was a sight in London which, if a man had leisure, he would have turned aside to see. Starting from Temple Bar, and taking a course westward, almost every third person met in the Strand was dressed in mourning. If he wended his way through Parliamentstreet towards Westminster Abbey, he had to press through a vast crowd, whose voices were unwontedly hushed, as by a common trouble. Presently, there appeared a funeral procession, whose line of carriages seemed as if it would have no If he entered the fine old Abbey, he would find it thronged with people, many of them of noble birth, but all wearing some garment of sorrow. As the coffin was borne in, he might trace among the pall-bearers the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Lord High Chancellor, and one of the Princes of the blood. He would see among the mourners at that funeral Members of both Houses of Parliament, Bishops of the Church, Ministers of the State, the chiefs of the Law and of the Army, at least three Peers of the realm who had been first Lords of the Treasury, and those marvellous brothers Wellesley—the one as great in diplomacy as the other in arms; -and all these, the highest in rank, the

most renowned in fame, had asked to be permitted thus to honour the memory of the dead. After the body had been lowered to its resting-place in the north transept, he would learn, if he gazed around him, that it was laid amidst glorious dust, for the tablets hard by are inscribed with some of the greatest names of England,—Chatham, Mansfield, Pitt, Fox, Canning.

Impressed by all he saw, a stranger would naturally ask, who is it whom the nation thus delighteth to honour? Knowing that this is a country in which rank is a heritage, it might be supposed that he was some child of a noble house, who had added to the honours of birth the claims of personal But a glance upon the plate of the coffin would service. have shown an untitled name, and a search into the records of the family would have discovered no ennobled ancestor. Then he was a soldier, surely, who had fought his country's battles, and had won his right to her sorrow by the sword which he had wielded in her cause. No—he was never trained to arms, and if he had triumphs, they were those of mercy, not of blood. Then he was a statesman, in whose wisdom the Crown had trusted, who had made the name of his country to be feared abroad, or who had guided her government at home. Nay, he never held an office, he spoke with no official authority, he was no blind follower of any government, through the whole of his public life his conscience was his only leader; and for eight years, quite long enough for a politician to be forgotten, he had withdrawn from the strife altogether. These things would but increase the stranger's wonder. That a private gentleman should be honoured with a public funeral—one who was no Minister of State, not renowned in arms, and who bore the same name from his christening to his burial, and that the mention of that name, William Wilberforce, should be deemed ufficient to explain it, these facts would justify the inquiry

which would rise to his lips, and which it is my purpose for your benefit to enter upon to-night. And as the story of his life is told, the great lessons taught at every step of it will be that, while wealth can bribe, and talent dazzle, and bravery awe, and power command, goodness lives; and that by embodying in the life those two commandments of God "upon which hang all the law and the prophets," it was said of Wilberforce, in words whose filial piety was but sober truth, "For departed kings there are appointed honours, and the wealthy have their gorgeous obsequies; it was his nobler portion to clothe a people with spontaneous mourning, and to go down to the grave amid the benedictions of the poor."

William Wilberforce was born in Hull on the 24th August, 1759. He was the third child of his parents, but\ their only son. The township of Wilberfoss, eight miles from York, gave a name to the family. The grandfather of Wilberforce, who altered the spelling of the name, was a Baltic merchant of good repute in Hull, and his father was, later, a partner in the firm. The quaint old house in which he was born stands back from the High-street-now the place where merchants most do congregate, but which was then filled with the dwellings of the wealthy. Of the early years of Wilberforce little is known. He was of small stature, feeble frame, and weak eyes—one of those delicate children who, among savage tribes, would have been thrown into the river; and who, in the rough days of our ancestors, would have been killed by cruel care. His father's death, when he was nine years of age, transferred him to the care of an uncle at Wimbledon, and in St. James's Place. he was sent to a school which seems to have been a sort of Dotheboys' Hall; not, however, in Yorkshire, but in He describes it as a place where they "taught London. everything and nothing," and his most lasting impressions were of the "nauseous food which they ate, and of the red

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beard of an usher, who scarcely shaved once a month." Although he got at this time small store of learning, the home influence of his uncle's house was unconsciously working out his higher education. His aunt had been brought into connexion with some of the early Methodists, and from their conversations he became serious and prayerful, a student of the Scripture, and impressed with the importance of a godly life. He said, in after life, that these views of his youth agreed, in the main, with his matured thoughts upon The reproach of Methodism, however, was in those days a formidable thing, and as the rumours of his seriousness reached Hull, his friends became alarmed, and his mother was despatched with all speed to London, to remove him from such dangerous guardianship. With a shrewd knowledge of human nature, his grandfather put the case before him as a matter of profit and loss. The grand tour was at that time a selecter privilege than at present, and the command of money was as enviable then as now. Hence the force of the argument: "Billy shall travel with Milner as soon as he is of age, but if he turns Methodist, he shall not have a sixpence of mine." This bitter opposition, and the natural charm of worldly society, weaned him in time from his religious desires, and for some years his life was a round of gaiety at home, and a protracted idleness at school. When seventeen years old, he entered St. J. hn's College, Cambridge, a youth of ample fortune, quick wit, generous disposition, and agreeable manners—all sources of strong temptation in the new society into which he was thrown. describes the morals of the set to which he was first introduced as being loose in the extreme, and even when he had become "the centre of a higher circle," he says that the object of every one around him seems to have been to make and keep him idle. "Why in the world," said they, "should a man of your fortune trouble himself with fagging?"

He almost entirely neglected mathematical studies, and was told that he was too clever to require them. His love for the classics was intense, and when he acquitted himself well in the College Examinations, it was said in his hearing by some tutor with the soul of a tuft-hunter, "that his companions were mere saps, but that he did all by talent." Thus surrounded by evil influences and flattering friends, it is matter of surprise and gratitude that his morals escaped the contagion, and that his mind was in any wise furnished for his future life. Though thoughtless, he was never dissolute, and though he lacked the accuracy and self-control of the thorough student, he filled his mind with useful and varied knowledge. Before he left college, he formed the purpose to enter upon public life, and with sufficient courage, offered himself as a candidate for his native town while he was yet under age. A premature dissolution of Parliament had nearly proved fatal to his early ambition, but the Session lingered on, and within a month of his twenty-first birthday, he was engaged in an election contest, battling against a coalition which was thought all-powerful, and returned at the head of the poll. It is a curious illustration of the mode in which elections were managed, that, by an established tariff, two guineas were paid for a vote, four guineas for a plumper, and that a voter's expenses from London averaged £10 a piece. Of course our fathers had as holy a horror of the penalties of bribery as we have, and therefore the money was not considered due until the fifteenth day after the meeting of Parliament, being the last day on which petitions could be presented complaining of an undue return. over, there was a certain class of Hull freemen dwelling on the banks of the Thames, whose love inclined rather to eating than to eloquence; these he propitiated with hot suppers in the various public-houses of Wapping. not disdain also to avail himself of muscular aid.

athletic butcher, well-known in the town, was enlisted as an ally. Wilberforce's pride took alarm at the idea of buying the man's help by those small flatteries which often bribe the men who are too sturdy to accept of money, but his scruples were silenced by one of his staunch supporters. "Oh Sir! but he's a fine fellow if you come to bruising.' Altogether, his first election cost him nearly £9,000, or something above £8 each for every vote which was polled. With his after principles, there was nothing which he more condemned than this disgraceful traffic, by which men put up their consciences to auction, and place their manhood in the market to be purchased by the highest bidder.

Thus elected into Parliament, he became at once a favourite in society, and absorbed by the twin pursuits of politics and pleasure. There were few in that age who did not gamble, and he was in danger of being snared by the fascinations of the faro table. His deliverance from the evil habit was effected in a way so singular, that it deserves to be recorded, though I gravely doubt its use as a cure for other cases of the kind. Most men are sickened of the gaming table by their losses. He left it, because on one particular night he won £600. The thought that men of straitened means, or portionless younger sons, might be crippled by his gains, preyed upon his sensitive spirit, and he resolved to play no more, that he might be free from the blood-guiltiness of adding to the list of victims, whom gambling has hurled from wealth to beggary, and from happiness to suicide.

While at Cambridge, he had formed an acquaintance with William Pitt, which now ripened into intimacy, and in spite of occasional differences, the intimacy lasted until Pitt's untimely death. They often spent their leisure in company, and the glee was sometimes frolicsome when each young Atlas threw off the world which he was daily bearing. They went down into Dorsetshire for shooting, and it is said that

Wilberforce had well nigh quenched the hopes of a nation by bringing down a Pitt instead of a partridge. Their first journey abroad was undertaken together, and after some strange adventures, they were welcomed at the Court of Fontainebleau. Wilberforce was most impressed during their brief tour by the position of the celebrated Lafayette. One of the old noblesse, and the heir to a large fortune, he had served as a volunteer in the war of American independence, and had just returned to France with the thanks of Congress and the laurels of war. He lived with republican strictness in the midst of the voluptuous court, and spoke with contemptuous freedom of the follies of the old regime. And yet he was treated with extreme deference, and though his presence at the Court of the Bourbons was as if a sturdy Ironside of Cromwell's army had sat down to banquet with a troop of Cavaliers, not a tongue spoke to his discredit, and he had established for himself a position and a name. He was in fact the shadow of the coming time—the political petrel significant of the rising storm.

It is not unlikely that what Wilberforce saw and heard in connexion with this remarkable man took effect upon his future action. He would see in him a standing proof that the days of feudalism were gone, that there was a class between knight and serf which had gradually climbed to power, that there was a majesty of the people which might not be safely disregarded even by the majesty of the king. He would see that a strong, resolute, earnest manhood of the middle class had risen among the nations, linked to the present by interest and affection, looking to the future in enterprise and hope—acting as a sort of breakwater between the rock of patrician prejudice and the billows of popular fury—moderate in counsel, and practical in working—and thus claiming to be an element in national administration, and a sinew of national strength.

It is certain that whether he was thus led to ponder or not, the great triumph which he shortly achieved, the proudest, though not the greatest, of his political life, was a practical recognition of this new power in the state. Hence, as his "Life" tells us: "As the man of the middle classes, he took his place in public life; as their representative, he was opposed alike to party influence and democratic license, as their representative he demanded and obtained the Abolition of the Slave Trade."

The circumstances which led to the triumph in question-Wilberforce's first election for the great county of York, may be described in few words. In 1782, the good Lord Rockingham died. Lord Shelburne accepted, it is said without consultation with his colleagues, the post of First Lord of the Treasury. Fox, Burke, and others, immediately resigned their offices. Fox seems to have been prompted by personal as well as political bitterness, and in his passion he hurried into the coalition which is the great blot upon his Parliamentary fame—a coalition with a Minister whom not a year ago he had threatened with impeachment—to drive from power a Minister who had but lately been his own colleague, and with whom on most points he heartily agreed. country felt that compromises like this were hollow and worthless, and struck at the roots of all political morality. The King, who was a good hater, hated Fox and his party. and through the land there smouldered a discontent, which, when Fox proposed his India Bill, burst at once into a flame. Addresses condemning the coalition, were adopted in many parts of the country. But Yorkshire had not yet spoken. The great houses of Howard, Cavendish, and Wentworth, were supposed to be too mighty to be opposed, and it was with hesitancy and fear that a county meeting was called. Late in the day, when the address had been moved, and the answers given, and the people were getting weary, Wilher-

force mounted the table, and by the magic of his eloquence, enchained them for upwards of an hour. The storm pelted upon them, and the crowd were tired, but the address was carried with enthusiasm. "I saw a shrimp mount upon the table," said Boswell to Dundas, "but as I listened it grew and grew, until the shrimp had grown into a whale." stalwart yeomen and clothiers, who, like Cowper's honest man, wore "Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within," were delighted above measure. "This is the man for us," spread rapidly from lip to lip. "Wilberforce and liberty" became the rallying cry of the party. Lord Mulgrave spoke of him as "the bosom-friend of the Minister, and second only to him in eloquence unexampled at their years." opposition ventured only to the nomination, and retired before the poll; and at 25 years of age he—the son of a merchant, with no aristocratic connection, with no train of tenantry, had borne down the powerful houses which had for years held the county in their hands—and by his personal ability alone, had become, without a contest, Knight of the Shire which had the largest constituency in the realm.

This was the highest elevation, considering him merely as a politician, which he ever reached, and his life might have been a series of such triumphs, alternating, like the lives of other statesmen, with mortifying failures, but for an event which laid hold of his inner soul, and at once changed and ennobled every purpose of his being. That event was the re-awakening of his thoughts about religion, and his decisive consecration to God. On his twenty-fifth birthday he was in complete prosperity and success. His position established, his fortune ample—caressed by the great, and popular with the multitude, of winning manners and eloquent speech, with an ambition large but not larger than his warrant, with a keen relish for life, with a fund of that sparkling small-talk which is the conversational currency of society,

and with no shadow, either upon his family, spirits, or health -this world had no greener garlands with which to crown him, and he "withheld not his heart from any joy." But there was a higher life awaiting him. After the prorogation, he set off for a tour to the continent, choosing Isaac Milner, afterwards Dean of Carlisle, as his travelling companion. Just before he started, his eye glanced casually upon a little book, "Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." "What is that ?" he asked. of the best books ever written," was the reply of Milner, "let us take it with us, and read it on the journey." The reading of that book led him to the study of the Bible, and the study of the Bible was blessed by the Divine Spirit to the enlightenment of his mind, and to the renewal of his heart. It was not in his nature to be either rash in forming his convictions, or cowardly in hiding them when they had once taken possession of his soul. In the beginning of his religious course, however, he felt it a great struggle before he could unburden his mind. There then lived in Colemanstreet Buildings a wise and kind old man, out of whose heart Christ's love had burned all savage and carnal passion, and who lived only that he might tell others of the grace which had rescued him from profanity almost without a parallel. The shrewd sailor's wisdom gleamed out in many an arch turn of words, but of all thresholds in that great London thoroughfare, there was none oftener trodden by strangers than that of good John Newton, a household name in those days for men who wished counsel and healing for To him, after many misgivings, Wilberforce applied, binding him to let no one living know of the application or of the visit until he was released from the obligation.

Are any of you disposed to blame this secrecy, and to vaunt your own superior courage? Think you, that with such convictions you would have run all hazards, that without an effort

you would have conquered shame and banished fear, and that you would not have paid the Saviour so ill a compliment as to come to him by night like the Nicodemus whom you call a coward? It would be well for you, before you brand the ruler with cowardice, to ask yourselves whether, with his hindrances, you would have ventured to Jesus at all. faith, thus timid at the onset, was the strongest in the hour The comer by night, the secret disciple, and two brave women, were the only mourners at the burial, when those who had publicly followed him were affrighted by the first shock of danger, and, with craven impulse, forsook him and fled. It is Faith, not daring, which is the stuff of which martyrs are made, and the most sensitive natures, natures which have quivered like an aspen at the threatening of trouble, have been enbraved into the very heroism of sacrifice when the trial came. It was so in the case of Wilberforce in the matter of his religious decision. Timid as a child in the outset of his enquiries, he became valiant as a confessor when the truth came home to him in power. In the fearlessness with which on all occasions, and in all companies, he bore the reproach of Christ there was a display, such as is rarely met with, of grandest moral courage. It was no easy thing to be a Christian in those times, and in the higher ranks of life. Although the Great Reformation had roused among the masses an earnest religious feeling, "not many noble" had embraced the truth. The educated classes largely associated fervour with fanaticism, and a devout feeling with a narrow mind. It was considered a breach of politeness to be careful about the religion of others, and that a man should acknowledge his own was to make himself the scoff of the profane, and to excite in polished circles a look of well-bred wonder. Now it was in this state of society, when the persecution of the gibe and banter, keener for the spirit's wounding than the persecution of the sword, prevailed on

every hand, that Wilberforce made his decision, withdrew his name from all the clubs to which he had been admitted, avowed the change of his feeling to his political associates, ran the gauntlet of genteel regret and of rebellious scorn, and withstood even those dearer pleadings, which had warped him from religion before. The choice was made, moreover, in the early prime of manhood, made neither by a hermit who had never tasted life's cup of pleasure, nor by a sated worldling, in whose mouth it had turned to ashes. With the accidents of birth and station in his favour, with youth upon his side, fortune at his feet, and fame and power within the grasp of his oustretched hand-when life was inits summer, and he was compassed, so to speak, with its gladness, and music, and flowers—with everything at hand which it is deemed the most costly to surrender—he stepped forth in the sight of the world, for which his name had, already a charm, took the crown of his manliness, and cast it humbly at the feet of Christ. I can see in the act a courage of that sort which is the truest and rarest, but which is, notwithstanding, within the reach of you all. The true idea of Power is not embodied in Hercules or Samson, brute forces with brute appetites, takers of strong cities, but slaves to their own Passion. Nor is it in the brave soldier who can storm a fortress at the point of the bayonet, but who yields his manhood to the enticements of sinners, and hides the faith which the scoffer's sneer has made him frightened to The real power is there, when a man has mastered himself, when he has trampled upon the craven and the shameful in all their disguises, and when, ready on all fit occasions to bear himself worthily among his fellows, and "give the world assurance of a man," he dares to say to that world, the while it scorns and slanders him, "I will not, serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

Wilberforce returned to his parliamentary duties with higher principles than either ambition or patriotism could furnish, "prepared by the fear and love of God to become the champion of the liberties of man." The House of Commons was then in its Augustan age of eloquence, and night after night the walls echoed to strains of argument, or invective, or appeal, whose memories are inspirations still. Shall we take our seats, as in the gallery, and look at some of the famous ones as they wrestle below?

There are two central figures, both commoners to the last, although cadets of noble houses,

"Beneath whose banners proud to stand, Look up the noblest of the land, Till through the British world are known The names of Pitt and Fox alone."

It is sometimes a disadvantage to a man to have had an illustrious father, for the father's name is as a shadow out of whose luminous darkness the son finds it difficult to emerge. The memory of Chatham was otherwise to William It was the inspiration of his genius, and his introduction to the sphere in which, of all others, he was the most fitted to shine. Of slight frame, and of such feeble health that he was never trusted at a public school—his mind grew into an early, but not unhealthy ripeness, and he had mastered some of the most difficult classics before he came of age. He passed through his college course with cold regularity, making no friends, but laying in great store of learning, and in the autumn of the year in which he attained his majority, he startled the scarlet-robed Doctors of the University by offering to represent them in Parliament. resented his presumption by placing him at the foot of the poll—but a seat was found for the young aspirant in the borough of Appleby. His first speech secured his fame, and it is said that during the whole of his career he scarcely

added a cubit to his oratorical stature. "He is not a chip of the old block," said Burke, with tears in his eyes, "he is the old block itself." "He will be one of the first men in Parliament," said some one to Fox; "He is so already," was the generous reply. This reputation was won neither by variety of style nor grace of manner, neither by brilliant speech nor happy illustration, but by a grand unbroken flow, clear as a river, and as pleasant as the murmur of its waters, and by the dignity with which the majestic words rolled forth as from the lips of a king. His pride, whether it was simple exclusiveness, or the deep consciousness of his own merit, had nothing vulgar about it, but rose into a superb self-confidence which might almost be mistaken for a virtue. Thus, at twentytwo, he declined a lucrative post in Lord Shelburne's ministry, and announced in the House that he would take no office which did not bring him into the cabinet. Thus, in a difficult crisis, when he had to struggle almost single-handed against a powerful opposition, he says, "I place much dependence upon my colleagues, but I place more on myself." twenty-five years of age he was Prime Minister of England, in a minority in the Commons, but the idol of the people, the mightiest subject in Europe, and influential enough, like the old French mayors of the palace, to have control over the councils of the king. With the love of power as his commanding idolatry, there was no room in his heart for the meaner idols of lust and gold. He was "married only to his country"—but as son, brother, and friend, his affections were warm and pure. Cold and haughty with strangers, there was a Lutheran playfulness where he made himself at home, and a bright humour cleft its way through the strength of his character, like a rill from a mountain's heart. a noble scorn of money, remained poor while enriching others, declined the offered Garter for which dukes were struggling, made lords by the score, but continued plain

William Pitt to the end, and when £100,000 were offered to free him from embarrassment, by the willing generosity of his friends, said that "no consideration on earth should force him to accept it." There are few measures of benefit which bear his name; and though his opinions were in advance of his age, and he spoke them in long remembered thunder, they either lacked the force of convictions, or he was hindered from carrying them into effect. It were thankless to ✓ seek for stains upon so fair a shield. However opinions may differ as to the great minister's policy, there are few who will deny to him the credit of surpassing ability, of sincere love of his country, and of stainless integrity and honour. "The Austerlitz look," as it was called, shadowed his fine countenance during the last months of disaster; the brave heart failed beneath his country's troubles, and at the zenith of his power, if not of his influence,-

> "the stately column broke, The beacon-light was quenched in smoke, The trumpet's silver sound was still, The warder silent on the hill."

But his country has not forgotten him, and so long as there is history, and so long as there are hearts which kindle at great names and deeds—so long the name of William Pitt will live, a national possession and pride.

When Pitt entered Parliament, the greatest debater in the House was acknowledged to be *Charles James Fox*, who led His Majesty's opposition during the long and stormy years of the American war. Of unwieldy person, rendered less comely by excesses, with a shrill voice, and little, and that ungraceful, action, he also was one of those whose claim to marvellous eloquence rests rather upon the tradition of the elders, than upon anything which the present times can read. With an exquisite classical taste, and a subtle knowledge of

history, with a pronunciation singularly beautiful, a pure style, a quick insight into the bearings of a question, and a wit, which could either play harmlessly about a subject, or scathe and scorch an adversary; with a close logical faculty, and a stern justice, which made him state his opponent's arguments so strongly that his friends trembled lest he should not be able to answer them; we need not doubt the tales which charmed listeners tell of Fox's wonderful power, In private he was a fascinating talker, the life of social parties, and a fast and generous friend. "When I have trembled before him," said Curran, "I have caught a smile rippling the fine Atlantic of his countenance." His errors sprang largely from vicious training, and from the evil habits of the time, and neither gambling nor profligacy hardened his kindly heart, nor quenched the intense human sympathies which were in him as a well-spring of life. Vehement, and at times terrible in his sarcasm, he rose far above malice and envy. The prize of power for which he had been long contending, fell at last into a hand which had lost the nerve to grasp it, and after a few months of office he slept by the side of his great rival in the temple of silence and peace. There are few statesmen around whose memory so much affection lingers. He lives as much in hearts as on marble. His fame, which is broad and lasting, rests not upon his ministerial life, but upon his generous temper, his deep love of country, his burning hatred of oppression,his efforts in the cause of suffering liberty.

"When he, all-eloquent for freedom stood,
With speech resistless as the voice of blood;
The voice that cries thro' all the patriot's veins,
When at his feet his country groans in chains;
Of power, to bid the storm of passion roll,
Or touch with sweetest tenderness the soul.
But spake in vain till with his latest breath,
He broke the spell of Africa in death."

By the side of these men, though somewhat elder, lived and laboured another, who, in many respects, was greater than either. A young Irishman, the son of a Dublin attorney, came over to seek his fortune in London. He had written himself into notice as a hack of the booksellers, and had got a name at the clubs as the only talker who was fit to rank with Johnson. Lord Rockingham took him as his private secretary, and by his influence the British Parliament was enriched by the presence of Edmund Burke. He made his. first speech in the House in the debate on which Chatham. made his last speech before the glory of the great commoner. was hidden beneath the coronet of the earl; and, in the words of Macaulay, "It was a splendid sunset and a splendid dawn." His impeachment of Warren Hastings established his claim to the possession of the highest eloquence, for Hastings himself was so aroused by it that for awhile he believed himself as guilty as his fiery accuser painted him, and it was only when reflection followed upon excitement that the spell of the magician ceased to work its will. the House, however, he outlived his popularity, and whether from envy, or from honest incapacity, or from his own hot blood and bitter words, he, a greater than his age, and whose greatness is for all time, was coughed down by impatience. and dulness voted him a bore. He was often beyond his audience, and as Goldsmith has it

"Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit,
For a patriot too cool, for a drudge disobedient,
And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient,
Too deep for his hearers, he went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining."

His grasp of great principles, the far-stretching insight of his political vision, the loftiness of his language, and the remote analogies by which his views were sustained, were

not to the taste of those who were absorbed in party strifes, and who fretted for office during their little hour. But he spoke for the future, and the great world listens still. a writer he could write in many styles, and in all almost equally well. A critic says of his works, that they are "by Iturns statistics, metaphysics, painting, poetry, eloquence, wit, and wisdom." He was endowed with a union of faculties which are seldom found together, acuteness of mind, and great caution,—an imperial fancy, and a creative genius,—a perseverance which would master every depth and detail, and an imagination whose flight, like the eagle's, was ever toward the sun. In strange variation from the usual order, his imagination was more subdued in his youth than in his age, as if like the cereus, it could bloom only, in its fulness, in the night. His "Letters on a Regicide Peace," are at once the most gorgeous and the most passionate of his works, and though written but a year before his death, they show intense earnestness, and no decay of strength. He wrote as a seer would write to whom his message was a burden, and to whom it was a necessity that his words should be words of fire. The latter days of this great man have a sublimity about them on which it is beautiful and solemn to gaze. His two rivals were smitten down in the heat of strife—he lingered through a season of retirement, during which many were wont to seek his counsel, and Wilberforce says the attention shown to him was like the treatment of Abithophel of old: "It was as if one went to enquire of an oracle of the Lord." The reverses of political neglect, and the sundering of old friendships befel him His ungovernable temper had created some enemies, and had alienated some friends. He had to struggle with straitened means and failing health. But the brave spirit bore nobly up, until the horror of great darkness fell upon him in the death of his son, upon whom he had lavished all the love of his wealthy heart. This blow shattered

the life which it sublimed. It was as the shadow of the sepulchre. But from out that shadow spake "the old man eloquent" with a tenderness and a power which he could not have gathered before, for the tenderness was of the nearing grave, and the power was of the world unseen. "The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours, I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognise the Divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate; indeed, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world. an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors." This is majestic sorrow, mingled with uncomplaining trust. It is the moan of a great heart, like that which the mighty waters make upon the shore, and big, like it, with the hope of a to-morrow. And into that shadow of the sepulchre the light beyond did shine. The thoughts of religion which had never been wholly shaken off, became clear, and bright, and comforting, at last. During the last two days of his life, Wilberforce's book on Practical Christianity was his study, and he expressed the comfort it had given him, and his thanks that such a book had been brought into the world; and there is reason to believe that this man, bright in his time as Orion among the stars of heaven, passed from the world a humble believer in Jesus,

> "And fell, with all his weight of cares, Upon the great world's altar stairs, Which slope through darkness up to God."

Other names of note, though they attained not to "the first

three," crowd upon the memory, but may only be seen tonight in rapid glimpses of their presence.

There is Sheridan, the brilliant and versatile, who exaggerated both the talents and the frailties of his countrymenthe orator to whom the House paid the unparalleled compliment of adjournment at the close of his speech, on the ground that they could not transact business calmly while under so mighty a spell—the wit who made his jokes at home, and let them off with seeming promptness on the first apt occasion, as when he said to the composer of music who had turned wine-merchant, "Then you'll import your music, and compose your wine," or, as when he thundered at Dundas as "the gentleman who resorts to his memory for his jokes, and to his imagination for his facts,"—the gay spendthrift who was about as well acquainted with duns as with dinners, and whose difficulties may be gathered from one of the current stories of the time, that, in a moment of anger, he threatened to cut his son off with a shilling. "Then you must borrow it, father," was the cool reply.

There is *Dundas*, for a long time Pitt's solitary helper against a host of foes, a straightforward business-like speaker, who would not let a man misunderstand him, a man of immense industry and steady friendship, who wielded in Scotland an almost boundless influence, until "Dundas and patronage," became an alliance almost as well understood as crown and covenant.

There is Windham, the soldier's friend, a man of elegant scholarship and subtle wit, but too ingenious to be safe, and too violent to be much regarded.

There is *Perceval*, of an energetic nature, and of dauntless courage, a ready speaker, and a high-principled and conscientious, if somewhat narrow statesman, who died by the hand of an assassin too soon for his enduring fame.

There is *Grenville*, bold and honest, tolerant and truenearted, for whom was reserved the distinction of abolishing

the Slave Trade, and who cheerfully gave up for principle twenty years of power.

There is *Eldon*, a fine example of his own recipe to make a celebrated lawyer, that a man should "live like a hermit, and work like a horse," an able and painstaking servant of the crown, who, if he had lived in Bunyan's days, might have sat for the portrait of the Captain of the Doubters, so full was he of shadowy difficulties in common things, but who, when the peril came could be swift as an eagle, both in device and execution, and who, though parchment puzzled him, knew how to manage men.

There is *Henry Grattan*, the Irish patriot and orator, whose speech sparkled with epigrams, which had principles hidden in their heart; who kept the zealous temperance of words, which is the orator's best weapon, and whose reputation, won in Ireland, did not suffer when the first minds of England were his peers, for he was like a tree which can bear transplanting, and thrives on foreign soil.

There is Erskine, a man of noble form and dauntless courage, with a port of graceful pride, and an eye, whose glance prepared the way for his words, as the lightning heralds the thunder. He had a voice of strange sweetness, a mind keen to apprehend, a memory strong to retain, a constant presence of mind, and a thorough knowledge of the human heart, and of the easiest way to reach it. He fulfilled the advocate's noblest duty, and that in critical times. He fought for the liberty of the press, and for the rights of the people, when corruption would have smothered the one, and when cruelty would have strangled the other. The Court, the Parliament, the judges, the demagogue, the infidel, were alike resisted as the cause of his client demanded it, with a fearless eloquence which charmed even those who suffered from it, and he was as independent of his clients themselves, for when Thelwall was dissatisfied with the way in which his

defence was conducted, and sent a written message to Erskine, "I'll be hanged if I don't conduct my own cause;" all the answer he got was the counterpart to his own dry humour, "You'll be hanged if you do."

And not to enlarge a list already too long, there is George Canning, last, and not least worthy of the band, an accomplished scholar, a brilliant wit, a skilful if not an impassioned declaimer, the architect of his own fame, who had no cause to blush for the plans he drew; fond of power, but a man of principle, carrying on a keen contest within himself between the rival loves of politics and letters, left, as a statesman, a leader without a party, or at best with a party who coldly followed, while his enemies rancorously assailed him, but as posterity is not slow to acknowledge "just, alike to freedom and the throne." The appreciation which was denied him in life, has since flowed in upon him like a remorseful tide. He lived among men as some rare bird, of whose beauty they knew not, until the parting wing revealed it, for he was just beginning to be understood and valued, when the arrow sped untimely, and the wit and the worth were hidden in the covetous grave.

These were among the men who led the senate, "the hardy Spartans exercised in arms," when Wilberforce took his part in their midst, and began that long and seemingly hopeless struggle against oppression which was henceforward the business of his life. He went among them, renowned though they were, on equal terms. He marched at once to the foremost rank, and kept the place he took, conscious of quiet power. When he supported, his aid was that of a strong arm. When he opposed, even the mightiest, he was "a foeman worthy of their steel."

Animated by the highest motives, the common instincts of right and wrong sharpened into keener discernment, and clothed with more spiritual sensibility, his religion was felt

to be an element of his being, and shone forth from every action of his life, not obtrusively, but with a light both clear ana kind.

Very soon after his decision for God, Wilberforce meditated the writing of a tract upon the nature of religion as he now understood it, which might serve as a manifesto of his own principles, and be rendered useful to others. deep conviction that there were few in his own rank of life |- min who had any thought of religion except as a seemly form. mourned the ungodliness around him, even of those whose moral character was without a stain. He pondered upon these things until the burden was laid upon him to write, and hence sprang his "Practical Christianity." In this book he shows the difference between the Christianity of the New Testament, and that which was current in the fashionable world; traces this difference to a forgetfulness of the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel; shows that faith, working by love the purity of the heart, and the guidance of the life, is the principle of Christian consecration, and urges the devotion of the life to Christ, as the only way in which Christianity could become both a happy experience, and a spiritual force, There was nothing new in these truths. They were in the writings of the Reformers, and in the Articles and Homilies of the Church. They were the same truths which had been carried home to the hearts of the masses from the lips of Wesley and Whitfield. But from the pen of Wilberforce they came to many like a new revelation. He was a layman, so it was not a professional utterance. He lived before the public, so men could judge of the agreement between his The style of the work was interesting, creed and his life. It was a readable book and the illustrations were happy. The writer was undoubtedly in earnest, and he on religion. had written from the heart as well as from the mind. These were conditions of advantage, and although his friends were

anxious about the issue, and the publisher thought the name might possibly justify a venture of 500 copies, the result rebuked their fears; 7,500 were called for within six months of the publication, it passed through fifteen editions in England, and twenty-five in America, was translated into five languages, and it is said that not a year passed during his after life, in which he was not gladdened by the news that some had been led to seriousness, or some wavering faith confirmed, or languid piety quickened by its appeals.

Oh the power, the mysterious but mighty power, by which the labour of one man's life is felt for ages. No work, either of good or evil, ends with itself. It is trite to say that men leave "footprints on the sands of time." Footprints! They do vastly more. They make or mar the generations which follow them. How many have been offered upon the altar of ambition, because Napoleon lived! What numbers have sunk into the lees of sensuality, because Byron sang! How many have been won to goodness by the eloquence of Howard's life! "No man liveth to himself," and a man's light words of to-day may fix the destiny of many who never heard the speaker's name. It is impossible, therefore, to overrate the importance of the conversion of one soul to Christ, or of the hardening of one heart in sin. In both cases you have started a series of influences whose vibrations reach to the farthest land, and to the latest time. See the beautiful train of blessing in the case before us. Puritan doctor writes a book more than two hundred years ago, called, "The Bruised Reed," which falls into the hands of Richard Baxter, and leads his penitent spirit to its trust in Christ. Baxter's ministry is like that of a giant in his strength, and when he dies, his "Call to the Unconverted" goes preaching on to thousands to whom Baxter himself had never spoken with human tongue. Philip Doddridge, prepared by his pious mother's teaching, hears this piercing "Call," devotes the summer of his life to God, and becomes a "burning and a shining light." Doddridge's "Rise and Progress" fell, as we have seen, into the hands of Wilberforce, and led him to thought and to prayer. Wilberforce's "Practical View" cleared the faith and fired the zeal of a clergyman in the sunny south, and he wrote the simple annal of a Methodist girl, which has borne fruit of blessing in every quarter of the globe, for who has not heard of Legh Richmond, and "The Dairyman's Daughter?" And then the same book had a ministry in the bleak north, and in a country parish found out a Scottish clergyman, who was preaching a Gospel which he did not know, and he embraced the fulness of the glad tidings, and came forth a champion for the truth, "furnished in all things and ready," until all Scotland rang with the eloquence of Thomas Chalmers. what is the moral of all this? Why, that there is not one of d you who need live in vain; that, though your sphere be of the humblest, there is some brother-man whom you can reach and rescue; and that for the poorest of you there is a vast field of toil, and an awaiting recompense of honour. not be given you to speak with tongues, but you may loosen other tongues which have been dumb too long. You may not be able to work miracles of healing, but you can carry the paralysed into the Healer's presence. If you cannot wield the influence which commands, you can exert the influence which blesses, and while those who have been merely gifted will die out of remembrance, like the flaring streetlamps when the great morning shines, your life of goodness may be as the name of the woman who anointed the Saviour, a fragrant memory both for earth and heaven.

It is time, however, that we refer to the great work which more than any other has contributed to Wilberforce's fame. When he became a changed man, his parliamentary position was felt to be not only a trust from his constituents but a

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stewardship from God. He cast about to find a question worthy of his advocacy, and he tells us in his journal that he believed God had called him to labour for two things—the Reformation of Manners, and the Abolition of the Slave Trade.

In reference to the first of these objects, it was greatly owing to him that a Royal Proclamation was issued against vice and immorality, and that a Society was formed to carry its provisions into effect. But the latter was the work of his life. There was already in many minds a conviction of the giant evils of slavery. God sows his truth-seeds broadcast, and they spring up in different furrows when once the time of harvest comes. Hence we may settle in a word a controversy which ought never to have arisen, whether Wilberforce or Clarkson was the earliest and best friend of the slave. If a twin superlative may be allowed for the occasion, they were both earliest and both best. Each did a work which the other could not have done so well, and "the tongue could not say to the hand, I have no need of thee." In the order of time, indeed, the first blow at the monster was struck by neither of the twain, but by the stalwart arm This hard-working Ordnance clerk, of Granville Sharpe. believing that there could be no slavery upon British ground, took up the cause of a negro who had escaped, but whom his master claimed in London. With three of the judges against him, one of them bearing the honoured name of Mansfield, Granville Sharpe "supplied the money, the leisure, the perseverance, and the learning required for the great controversy;" and after two years' fighting and weariness, it was established, to use the words of Curran, "as the spirit of the British law, that liberty is inseparable from British soil; that no matter in what language the man's doom may have been pronounced, no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom an Indian or an African sun may

have burnt upon him, no matter in what disastrous battle his liberties may have been cloven down, no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery, the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust."

This decision was given in 1772, and in the year following, Wilberforce, then a schoolboy fourteen years old, sent a letter to the York Herald, "in condemnation of the odious traffic in human flesh." Eight years afterwards, he applied to a friend, who was going to Antigua, to collect information for him on the subject of the Slave Trade, and expressed his hope that he might be able at some time to redress the wrongs of slaves. In 1784, came the publication of Ramsay's tract on "The Treatment of Slaves." In 1785, a prize essay on the subject was written by Thomas Clarkson. 1786, Sir Charles Middleton, afterwards Lord Barham, roused by the earnestness of his noble wife, wrote to Wilberforce, urging him to take the Parliamentary conduct of the cause. In 1787, the Abolition Committee was formed, with Granville Sharpe for chairman. In the same year Clarkson and Wilberforce were introduced to each other, and in the same year, after much thought and consultation with Pitt and Grenville, Wilberforce resolved to give notice of his intention to bring the subject forward. The resolution was made in the open air "at the foot of a large tree at Holwood, I just before the steep descent into the vale of Keston" in Kent. You will forgive the weakness, if you think it one. which is thus minute in its mention of the spot where so high a purpose was formed. If Runnymead is not forgotten, if Iona is a sacred name, if the blood flows the fleeter in the veins as we tread that field among the Belgian dykes which' men call Waterloo, if Marathon is a holy shrine, beaten by the pilgrim feet of the world, why should not the old oak at Holwood be remembered, where a brave heart resolved to do

battle with a foul wrong, and to cancel the shame of ages by loosing the shackles from the slave.

From this time, Wilberforce gave the most anxious study to the subject of the Slave Trade and slavery, wishing neither to damage his cause by rashness, nor to weaken the force of his appeals by hasty, unguarded, or exaggerated statements, which he could not bring evidence to sustain. At length, on the 12th May, 1789, the matter was brought before the House in twelve resolutions, which embodied the case of those who were friendly to the Abolition of the Slave Trade. The speech of Wilberforce was a masterly argument, warmed by a kindly humanity, and brought home with singular power. described the horrors of the Middle Passage, in words which thrilled through his audience, and summoned Death as his "last witness, whose infallible testimony to their unutterable wrongs can neither be purchased nor repelled." Burke said of this speech, "that it equalled anything he had heard in modern times, and was not perhaps to be surpassed in the remains of Grecian eloquence." Pitt and Fox were equally warm in their praises, and equally hearty in their support of The planters succeeded in deferring the decision the cause. of the House until counsel had been heard, and evidence tendered, and thus threw it to so late a period of the Session, that it was of necessity postponed. One argument which was urged by the opponents of the motion was, that if we, from generous motives, abandoned the trade in slaves, France would be sure to take it up, and so the old commercial jealousy was excited to defend the iniquity. thought that if France and England could act in concert, this objection would be removed. Mr. Clarkson accordingly spent five months in Paris, trying to interest the leaders of public opinion in his cause. He was sanguine of success, and wrote home that "he would not be surprised if the National

Assembly would do themselves the honour of voting away the diabolical traffic in a night." It would have been quite in accordance with the practice of that motley assembly, to dispense with a stray abomination as readily as with an old regime, for with them age had no charm, and prescription no claim to regard; but this correspondence with the early chiefs of the Revolution hindered the Abolition of the Slave Trade for years. The opposition could hardly fail to seize upon so fair a cry, and the charge of "French principles," fastened upon the friends of the slave, had great effect upon the unreasoning and the timid. In 1792, Mr. Dundas, no friend of the cause, carried through the Commons a Bill for the gradual Abolition of the Slave Trade, and the year 1796 was fixed as the time when it should cease. In 1793, however, the House refused to confirm its vote of the preceding Wilberforce acted on the maxim of Cromwell, that while "it is good to strike when the iron is hot, it is better to make the iron hot by striking," for, from this time until 1806, the question was annually renewed, sometimes with partial success, sometimes with absolute and mortifying failure. During this period, the efforts of the negro's friends never relaxed. Wilberforce lived in faith and hope through the dreary years of the French Revolution, often disheartened, often abused, but cheered by the zeal of his helpers, whom Pitt had christened "the white negroes," by the conscience of right, and by the deepening convictions of the thoughtful and godly throughout the land. Almost the last work in which John Wesley was engaged was to write to Wilberforce, urging him to go on in the name of God, and in the power of his might, in opposing "that execrable villany which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature." This was written on the 24th February, 1791, and on the 2nd March, the faltering hand which wrote it had lost its cunning. The churches woke up to the unrighteous

ness of the commerce in slaves, and that cause which had commended itself by its policy and mercy, took hold of the conscience, and was baptized by the inspirations of religion.

It could not be expected that a work which assailed so many vested interests could be undertaken without violent opposition. Where there is a temple of Diana, there will always be a large class who make silver shrines, and the cause was damaged both by the ceaseless activity of its enemies, and by the indifference or treachery of its professed friends. The motives of those whom Wilberforce led out into the lobby were not in all cases equally pure. You remember the anecdote of the gentleman who fell from his horse in the park. A crowd gathered round him. "If the gentleman -had but taken lessons in my school," said one, "this accident would not have happened." He was a riding-master. "How finely the figure was fore-shortened in falling," said a man with an artist's eye. A mathematician affirmed that "he made a parabolic curve." A lawyer speculated "whether the poor man had made his will." There seemed only one sensible man in the company, who had wit enough to say, "Send for a doctor, and let us get the poor man home." All these characters were found on the side of the slave. Some had crotchets of their own. Some were sentimental. balanced the chances, and went with the stronger party. Some speculated upon the division of the property, and there were few who were disposed at all hazards to do the right, because it was the right, and from no other motive in the world. Hence, what with those who had crooked principles, and those who had no principles at all, he could not count upon the sustained enthusiasm in his followers which made the cause a holy thing to him. Then he grieved over the flippancy of many who were glad enough to share the triumph, but who shrank from the danger of the battle, characters such as vexed the soul of Hotspur-



"For he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds.
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly;—and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier."

In the defeat of 1796, when the Bill was thrown out by four on the third reading, Wilberforce says, "There were enough at the Opera to have carried it." They acknowledged it to be a noble cause, but "The Two Hunchbacks" was brought out that night, and a bleeding slave had no chance against a splendid singer. Moreover, the most dismal results were prophesied to flow from the Abolition of the Slave Trade -- French supremacy, the ruin of Liverpool and Bristol, the revolt of the colonies, unexampled massacre of human life, the dismemberment of the empire; all these horrible spectres were conjured before the eyes of well meaning but frightened squires, and as appeals to selfish fears are nearly always successful, it is not wonderful that the end was so long delayed. The talent of the House was on the side of the slave. There was scarcely a man of mark on the other side, except Dundas, who trimmed, and Windham, who hated the cause as soon as it became popular. much was this felt that the opposition was described by one of themselves as having entered upon the war of the Pigmies against the Giants; but the planters had many friends, the Lords as usual were averse to innovations, a prince of the blood denounced the proposal in unmeasured terms, and it was known that it had to contend against the determined opposition of the king.

The character of the leading Abolitionists was fiercely Ramsay was done to death by slander. Zachary Macaulay suffered reproach and loss, and Wilberforce was exposed to the rancour of exasperated foes. A West Indian captain haunted him for two years with threats of personal injury. He was called a saint, a hypocrite, a regicide, a / Jacobin, a liar. In some of the West Indian Islands the papers of his correspondents were seized. The petition from Glasgow was directed to another, that it might not be suspected, and a friend writing to him from Liverpool implored him to be kind enough not to frank his reply. The violence of the feeling may be gathered from a humorous passage in a letter of Thomas Gisborne, in which he says, "I shall expect to read in the newspapers of your being carbonadoed by West Indian planters, barbecued by African merchants, and/_ eaten by Guinea captains, but do not be daunted, for I will write your epitaph." "So you intend to be a reformer of men's morals, young man," said an old peer, "that is the end of reformers," and he pointed to a picture of the crucifixion, which, as his biographers say, was "no likely sight to frighten a Christian warrior." In the House the opposition was sometimes carried on with very unparliamentary fierceness, but his temper and his courage stood the test. It is said that only once, during his public life was he known to retort upon an opponent with anything like sarcastic bitterness. This was when he was called "the honourable and religious member," and the vigorous irony with which he stung the assailant caused his friends to marvel, not that he possessed such powers, but that, having them, he should have restrained them so nobly and so long. The greatest cause of delay, however, in the passing of the measure, was the political aspect of the world. The events in France at the close of the last century,—the revolution, whose early promise was lost in its after carnage and profanity and blood,---

coupled with the fact that many of those who favoured abolition were known to look upon the revolution, at least in its early stages, with favour, made the discussion of the subject impossible for several years, and the Haytian insurrection was regarded as but a type of the atrocity which would follow, if the views of the friends of liberty were suffered to prevail. Yet this very insurrection was in proof of one of the positions which the advocates of freedom were obliged to establish and defend. There were not wanting those who denied the manhood of the African, his fitness for selfgovernment, his capacity to acquire and to retain ideas, his sense of degradation and of slavery, and with a strange perversion of the spirit of Scripture it was maintained that God had fixed the curse of Ham upon his children to the latest generation. The refutation of these calumnies was not easy, until St. Domingo repelled them in blood, The burning sense of bondage, suffering hidden for years but sternly repressed lest it might hinder the purpose, genius to combine and patience to wait the hour, valour in fight, and withal much of human passion, and revenge, and pride, were displayed in that rebellion, and there was a terrible force in the climax of those noble words in which James Montgomery vindicated the manhood of the slave.

"Is he not man, though knowledge never shed Her quickening beams on his neglected head? Is he not man, though sweet religion's voice, Ne'er bade the mourner in his God rejoice? Is he not man, by sin and suffering tried? Is he not man, for whom the Saviour died? Belie the negro's powers! In headlong will Thy brother, Christian, thou shalt prove him still. Belie his virtues; since his wrongs began, His follies and his crimes have stamped him Man."

But in spite of all who disgraced, or dallied with, or

opposed, or betrayed the cause, the Slave Trade was destined A conviction of its iniquity grew upon the national mind, and a righteous anger was kindled in the national heart, and, although from the frequent defeats of the motion, it had come to be regarded as Wilberforce's hobby, which he must ride once a year into the House, there was rising among the people a resolve that the share of England in the guilt and shame of the unholy traffic, should be purged "They willed the deed, and therefore it was done." The great men whose eloquence had helped the cause in its beginnings were gone, even Fox did not live to share the victory which he had contributed to gain; but in the early part of 1807, the Abolition of the Slave Trade was made a Government measure. Lord Grenville carried it gallantly through the Lords, and Lord Howick in the Commons did the first of that long series of patriotic services which have thrown so rich a lustre on the name of Charles, Earl Grey. There had been some alarm about a "terrific list of doubtfuls," but when the division came only sixteen were found to vote against the Bill, while 283 votes were recorded In the eloquent speech of Sir Samuel in its favour. Romilly, who had given to the cause every energy of his fine nature, he contrasted the feelings of Napoleon in all his greatness with those of the honoured individual who, after twenty years of labour, would that night lay his head upon his pillow, and remember that the Slave Trade was no The House caught and welcomed the allusion, and applause burst forth such as was scarcely ever heard before in either House of Parliament. And right well did he deserve the honour. It is the fashion to decorate the man who leads the army to triumph. I would rather see the stars upon the man who did the night-work in the trenches, for who led the forlorn hope against the foe. But here both are one. It must have been indeed a happy day. Con-

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WILBERFORCE.

gratulations poured in upon him on every side, while he, the observed of all observers, was clothed with humility as with a garment, the same genial, earnest, unaffected Christian as -before. "What shall we abolish next?" was his half-playful, half-practical question as his friends gathered to rejoice in "Let us make out the names of the sixteen," said William Smith, whose zeal would have pilloried them "Never mind the miserable sixteen, think rather of the glorious 283," was Wilberforce's generous reply. Even yet the measure had almost been delayed because of a threatened It was the last act of the Grenbreaking up of the Cabinet. ville ministry, and received the royal assent on the 25th of March, 1807. In the very year in which this hateful commerce was abolished, victory, which had long been doubtful, began to wait upon our arms, and there started that series of successes which gave peace to Europe, and which sent her oppressor to fret in exile through the remorseful years, and in St. Helena's loneliness to slumber in a nameless grave.

The next object of Wilberforce and his friends was to garner up the results of the victory. The registers of succeeding years are full of the efforts which were made by diplomatic and other correspondence to induce other nations to follow in the wake of England in the work of humanity, and so great was the success that North America, Venezuela, Buenos Ayres, Chili, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, France, successively abolished the Slave Trade, promises of gradual abolition were wrung even from Portugal and Spain; and in 1823, so far as the influence of England could reach, no trace remained of the barbarous trade in The mind of Wilberforce then dreamed of a grander Researches into the evils of the Slave Trade had impressed him with the purpose to battle against slavery His failing health warned him that the cause must be entrusted to other hands, but the appeal which he wrote

and published, gave the first impulse to that successful agitation which, about the time of his own death, brought slavery to an end throughout the dominions of the British Crown. Although his name is identified with the cause of the slave more than with any other public question, it must not be supposed that he was a man of one idea, or that it could be said of him in the words of Grotius, that he "spent his life in strenuously doing nothing." Everything which bore upon social and moral improvement could count upon his hearty support, every outrage upon toleration or freedom found in him an eloquent enemy. His superiority to party, while it exposed him to the charge of inconsistency, made his advocacy the more valuable, because it was known to be independent, and when he was fairly prepared, and the subject was one that stirred him, his eloquence was of a high The purifying of elections, the relief of oppressed order. consciences, whether Nonconformist, Quaker, Jew, or Catholic, the lessening of the number of oaths, the mitigation of the criminal law, the national obligation to instruct and evangelize India, the sacredness of the Sabbath, the promotion of peace—all these were objects which he introduced or aided. He was firm in his opposition to extravagant expenditure, as when he resisted the increased allowance to the embarrassed princes of the blood. He was firm in his denunciation of corruption—as on Lord Melville's trial, and in his defence of religious liberty, as when he fought against Lord Sidmouth's bill; and during fortyfour years he so bore himself, that he retired from public life amid the respect of friends and foes, with the reputation of being an advocate whom no bribes could buy, and whose clients were the friendless of the world.

He was as independent of his constituents as of his peers; yet, though he was rarely in the county, and his absorption in great questions left him little time to attend to local claims—

they greatly valued him. Four times he was returned without a contest, and their estimate of his worth was manifest in the great contest of 1807. The rival houses of Lascelles and Wentworth had each a son in the field, and were determined, at whatever cost, to win. The contest threatened to be ruinous to a man of moderate means, but nearly £70,000 were subscribed in a few days to meet the expense of Wilberforce's return. Not quite £30,000 of this were needed, though the joint expenses of his opponents amounted to the pretty York was then the only polling-place fortune of £200,000. for the entire county, and the election lasted fifteen days His opponents, well drilled and disciplined, had secured the greater part of the carriages, but freeholders poured into York from all quarters and in all styles—on foot, by barge, by waggon, on the back of the farmer's horse or the humbler donkey, until he was carried to the head of the poll, and kept there to the end. It was a great county's tribute to faithful service, and such was the enthusiasm, that many who had travelled long distances, declined to receive their expenses one, a clergyman of scanty means, begging that the sum might be added to the subscription to defray the candidate's charges; and another, a sturdy freeholder, protesting that his journey had cost him nothing, for "he had ridden all the way at the back of Lord Milton's carriage."

When Wilberforce resolved upon retiring from Parliament, he wrote to Mr. Buxton, to whom he had committed the leadership of the anti-slavery cause, desiring him, as his Parliamentary executor, to move the new writ for Bramber, as he had accepted "the only place which he had ever asked of Government in his life—the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds." His last speech in the House was a solemn protest against leaving the question of slavery to be dealt with by the Colonial Legislatures; and at the close, as if there was some inner consciousness, that it became him to

gather up in one emphatic sentence the labours of his public life, he said, "It is with reluctance and pain that I come forward, but I esteem it my bounden duty to protest against the policy on which we are now acting. 'Liberavi animam meam.' I have delivered my soul." Thus worthily did he resign a trust which for forty years he had worthily and conscientiously fulfilled. The Christian principle which had chastened his early ambition regulated his study of every question upon which he was called to decide, preserved him from the bitterness of party strife, and from the evil of corrupt alliances, won for him a name which neither statesmanship nor eloquence could have gained, and possessed him of an influence which in the House was a tower of strength, which acted upon the people like a sorcerer's spell, and which was felt, in its vibrations, to the very ends of the world.

The connection of Wilberforce with slavery is a subject so absorbing that little time is left to speak of his character either as a man or a Christian. Madame de Stael said of him, "I have long heard of him as the most religious; I find him to be the wittiest man in England." In social life he was a blameless and beautiful character, a tender husband. a loving father, a generous friend. He was indeed the charm of every company, and nothing could be more delightful than to roam with him among the flowers which he said were "the smiles of God's goodness," and catch from him the contagious joy. While his children were infants, his engagements were so incessant that he rarely saw them, so that when one of them was unwilling to go to him, the nurse said with great simplicity, "They always were afraid of strangers;" but as their minds expanded, he watched over their training with intense solicitude, joining all the while in their amusements with a boy's heart—eager as they in the joy of ome bright image, or in the sight of some fair landscape, or in

the strife of some romping or wit-quickening game. His benevolence was a passion, and in its exercise he knew no distinction of land or creed. He was generous even to prodigality. Upwards of £3000 were written off in one year's balancesheet to the account of charity, bestowed often upon strangers whose only claim was distress, and often, like the gentle dew, a balm which dropped unseen. His religion was an earnest, cheerful, working piety, whose faith wrought by love, and was never so trustful as when thus employed. Through life he was an attached member of the Established Church, and had a reasonable dislike of anything which weakened its influence or interfered with its supremacy. He praises the goodness of God in his removal from his uncle's house as that which opened the way to his sphere of usefulness in life. "If I had staid with my uncle," he says, "I should probably have been a bigoted, despised Methodist." This marriage of active and passive adjectives must have been suggested by some wayward association of ideas, for though he could not help being "despised," he could choose whether the other ugly adjective might be rightfully applied to his name. However, I am here to-night to dissolve the partnership. I am a Methodist—therefore, I suppose, "despised"—but free enough from bigotry to rejoice with all sincerity that the lot of William Wilberforce was cast in another communion. The great work of God is above all our isms, and unless God had wrought a special miracle, the work which he was called to do could not have been accomplished by a Nonconformist, even if he had had an Apostle's commission, and a Scraph's zeal. It required a position of advantage which nothing but the State Church could give. His mission was to the formal and thoughtless, who trooped to fashionable churches on the Sabbath as to fashionable assemblies in the week, and they would listen only to one of themselves. But while I rejoice in this, I am glad, for his own sake and

for the sake of his Christianity, that he had not so small a soul as hasty readers of his "Life" would be apt to suppose. He was a lover of good men wherever they were to be found, prized the ministry of good William Jay, as "one of the greatest of his Bath pleasures," spoke "of the unaffected pleasure with which he reflected that their names would be permanently associated," and said that he felt a "oneness and sympathy with the cause of God at large which would make it delightful to hold communion, once every year with all churches, holding Christ as their Head." He would have been a traitor to his own large heart if he had been otherwise. He preferred, doubtless, the uniform and discipline of what he thought was the regular army, but he was too good, and withal, too shrewd a man to despise the volunteers. The same spirit led him to join heart and hand in the formation of the Bible Society, an amiable weakness for which his biographers think he is "hardly to be blamed." The half-apologetic, half-admiring strain in which this is referred to in the Memoirs, is irresistibly comical. It reminds me of the old Cumberland lady's apology for Wordsworth, *Aye, poor man, though he does go booing his poetry among the woods, I assure you he'll sometimes come into my cottage, and say, 'How dy'e do, Janet,' as sensible as you or me." I fancy you will agree that he is "hardly to be blamed" for assisting into being the grandest and most catholic institution in the world. And, perhaps, you may be disposed to wish that the same amiable weakness had descended as an heir-loom, and you would not only "hardly blame," but heartily welcome the adhesion to the Bible Society of one who, in hereditary eloquence, worthily sustains the name.

The last years of his life were chequered, but hardly clouded, by opposition in the building of a church upon which he had set his heart, and by a serious reverse of for-

tune, which made it necessary greatly to retrench his style of living. He found a home, alternately, in the parsonages of two of his sons, whose filial piety rejoiced, like Æness, to requite the good Anchises' care. Two days after the tidings of his loss had come, he took "a solitary walk with the Psalmist," and came back from the inspired fellowship trustful and happy; and when his home was broken up, and he had fairly realised the change which had happened to him, so sure and thankful was his faith in God that he says, "he can scarce understand why his life is spared so long, except it be to show that a man can be as happy without a fortune as with one." The fruits of his early decision for God were manifest in the quiet cheerfulness of his age, in "honour, love, obedience, troops of . friends," and in the calmness, free from excitement as from despondency, with which he awaited his change. He had always taken sunny views of life, he had felt much of the rapture of existence, and his closing days were one long pealm of praise. He died on the 29th July, 1833, having nearly completed his seventy-fourth year.

Meanwhile, in his retirement, the great work of his life was speeding to its fulfilment. The Abolition of Slavery aroused as much hostility on the one hand, and as much enthusiasm on the other, as the Abolition of the Trade in Slaves. Fowell Buxton brought to his work the same holy passion, the same fervour, the same perseverance, as indomitable an energy, a homelier, but still forceful eloquence, and in some respects, a bolder courage. He was well sustained by Mackintosh and Denman, names which it were idle to praise, and but that "sacrifice to heroes is reserved till after sunset," it were easy to enlarge upon the services of Stephen Lushington and Henry Brougham. Their efforts were nobly sustained by their allies outside of Parliament, and by the missionaries of the various churches, who thrilled

the Christians of England by the energy of their appeals, and to whom the cause of freedom owes a debt which another world only can repay. The early years of the Anti-Slavery struggle were employed chiefly in the exposure of the evils of the existing system, for the most sanguine among them scarcely dared to hope for the speedy success of their cause. Government was anxious that the matter should be taken up by the Colonial Houses of Assembly, but their circulars were disregarded, an attitude of defiance was assumed, and the motives and conduct of the Abolitionists were attacked with a fierceness which showed at once the venom of the serpent, and the consciousness that he was writhing in the mortal agony. "We will pray the Imperial Parliament," · said the Jamaica Journal, "to amend their origin, which is bribery; to cleanse their consciences, which are corrupt; to throw off their disguise, which is hypocrisy; to break with their false allies, who are the saints; and finally, to banish from among them all the purchased rogues, who are three-fourths of their number." In the meantime, public opinion, the mightiest advocate of any question, was gathering force year by year. The planters, by their contempt and recklessness, as well as by their cruelty, had alienated many who were inclined to their side. The most atrocious severities were proved against them, facts were disclosed at which the people shuddered as at the breath of a pestilence, and the nation rose as one man, flung forth the twenty millions of compensation with indignant scorn, and demanded that slavery should cease throughout the realm. Petitions poured in in shoals. One from the Ladies of England, to which there were 187,000 signatures, was as large as a feather-bed, was borne up the House by four stalwart members, and, as an eye-witness assures me, deposited on the floor, in pity for the overtaxed strength which would have been required to place it on the table. The Bill was introduced by the present Lord Dorby on the 14th Man and a series

it passed the House of Commons. The masterly eloquence of the Colonial Secretary found ample scope in the subject, and for nearly four hours the House listened unwearied to old truths in a new setting, till at the close the following tribute aroused them to irrepressible enthusiasm. "Sir, what will be the joy of that venerable man, now lying, it is feared, on his deathbed, who, for so many years, through evil and through good report, firmly and consistently laboured in the cause of the The language of that venerable man will surely be to-night, in the last words of the prophet, Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace according to Thy word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." These words were at once a homage and a prophecy, for the Bill was read a secondtime on Friday, 26th July, and on the following Monday the veteran Christian entered into the joy of his Lord. Thus, within the short period of one man's life by the blessing of God uponthe efforts of persevering goodness, were achieved two of the noblest triumphs of humanity, triumphs which redeemed colour from the catalogue of crime, and which gave the right to 700,000 of our fellows, made in the image of the same dear God, to stand up in the face of the world and of the sun, no louger chattels, but with the words on every lip,— "I myself also am a man."

And are they lost, these toils of the past? Did these, our noble fathers, strive in vain? Men tell us so, sometimes. They tell us that the old horror of slavery has passed away, that English blood has become cold, and its righteous anger no longer burns, and it can listen calmly to tales of bondage and of wrong. But it is not true. It is a libel upon the land and race of freemen. The English hatred of slavery lies deeper than a chance protest against its cruelty at the bidding of some mighty voice. It is a hatred of the thing itself—as a thing vile and damnable, condemned by the unchangeable principles of morals; an outrage upon man,

and a dishonour against God. Tell us that it has sometimes been unworthily opposed. Tell us that vapouring and bollowness have marred the noble efforts of its enemies. Tell us that personal kindness, and a valour like that of chivalry, have sometimes redeemed the injustice of its friends. Tell us that the cruelties have been overstated, and that the benefits have been undervalued. Tell us that Legrees exist now but in fancy, and that the slavery of today is swept of their accursed race. Strip the thing of all its public deformity, remove away from it its coarser horrors, it is the same still. It defies you to refine it into beauty. There is THE THING—foul, dastardly, bad from beginning to end, an insult to humanity, an affront upon our common manhood, a curse upon every country which cleaves to it, a loathing to every heart that is true, a lie against the Majesty of Heaven.

Oh remember, that it is at once the proof and the duty of freedom, that we labour to make others free.

"Truest freedom is to share All the chains our brothers wear, And with heart and hand to be. Earnest to make others free. They are slaves who fear to speak For the fallen and the weak, They are slaves who will not choose Hatred, sooffing, and abuse, Rather than in silence shrink From the Truth they needs must think. Men! whose boast it is that ve. Come of Fathers brave and free, If there lives a man whom ye, By your labour can make free; Then ye are not free and brave While there breathes on earth a slave."

THE HUGUENOTS.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY EDINGURGH AND LONDON

THE HUGUENOTS.

BY

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Sebenth Edition.

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET & CO. 21 BERNERS STREET.

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THE HUGUENOTS.

FROM the Reformation may be dated a new era in the history of history. As presented to us in the writings of the older historians, history consisted, for the most part, of the bare recital of events, unaccompanied by philosophical reflections, or by any attempt to discover the mutual relations and tendencies of things. the Reformation, the adherents of the rival churches, each from his own stand-point, moralised upon that wondrous revolution, and upon the circumstances, political and social, which introduced and attended it. That which had been chronicle became thus contro-Writers not only narrated events, but fringed them with the hues of their own thought, and impressed upon them the bias of their own opinions, and as one result of this there sprang up the Philosophy of His-Men began to think that if the Reformation, and the events connected with it, might be canvassed in their sources and issues, all national changes, all events

upon the mighty stream of tendency, might be legitimately subjected to similar criticism. Gradually this survey of the past took a loftier stand, and spread over a wider range. The causes of the rise and fall of empires—the elements of national prosperity or decline—the obsoleteness or adaptation of various forms of government—the evidences of growth and transition among the peoples of mankind,—all in their turn were made matters of historical inquiry. Thus history, at first narrative and then polemical, has become, in our day, a record of progress, a triumphal eulogy of the growth of civilization.

But both writers and readers of history form an unworthy estimate of its province if they restrict it within such limits. They only realise its mission who see in its transitions the successive developments of Providence, ever working without pause and without failure the counsel of the Divine will. It is not enough, if we would study history aright, that we should follow in the track of battle, and listen to the wail of the vanquished, and to the shouts of conquerors; it is not enough that we should philosophically analyse the causes of upheaval and remodelling; it is not enough that we regard it as a school for the study of character, and gaze, with an admiration that is almost awe, upon "the world's fostergods," the stalwart nobility of mankind; it is not enough that we should regard it as a chaos of incident, "a mighty maze, and all without a plan;" we realise the

true ideal of history only when we discover God in it, shaping its ends for the evolution of His own design, educing order from its vast confusions, resolving its complications into one grand and marvellous unity, and making it a body of completeness and symmetry, with Himself as the informing soul.

Let this faith be fastened on our spirits, and history becomes a beautiful study. The world is seen linked to Christ—an emerald rainbow round about His throne. In His great purpose its destiny of glory is secure. There is sure warrant for the expectation of that progress of which the poet-watchers have so hopefully sung; progress, unintermitting, through every disaster of the past, heralding progress, yet diviner, in every possibility of the future. The eye of sense may trace but scanty foreshadowings of the brightness; there may be dark omens in the aspects of the times-clouds may gather gloomily around, and the wistful glance, strained through the darkness, may discern but faint traces of the coming of the day; but it shall come, and every movement brings it nigher-for "the word of the Lord hath spoken it," and that word "endureth for ever."

In our study of the history of France, or, indeed, of any other nation, we must remember certain peculiarities, which, though apparently of small account, are influential elements in national progress, and means towards the formation of national character. Each race, for example, has its distinctive temperament, which it transmits from generation to generation. The character which Cæsar gave of the Gallic tribes two thousand years ago, is, in its most noticeable features, their character still. "They are warlike, going always armed, ready on all occasions to decide their differences by the sword; a people of great levity, little inclined to idleness; hospitable, generous, confiding, and sincere." This transmission of qualities, while it fosters the pride of a nation, stamps upon it an individuality, and prevents the adoption of any general changes, which have no affinity with the national mind.

In like manner, the traditions of a nation are potent influences in national culture. The memory of its heroes, and of the battle-fields where their laurels were won; of its seers of science, its prophets of highest-mounted mind; of its philosophers, the high-priests of nature; of its poets, who have played upon the people's heart as upon a harp of many tunes; of its great men, who have excited wonder; of its good men, who have inherited love; all the old and stirring recollections of the romantic past, which pride the cheek and brighten the eye;—all these are substantive tributaries to an empire's education, and aid us in forming our estimate of its career and destiny.

But more potent than either of the causes we have mentioned, are those external agencies which from time to time arise in the course of events, to stamp a new form and pressure on the world. The sacred isolation of the Hebrew commonwealth—the schools of Greece the militocracy of Rome—the advent of the Redeemer —the Mohammedan imposture—feudalism with its blended barbarity and blessing-the Crusades-the invention of Printing-the Reformation,-all these were not only incidents, but POWERS, exerting each of them an appreciable influence upon the character of the In tracing the history of the nations of mankind. Huguenots, therefore, we are not merely following the fortunes of a proscribed people, nor reciting a tale of individual suffering—we are depicting the history of France, we are evolving the subtle cause of that mysterious something which has been, through a long course of years, an element of national disquiet, which has alternately impelled the attack of passion, or furthered the schemes of tyranny, and under which that sunny and beautiful land has groaned in bondage until now.

The doctrines of the Reformation took early root in France. The simultaneous appearance of its confessors in different countries, is one amongst the many collateral proofs of its divine origin. Movements which men originate are local and centralised, arranged in concert, and gathering ripeness from correspondence and sympathy. When God works there is no barrier in geographical boundaries, nor in the absence of intercourse. He drops the truth-seed, and it falls into world-wide furrows. When the hour is ripe—full grown,

heroic, and ready, there springs forth the MAN. had long been preparing the way for the mighty change. In the Church, whether through ignorance or faithlessness, pagan ceremonies had been grafted upon the "reasonable service" of the worship; discipline had become rather a source of immorality than a guard to holiness; the traffic in indulgences had shaken the foundations of every social and moral bond; and the masses of the people were irritated at the pretensions of a religion which had its tariff of vice, a price for every crime, and at the rapacity of a priesthood which never said, "It is enough." Former protests against encroachment and error, though crushed by the strong hand of power, were not utterly forgotten. The voices of Claude and Vigilantius yet echoed in the hearts of . many; traditions of Albigensian confessors, and of saints in Vaudois valleys, were in numerous homes; the martyr songs of the Lollard and the Hussite lingered—strange and solemn music—in the air. and by, in cotemporaneous blessing came the revival of learning, and the invention of printing. The common mind, waking from its long, deep slumber, felt itself hungry after knowledge, and more than three thousand works were given to appease its appetite in the course of seventy years. The sixteenth century dawned upon nations in uneasiness and apprehension. Kings, warriors, statesmen, scholars, people, all seemed to move in a cloud of fear, or under a sense of mystery,

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as if haunted by a presentiment of change. Everything was hushed into a very agony of pause, as nature holds her breath before the crash of the thunder. Men grew strangely bold and outspoken. Reuchlin vindicated the claims of science against the barbarous teaching of the times. Ulrich von Hütten, who could fight for truth if he had not felt its power, flung down the gage of battle with all the knightly pride of chivalry. Erasmus, the clear-headed and brilliant coward, lampooned monks and doctors, until cardinals, and even the pope himself, joined in the common laughter of the world. All was ready, — the forerunners had fulfilled their mission, and the Reformation came.

In 1517, Tetzel, the indulgence-pedler, very unwittingly forced Luther into the van of the battle, and the ninetyfive propositions were posted on the cathedral at Wittemberg. In 1518, Bernardin Samson, another craftsman in the sorry trade, performed in Switzerland the same kind office for Ulrich Zwingli; and in 1521, while Luther was marching to the Diet of Worms, Lefevre, in a green old age, and Farel, in a generous youth, proclaimed the new evangel in the streets and temples. of one of the cities of France. The city of Meaux was the first to receive the new doctrine, and Briconnet, its bishop, a sincere protester against error - though not made of the stern stuff which goes to the composition of heroes—published and circulated widely an edition of the four gospels in the French language. So rapid was the spread of the truth, so notable the amendment in morals throughout the provinces which were pervaded by it, so loud were the complaints among the monks and priests, of lessened credit and diminished income, that the dignitaries both of Church and State became alarmed and anxious; and as the readiest way of putting the testimony to silence, they began to proscribe and imprison the witnesses.

The doctors of the Sorbonne had already declared Luther's doctrine to be blasphemous and insolent, "such as should be answered less by argument than by fire and sword." The parliament, though no friend to monkish rule, could not understand why, when people were satisfied with one form of government, they should want two forms of religion. The court, remembering that the pope had an army at his back which would have astonished St Peter not a little, even in his most martial moments, and wishful to secure the aid of that army in the wars of Italy, favoured the spirit of persecution. Louisa of Savoy, queen-regent in the absence of her son, who was then a prisoner at Madrid, asked the Sorbonne, in 1523, "by what means could the damnable doctrines of Luther be soonest extirpated from the most Christian kingdom;" and the clergy, not to be outdone in zeal, held councils, at which cardinals and archbishops presided, in which they accused the reformer of "execrable conspiracy," exhorted the king "to crush the viper's doctrines," and proposed to visit yielding heretics with penance and prison, and to hand over obstinate ones to the tender mercies of the public executioner.

This combination of purpose soon resulted in acts of atrocity and blood. The names of Leclerc, Pavanes, and the illustrious Louis de Berquin, deserve to be

handed down to posterity as the proto-martyrs of the Reformation in France. In 1535 there was a solemn procession through the streets of Paris. Never had such a pomp of relics been paraded before the awestruck faithful. The veritable head of St Louis, a bit of the true cross, one of the nails thereof, the real, crown of thorns, and the actual spear-head which had pierced the body of the Saviour—all were exhibited to an innumerable crowd of people, who swarmed upon the house-tops, and sat perched upon every available balcony or abutment of stone. The shrine of St Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, was carried very appropriately by the corporation of butchers, who had prepared themselves for the occasion by a fast of several days' duration. Cardinals and archbishops abounded, until the street was radiant with copes, and robes, and mitres, like a field of the cloth of gold. the midst of the procession came the king, bareheaded, as became a dutiful son of the Church, and carrying a lighted taper, for the blessed sun was not sufficient, or its light was too pure and kind. High mass was celebrated, and then came the choicest spectacle of the Six Lutherans were burned. With their raree-show. tongues cut out, lest their utterances of dying heroism should palsy the arm of the hangman, or affect the convictions of the crowd, a moveable gallows was erected, which alternately rose and fell-now plunging them into the fire, and now withdrawing them for a

brief space from the flame, until, by the slow torture, they were entirely consumed. Such was the villanous punishment of the estrapade—a refinement of cruelty which Heliogabalus might have envied, and which even the Spanish Inquisition had failed to invent for its Jewish and Saracen martyrdoms. The executions were purposely delayed until Francis was returning to the Louvre. He gazed upon his dying subjects, butchered for no crime, and the eyes of ecclesiastical and courtly tigers in his train, glared with savage gladness at the sight of Lutheran agony.

Shortly after came the yet more horrible butcheries of Mérindol and Cabrières, by which the Vaudois of Provence, a whole race of the most estimable and industrious inhabitants of France, were exterminated because of their religion. Men, women, and children were slain in indiscriminate massacre, some in the frenzy of passion, others, more inexcusably, after a show of trial, and therefore in cold blood. Their cities were razed to the ground, their country turned into a desert, and the murderers went to their work of carnage with the priests' baptism on their swords, and were rewarded for its completion by the prayers and blessings of the clergy.

The usual results of persecution followed. In the fine old classical fable, the dragon's teeth were sown in the field, and the startling harvest was a host of armed men. It is a natural tendency of persecution to outwit

itself. A voice is hushed for the while, but eloquent though it may have been in its life, there issues from the sepulchre of the slain witness more audible and influencing oratory. A community is broken up, and companies of worshippers are scattered in many lands of exile; but though there be dispersion of families, unlike the banishment of Babel, there is no confusion of tongues; each in his far-off wandering becomes a centre of truth and blessing, until "their sound has gone forth through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

There is something in the inner consciousness of a religious man which assures him that it must be so. You may practise on a corpse without let or hindrance. Wrap it in grave clothes, it will not complain; perpetrate indignities upon it, it will be sealed in silence; let it down into the cold earth, no rebuke will protest against its burial. But life is a more intractable thing. With a touch of the old Puritan humour, it abides not the imposition of hands; it will move at liberty and speak with freedom. Cast among barbarous peoples, where men babble in strange speech around him, the man who has divine life in his soul will somehow make it felt; the joy of his bounding spirit will speak and sparkle through the eye, if it cannot vibrate on the tongue; the new song will thrill from the lips, though there be only the echoes to answer it; how much more when there is the neighbourhood of sensitive and impressible men!

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Hence, you will not wonder that it happened to the Reformed as it happened to the Israelites of old, "The more they were vexed, the more they multiplied and grew." The progress of the Reformation during the closing years of the reign of Francis I. and during that of his son and successor, Henry II., was rapid and continual. Several large provinces declared for the new doctrines; and "some of the most considerable cities in the kingdom, -Bourges, Orleans, Rouen, Lyons, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Montpellier, and 'the brave' Rochelle,—were peopled with the Reformed." It was calculated that, in a few years, they amounted to nearly one-sixth of the entire population, and almost all classes ranged beneath the Reformation banner. The provincial nobles were nearly all secretly inclined to it. chants who travelled into other countries witnessed the development, under its influence, of industrial progress, and the display of the commercial virtues, and brought home impressions in its favour. The people of the tiers-état, who had received a literary education, perceived its intellectual superiority, and on that account were prejudiced to give it welcome. cially," says Florimond de Reimond, a Roman Catholic writer, with a simplicity that is amusing, but with an ingenuousness that does him credit,-" Especially painters, watchmakers, goldsmiths, image-makers, booksellers, printers, and others, who in their crafts have any nobleness of mind, were most easily surprised."

There were, indeed, scarcely any classes which collectively adhered to Rome, except the higher ecclesiastics the nobles of the court, and the fanatic and licentious mob of the good city of Paris. This was the purest and most flourishing era of the Reformation in France. They of the Religion, as they were afterwards called, meddled not with the diplomacy of cabinets, with the intrigues of faction, nor with the feuds of the rival houses of the realm. "Being reviled, they reviled not again; being persecuted, they threatened not, but committed themselves to Him who judgeth righteously," and the record of their constancy and triumph is on high.

THE Reformation in France may be considered as having been fully established at the time of the first Synod. This was held at Paris in 1559. From this assembly, to which eleven churches sent deputies, were issued the "Confession of Faith" and the "Articles of Discipline," which, with little alteration, were handed down as the doctrinal and ecclesiastical standards of the Protestants of France.

The reign of Henry II. was mainly distinguishable for the Edict of Chateaubriand, which made heresy a civil as well as an ecclesiastical offence, and for the massacre of the Rue St Jacques, and the arrest and sentence of the celebrated Anne Dubourg. The martyrdom of this distinguished and pious councillor, which the king's death by the lance of Montgomery did not suspend, inspired many with the persuasion that the faith professed by such a man could not be a bad one, "melted the students of the colleges into tears," and more damage accrued to Rome from that solitary martyr-pile than from the labours of a hundred ministers, with all their sermons.

Meanwhile the affairs of the kingdom were daily involved in newer and more embarrassing complications. The new king, Francis II., the husband of the unhappy Mary Stuart, was imbecile in mind, and had a sickly constitution of body. The factions of the realm, which had been partially organised in the preceding reign, practised upon his youth and feebleness, that he might aid them in their struggles for power. There were at this time three notable factions in the field, and it may be well for a moment to suspend our interest in the narrative, that the dramatis personæ may appear upon the scene.

The leaders of the various parties were all remark-The real heads of the Catholic party were the two celebrated brothers of the house of Guise Claude de Lorraine, the ancestor of the family, came to seek his fortune in France "with a staff in his hand. and one servant behind him;" but his immediate descendants were all in high places, and wielded, some of them, a more than regal power. Francis, Duke of Guise, the eldest son, was a skilful and high-spirited soldier, whose trusty blade had carved its way to renown in many a well-fought field. He possessed a sort of barbaric generosity, but was irascible, unscrupulous, and cruel. He pretended to no learning save in martial tactics, and held his religion as a sort of profitless entail, which, with his name, he had inherited from his "Look," said he to his brother, after the massacre at Vassy, "at the titles of these Huguenot books." "No great harm in that," replied the clerkly cardinal; "that is the Bible." "The Bible!" rejoined the Duke, in extreme surprise; "how can that be? This book was only printed last year, and you say the Bible is fifteen hundred years old." Knowing little, and caring less, about religious controversies, a man of ceaseless energy and ready sword, he was the strong hand which the crafty head of the cardinal wielded at his will.

His brother, Charles of Lorraine, Cardinal and Archbishop of Rheims, of courtly address and pleasing elocution, sagacious in foresight, and skilful in intrigue, was the soul of all the projects which, ostensibly for the honour of the Holy Church, were really for the advancement of the fortunes of the House of Lorraine. He was a man of no personal valour, but influential enough to make a jest of his own cowardice. The pope of that time—for, in spite of presumed infallibility, popes and cardinals do not always see eye to eye—was uneasy at his ambition, and was accustomed to call him "the pope on the other side the mountains;" and, in fact, it was the dream of his restless life to see the crown of France upon his brother's brow, and the tiara of the supreme pontificate encircling his own.

The chiefs of the Politiques, as they were called, the middle party in the state, who counselled mutual concession and forbearance, were the Chancellor l'Hôpital and the Constable de Montmorency. The chancellor was one of those statesmen of whom France has reason to be proud. A man of stern integrity, and of high principle, he worked his way through various offices of trust into one of the highest positions in the Parliament of Paris. As superintendent of the royal finances, by his good management of affairs, and by his inflexible resistance to the rapacity of court favourites, he husbanded the national resources, and replenished the exhausted treasury. Wise in counsel, tolerant in spirit, and with views broader than his age, he was the unfailing advocate of religious freedom. For his efforts in this behalf, he was ultimately deprived of his seals, and ran in danger of being included in the massacre of St Bartholomew. So great was his peril, that the Queenmother sent a troop of horse with express orders to save him. When they told him that those who made out the list of proscription had forgiven him, "I was not aware," was his sublime reply, "that I had done anything to merit either death or pardon."

The Constable de Montmorency was a rough-hewn valiant knight, rude in speech and blunt in bearing, of an obstinate disposition and of a small soul. He had two articles in his creed,—the first, that he was the first Christian baron—and the second, that the kings whom he served were Catholics. From these he deduced the very substantial corollary that it was his duty to shew no quarter to heresy wherever it was found. Hence it

is almost wonderful that he should have allied himself with the Moderates in counsel, but the Chatillons, the chief Huguenot family, were his nephews, and he had a sort of old-fashioned loyalty towards the princes of the blood. The Abbé Brantôme has transmitted to us the particulars of his extraordinary piety; he fasted regularly every Friday, and failed not to repeat his paternosters every morning and every night. It is said, however, that he occasionally interjected some matters which were not in the Rubric. "Go and hang such a man for me; tie that other to a tree; make that one run the gauntlet; set fire to everything all round for a quarter of a league"—and then, with exemplary precision, would begin again just where he had left off, and finish his aves and credos as if nothing had happened.

The individual whom circumstances rather than merit had thrown into the position of one of the leaders of the Huguenot party, was Antoine de Bourbon, the husband of the heroic Jeanne D'Albert, and, through her, titular King of Navarre. Indolent and vacillating—a mere waif flung upon the wave—a Calvinist preachment or a Romish auto-da-fè were equally in his line, and might both rejoice in the honour of his patronising presence. Destitute both of energy and principle, his character shaped itself to the shifting occurrences of each successive day, or to the wayward moods of each successive companion. The purpose of his life, if that may be so called which attained no definiteness, and

resulted in no action, was to exchange his nominal sovereignty for a real one, over any country, and upon any terms. He was one of those whom the words of the poet accurately describe:—

"So fair in show, but, ah! in act
So over-run with vermin troubles,
The coarse, sharp-corner'd ugly Fact
Of Life collapses all his bubbles;
Like a clear fountain, his desire
Exults and leaps toward the light;
In every drop it says 'Aspire,'
Striving for more ideal height;
And as the fountain, falling thence,
Crawls baffled through the common gutter,
So, from his bravery's eminence,
He shrinks into the present tense
Unking'd by sensual bread and butter."

To say that he abjured his faith were to do him too The pope's legate, the cardinals, the much honour. princes of Lorraine, and the Spanish ambassador angled for him as for an enormous gudgeon, and they baited the hook with crowns. Tunis in Africa was suggested as a somewhat desirable sovereignty. Sardinia, which was represented fertile as Arcadia, and wealthy as Aladdin's cave, might be had on easy terms. Nay, Scotland dangled from the glittering line, and the poor befooled hungerer after royalty put up his conscience to perpetual auction, and, like others of such unworthy traffickers, "did not increase his wealth by its price." The Reformation owes nothing to Antoine of Bourbon. By him the selfish and the worldly were introduced into its claims, and, shorn of its spiritual strength, it dwindled in after-reigns into a politico-religious partisanship, linking its high destinies with the personal ambitions of the rufflers of the camp and court, a menial at the levée of ministers, a sycophant in the audience-rooms of kings. Shame on thee, Antoine of Navarre! renegade and companion of persecutors! the *likeness* of a kingly crown is decoration enough for a puppet-head like thine. Pass quickly out of sight! for we are longing to look upon a MAN.

Behold him! Of ordinary stature, his limbs well proportioned, his countenance calm and tranquil, and with a lambent glory resting on it, as if he had come recently from some Pisgah of divine communion-his voice agreeable and kindly, though, like Moses, slow of speech-his complexion good, betokening purity amid courtly licentiousness, and temperance in an age of excesses—his bearing dignified and graceful—a skilful captain, an illustrious statesman, magnanimous in good / fortune, unruffled in disaster—a patriot whom no ingratitude could alienate—a believer whose humble piety probed its own failings to the quick, but flung the mantle of its charity over the errors of others-Behold a MAN! That is Gaspard de Coligny, Admiral of France, the military hero of the Reformation, whose only faults seem to have been excessive virtues-who was irresolute in battle, because too loyal to his kingwho was lacking in sagacity, because, his own heart all

transparent, he could scarcely realise the perfidy of others—Gaspard de Coligny, who lived a saint—Gaspard de Coligny, who died a martyr—one of the best, if not the greatest of Frenchmen. France engraves upon her muster-roll of worthies no braver or more stainless name.

Whilst the rival leaders were contending for power, another influence, which all by turns feared and courted, was that of the queen-mother, the many-sided Catharine It is humiliating to our common nature de Medicis. to dwell upon the portraiture which, if history says sooth, must be drawn of this remarkable woman. Her character is a study. Remorseless without cruelty, and sensual without passion—a diplomatist without principle, and a dreamer without faith—a wife without affection, and a mother without feeling-we look in vain for her parallel. She stands "grand and gloomy, in the solitude of her own originality." See her in her oratory! devouter Catholic never told his beads. her in the cabinet of Ruggieri the astrologer! never glared fiercer eye into Elfland's glamour and mysterynever were philter and potion (alas! not all for healing) mixed with firmer hand. See her in the councilroom! royal caprice yielded to her commanding will; soldiers faltered beneath her falcon glance who never cowered from sheen of spears, nor blenched at flashing steel; and hoary-headed statesmen who had made politics their study, confessed that she outmatched

them in her cool and crafty wisdom. See her in disaster! more philosophical resignation never mastered suffering; braver heroism never bared its breast to Strange contradictions are presented by her, which the uninitiated cannot possibly unravel. Power was her early and her life-long idol, but when within her grasp she let it pass away, enamoured rather of the intrigue than of the possession; a mighty huntress, who flung the game in largess to her followers, finding her own royal satisfactions in the excitement of the chase. Of scanty sensibilities, and without natural affection. there were times when she laboured to make young lives happy—episodes in her romantic life, during which the woman's nature leaped into the day. constantly for the advancement of her sons, she shed no tear at their departure, and sat intriguing in her cabinet, while an old blind bishop and two aged domestics were the only mourners who followed her son Francis to the tomb. Sceptical enough to disbelieve in immortality, she was prudent enough to provide, as she imagined, for any contingency; hence she had her penances to purchase heaven, and her magic to propitiate hell. Queenly in her bearing, she graced the masque or revel, smiling in cosmetics and perfumesbut Vicenza daggers glittered in her boudoir, and she culled for those who crossed her schemes flowers of most exquisite fragrance, but their odour was death. Such was Catharine de Medicis, the sceptred sorceress

of Italia's land, for whom there beats no pulse of tenderness, around whose name no clinging memories throng, on whom we gaze with a sort of constrained and awful admiration, as upon an embodiment of power,—but power cold, crafty, passionless, cruel—the power of the serpent, which cannot fail to leave impressions on the mind, but impressions of basilisk eye, and iron fang, and deadly gripe, and poisonous trail.

The first false step of the Protestants was the enterprise known as the conspiracy of Amboise. perated by petty persecutions, and goaded by the remembrance of their wrongs, they plotted to expel the Guises from the land, and to restore the real government to the king. Terrible was the vengeance which succeeded. Twelve hundred conspirators were put to death without investigation or trial, until the Loire was choked with the corpses of those who had been flung into its waters to drown. The immediate results of this ill-concerted scheme were to establish the Duke of Guise as lieutenant-general of the kingdom, with a powerful army at his bidding, and to enable the cardinal to fulminate an edict against heresy, by which it might be judged and doomed at an Episcopal tribunal. This roused the Huguenots to passion, and in some parts of the provinces to arms.

Then followed the Fontainebleau assembly, at which, in presence of the king and nobles, Coligny presented the petition of the Reformed, asking for the free perform-

ance of Protestant worship. "Your petition bears no signature," said Francis. "True, sire," was the admiral's reply; "but if you will allow us to meet for the purpose, I will undertake, in one day, to obtain fifty thousand signatures in Normandy alone." Such an assertion, from such lips, was no unholy gasconade, but indicated a threatening and deep reality of danger. As the result of the debates which followed, as no one seemed able to grasp the great idea of liberty of conscience, it was agreed that a national council should be summoned to determine upon the religious faith of France. princes of Lorraine had prepared for this convocation arguments that were somewhat peculiar. One was the assassination of the princes of Bourbon; the other was the banishment of every one who refused to sign a creed of the cardinal's devising-"a creed," says Jean de Serres, "that no man of the religion would have either approved or signed for a thousand lives." The first of these projects failed from some touch of humanness or cowardice which arrested the kingly dagger; the second failed because a pale horse, in the meanwhile, stood before the palace gate, and the rider passed the warders without challenge, and summoned the young king to give account at a higher tribunal. The death of Francis was, in fact, a revolution. For awhile the court became Calvinist, feasting in Mid-Lent upon all the delicacies of the season, making sport of images and indulgences, of the worship of the saints, and of the

authority of the pope. Another intrigue, however, restored the Guises to power, and their return was marked by the edict of 1561, which shewed at once the animosity and the caution of the princes of Lorraine. The private worship of the Huguenots was sanctioned, but their public celebrations were forbidden, and they were promised a national council to adjust all differences of religion. This council met in the convent of Poissy, on the 9th of the following September. The boy-king, Charles IX., sat upon the throne. cardinals, with him of Lorraine at their head, and doctors, whose name was Legion, appeared as the Catholic champions. Twelve ministers and twentytwo deputies from the Calvinistic churches were, by and by, admitted, rather as culprits than as disputants. The Genevese prized the safety of Calvin so highly, that they required securities for his protection, in the absence of which, the more courtly and eloquent Beza appeared in his stead. The discussion, like all others, failed utterly of the purpose which it was intended to effect. A dispute arose about the laws of the combat. and about the very issue that was put upon its trial. What were to be the questions of debate? "The whole round of the doctrines," said the Huguenots. authority of the Church, and the Real Presence in the sacrament," said the creatures of the cardinal. was to be the test? "Holy Scripture as interpreted by tradition, and by the Fathers and Councils," said the followers of the Papacy. "Holy Scripture alone," was

the sturdy reply of the Reformed. Who are to adjudge the victory? "The civil government," said Beza and his friends. "The Church authorities," was the Romanist rejoinder. Why dispute at all when all the conditions of controversy seem so hopelessly involved? Both parties agree in the answer—"Not to overcome our antagonists, but to encourage our friends." We shall not wonder, after this, that the colloquy at Poissy came to a speedy and resultless conclusion. Huguenots were at this time estimated by the chancellor to amount to one-fourth of the population, and though such calculations are of necessity uncertain, it is evident that they were no obscure sectaries, but a compact and powerful body, who could demand privilege in worship and redress from wrong.* Guises, however, were incessant in their hostility; and after the secession of the frivolous Antoine of Navarre. who, with the proverbial animosity of the renegade, was rancorous in his hatred of his former friends, they sought aid for the extirpation of heresy from the forces of Spain. As the Duke of Guise was marching to Paris in support of this enterprise, he heard the bells of the little town of Vassy, in the province of Champagne, summoning the faithful to their prayers. With an oath, he exclaimed, "They shall soon Huguenotize in a very different manner," and he ordered them to Unarmed as they were, they could only be attacked.

^{*} An edict was passed in January 1562, which permitted them to meet for worship without the walls of any city of France.

defend themselves with stones. It is said that one of these stones struck the Duke upon the face, and that, in his anger, he let loose upon them all the fury of his armed retainers. Sixty were left dead upon the spot, and two hundred more were severely, some mortally, wounded. The news of this onslaught was carried speedily to Paris, and the Duke on his entry had a triumphal ovation from the populace, whom the priests had taught to regard him as the Judas Maccabæus of · his country—the heaven-sent and heaven-strengthened defender of their endangered faith. Encouraged by his success, he seized upon the persons of the queenmother and her son, and kept them in strict, but in gentle captivity. Then the whole land was roused. The butchery of those unarmed worshippers was the red rain which made the battle-harvest grow. Fearfully was the slaughter of those slain witnesses avenged; for from the massacre at Vassy, and from the seizure of the king, may be dated the commencement of the sad wars of religion; and of all wars there are none so fierce and so terrible as those of intestine strife, when fanaticism sounds the clarion, and nerves the frantic hand.

"When rival nations, great in arms,
Great in power, in glory great,
Rush in ranks at war's alarms,
And feel a temporary hate;
The hostile storms but rage awhile,
And the tired contest ends;
But oh! how hard to reconcile
The foes that once were friends."

It is not our province to dwell largely upon the sad period which followed, nor to enter here into the vexed question as to how far the use of the sword is, under any circumstances, defensible for the maintenance of religion. War is a terrible scourge, one of the direst and most appalling of the effects of sin. There is no more Christianity in the consecration of banners than there is in the baptism of bells—they who battle for the glory of renown, or for the lust of dominion—sin. The conqueror, who fights for conquest merely, is but a butcher on a grander scale: but when it becomes a question of life and liberty, of hearthstone and altar, of babes and home, it is a somewhat different matter; and one can hardly fancy a sublimer sight than "the eternal cross, red with the martyr's blood, and radiant with the pilgrim's hope, high in the van of men determined to be free;" though even in the sternest necessity that can compel to arms, so deceitful is the human heart, so easily can it mistake pride for patriotism, and baptize the greed of glory with the inspirations of religion, that we must ever feel that the camp should not

be the chosen school for godliness, and that they have deepest need to claim a Saviour's intercession who have to meet their Maker with sword-hilt stained with slaughter, and with the hands uplifted in the dying litany, all crimsoned with a brother's blood. The sentiments of Agrippa d'Aubigné, an historian of the sixteenth century, (whose name has again become illustrious in the field of historic literature in the person of Dr Merle d'Aubigné, his lineal descendant,) are worthy of being mentioned here. "It is ever worthy of note, that whenever the Reformed were put to death under the form of justice, however unjust and cruel the proceedings, they presented their necks, and never made use of their hands. But when public authority and the magistrates, tired of kindling the piles, had flung the knife into the hands of the mob, and by the tumults and wholesale massacres of France had deprived justice of her venerable countenance, and neighbour murdered neighbour by sound of trumpet and by beat of drum, who could forbid these unhappy men opposing force to force, and sword to sword, and catching the contagion of a just resentment from a resentment destitute of all justice? Let foreign nations decide which party has the guilt of civil war branded on their forehead."

Both parties asked for aid from other nations in the struggle. Spearmen from Spain, and soldiers from Italy, obeyed the summons of the pontiff to the new crusade; Germans and English enrolled for the assist-

ance of the Huguenots; and the Swiss, with mercenary impartiality, stood ready for the cause which had the longest purse and readiest pay. Both sides put forth manifestoes, both professed to be moved with zeal for the glory of God, and both swore fealty to their lawful sovereign. At the commencement of hostilities the Huguenots gained some advantages, but they wasted their time in useless negotiation while their adversaries acted with vigour. They laboured, indeed, under the misfortune of being led by the Prince of Condé, who, though a brave soldier, was of the blood-royal of France, and might one day, if he did not commit himself too far, be Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. It is a grievous thing, in a struggle for principle, to be cursed with a half-hearted commander. Fancy the sturdy Puritans of our own country, led to battle by some gay Duke of Monmouth, instead of "trusting in God, and keeping their powder dry," at the bidding of Ireton and Cromwell!

The death of Antoine of Navarre, who was mortally wounded at the siege of Rouen, the fall of Marshal St André on the field of Dreux, and the assassination of the Duke of Guise, which to the soured temper of the homicide seemed but a legitimate act of reprisal, were the occasions of that suspension of hostilities which resulted in the hollow treaty of Amboise. It satisfied neither party, and was at best only an armed truce, during which frightful enormities were committed on

both sides. War speedily broke out again, and the Catholics triumphed on the plains of St Denis, though the Constable de Montmorency, the last of the triumvirs, died of a wound which he had received upon the field. Again, during the progress of the conflict, did the Huguenots appear to prevail; and again did the matchless cunning of the queen-mother triumph over the unstable leader, and he signed the peace of Longjumeau, "which," says Mezeray, "left his party at the mercy of their enemies, with no other security than the word of an Italian woman." The treaty never existed, save on paper; the foreign mercenaries were still retained in the kingdom; the pulpits resounded with the doctrine that no faith should be kept with heretics; the streets of the cities were strewed with the corpses of the Huguenots, ten thousand of whom, in three months of treaty, were barbarously slain. officer of the Prince de Condé, while carrying the terms of peace, was arrested and beheaded, in defiance of the king's safe-conduct; and the prince and the admiral, fleeing from an enemy whom no ties could restrain, nor oaths could bind, flung themselves into the city of Thither came the heroic Queen of Navarre with an army of four thousand men; thither flocked also the most renowned captains of the party; so that, at the commencement of the third war of religion, the Huguenots had at command a more considerable force than ever, and Coligny repeated the aphorism of The-

mistocles-" My friends, we should have perished, if we had not been ruined." On the bloody fields of Jarnac and Montcontour, where the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III., won his first spurs of fame, their ruin seemed to be complete; for their army was wellnigh exterminated, and of their leaders, the Prince of Condé and D'Andelot, the brother of Coligny, were slain; and the admiral himself was carried, weary and wounded, from the field. But nothing could daunt the spirit of this brave soldier, and while the victors were quaffing their nectar of triumph, and carousing in the flush of victory, he appeared before the gates of Paris at the head of a still stronger and better disciplined army. Again peace was concluded, and the Reformed in appearance obtained more favourable terms. The leaders came to Paris, and were received with fair show of amity by the king and court; but it was only a brief interval of repose, soon to be succeeded by dismay and confusion, for even then the dark Italian and the fanatic Spaniard were brooding over the fierce tragedy to follow.

For the honour of humanity, let us pass rapidly over the massacre of St Bartholomew—that premeditated and most infamous atrocity. On the 24th August 1572, at the noon of night, fit time for deeds of blood, the queen-mother and her two guilty sons were shivering in all the timidness of cruelty in the royal chamber. They maintained a sullen silence, for conscience had made cowards of them all. As they looked out uneasily into the oppressed and solitary night, a pistol shot was Remorse seized upon the irresolute monarch, and he issued orders to arrest the tragedy. too late, for the royal tigress at his side, anticipating that his purpose might waver, had already commanded the signal, and even as they spoke the bell of St Germain aux Auxerrois tolled, heavy and dooming, through Forth issued the courtly butchers to the darkness. their work of blood. At the onset the brave old admiral was massacred, the Huguenots in the Louvre were despatched by halberdiers, with the court ladies looking on. Armed men, shouting "For God and the king," traversed the streets, and forced the dwellings of the heretics. Sixty thousand assassins, wielding all the weapons of the brigand and the soldier, ran about on all sides, murdering, without distinction of sex or age, or suffering, all of the ill-fated creed; the air was laden with a tumult of sounds, in which the roar of arquebus and the crash of hatchet mingled with blaspheming taunt and dying groan.

> "For hideously, mid rape and sack, The murderer's laughter answered back His prey's convulsive laughter."

The populace, already inflamed by the sight of blood, followed in the track of slaughter, mutilating the corpses, and dragging them through the kennels in derision. The leaders, the Dukes of Guise, Nevers

and Montpensier, riding fiercely from street to street, like the demons of the storm, roused the passion into frenzy by their cries—"Kill, kill! Blood-letting is good By the king's command. Death to the Huguenot! Kill!" On sped the murder, until city and palace were gorged. Men forgot their manhood, and women their tenderness. In worse than Circæan transformation, the human was turned into the brutal. and there prowled about the streets a race of ghouls and vampires, consumed with an appetite for blood. The roads were almost impassable from the corpses of men. women, and children-a new and appalling barricade; "The earth was covered thick with other clay, which her own clay did cover." Paris became one vast Red Sea, whose blood-waves had no refluent tide. The sun of that blessed Sabbath shone with its clear kind light upon thousands of dishonoured and desolate homes; and the air, which should have been hushed from sound until the psalm of devotion woke it, carried upon its startled billows the yells of fierce blasphemers, flushed and drunk with murder, and the shrieks of parting spirits, like a host of unburied witnesses, crying from beneath the altar unto God, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

The massacre was renewed in the provinces; for seven long days Paris was a scene of pillage; fifteen thousand in the capital, and one hundred thousand throughout the whole of France, are supposed to have perished, many by the edge of the sword, and many more by the protracted perils of flight and of famine.

Consider all the circumstances of St Bartholomew's massacre;—the confederacy which plotted it in secret; the complicity of the king and court;—the snares laid for the feet of the Huguenots; the solemn oaths of safety under whose attestation they were allured to Paris; the kisses by which, like the Redeemer whom they honoured, they were betrayed to ruin; "the funeral meats which coldly furnished forth the marriage tables;" the dagger of wholesale murder, whetted upon the broken tables of the Decalogue, and put by priests and nobles into the hands of a maddened crowd; the long continuance of the carnage—the original as it was of the Reign of Terror; and, lastly, the uplifting of red hands in thanksgiving, the ringing of joy-bells at Madrid and Rome, and the baptism of all this horrible butchery by the insulted name of religion; --- and we cannot avoid the conclusion that nothing in the annals of human history involves such flagrant violations both of earthly and heavenly law—that there is a combination of atrocious elements about it for which we look elsewhere in vain, and that it stands in unapproachable turpitude, the crime without a shadow and without a parallel.

We dwell upon the wars of religion and the tragedy of St Bartholomew, not to keep alive olden animosities, but to induce our thankfulness that we live in kindlier

times; to inspire a more reverent appreciation of the priceless heritage of religious freedom; and not least, to impress upon our hearts the truth that banded armies and battle's stern array are no meet missionaries of "the truth as it is in Jesus." Oh, never, we may boldly say it, never did the cruelties of war, nor the tortures of tyranny, advance one iota the cause of our holy religion. The Crusader's lance reclaimed no Saracen from his error. The scimitar of the Moslem might establish a military domination, but the fear of it wrought no spiritual change. Covenanters still gathered in the dark ravine, and raised the perilous psalm, though the sleuthhound tracked them through the wild wood, and some whom the soldiers of Claverhouse had slaughtered were missing from each successive assembly. With the torture and the stake in prospect, the coward lip might falter, and the recreant hand might sign the recantation, but the heart would be Protestant still. Christianity is a spiritual kingdom, and no carnal weapons glitter in her armoury. To her zealous but mistaken friends who would do battle for her, she addresses the rebuke of her Master, "Put up thy sword into its sheath again, for they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." A beautiful and healing presence! she comes to soothe, not to irritate—to unite, not to estrange; and, spurning adventitious aids, and disdaining to use common methods of aggrandisement, she relies for triumph upon her own kingly truth, and upon that Divine

Spirit who has promised to give it power. Oh, believe me, Christianity forges no fetters for conscience; she rejoices not, but shudders at the stream of blood! While, on the one hand, it were insult to the sincerity of faith to proffer boon in requital for devotion; on the other, it were foul felony of the crown-rights of man to rob even a beggar of a single motive for his worship, and that were an unworthy espousal, which would wed the destiny of heaven to the intrigues of earth, and "hang the tatters of a political piety upon the cross of an insulted Saviour."

Alas! that in our fallen nature, there should be such a strange disposition to make persecution coeval Calvin raised no voice in the Genevan with power. Council against the sentence which adjudged Servetus to the stake. The fanatic Roundhead, in his day of power, searching the baronial hall for hidden cope and missal, was, to the full, as brutal and unlovely, and because he had clearer light, more criminal than was the roystering cavalier. The Pilgrim Fathers, men honoured for conscience' sake now as much as they were despised a century ago, were not long established in their Goshen home, when, remindless of their own sharp discipline, they drove out the Quakers into the Egypt of the wilderness beyond. The fact is, that persecution generates persecution, the lash and the fetters debase as well as agonise the races of the captive and the slave. Hence, wars have been waged,

cities sacked, property pillaged, lives massacred, all in the judgment of the perpetrators of the crimes "for the glory of God." Hence, history presents us with so many lustrations of blood offered at the shrine of some pagan Nemesis in the sacred name of liberty. Hence, also, there is yet among the marvellous inconsistencies of the world, a nation with the cry of freedom ever on its lips, defiant of all others in its rude and quarrelsome independence, and at its feet, with heart all wildly beating, and eye all dim with tears, there crouches an imploring sufferer, type of thousands like him, whose only crime is colour, who dare not lift himself up openly and in the face of the sun, and say, "I myself also am a MAN."

While, however, we admit this tendency, and watch over its beginnings in ourselves—while we confess that in the sad wars of religion there were Michelades as well as Dragonades, Huguenot reprisals as well as Romanist massacres, we ought not to omit to notice one essential difference which should be ever kept in mind: when Protestants persecute, they persecute of their own "malice aforethought," and in direct opposition to the rescripts of their holy religion—in the other system, persecution is no exotic growth, but springs indigenous and luxuriant from the system itself. Persecution, in the one case, is by Protestants, not of Protestantism; in the other case, it is not so much by Romanists, as of Popery. I rejoice to believe that there are multi-

tudes of high-hearted and kindly Roman Catholics who are men, patriots, aye, and Christians too, in spite of their teachings in error. And I am proud of my country and of my humanity, when, in the breach and in the battle, on the summit of Barossa or in the trenches at Sebastopol, I see nationality triumph over ultramontanism, and the inspiration of patriotism extinguish the narrowness of creed. But if the spirit of persecution be not in the heart of the Catholic, it is in the book of Popery, in the decretal, in the decision of the council, in the fulmination of the Pope. Church of Rome can only save her charity at the expense of her consistency. Let her erase the "Semper eadem" which flaunts upon her banner. There is an antiquated claim of infallibility too put forward on her behalf sometimes, which she had better leave behind her altogether. But she cannot change. When she erases penal statutes from her registers, and coercion and treachery from her creed-when we see her tolerant in the countries where she lords it in ascendancy, as she would fain have us think her in our own, where, thank God, she yet only struggles for the masterywhen she no longer contemplates haughty and insolent aggression-when lady tract-distributors are no longer incarcerated, and when Madiais are free-when papal protection comes not in the form of grape-shot over Tahitian women—when metallic arguments are no longer threatened from French corvettes against King

George of Tonga—when all these marvels come to pass (and when they do, there's hope of the millennium), —then, possibly, we may listen more willingly to the advances of Popery; but until then, it is the duty of us all-while careful to preserve our own charity, wanting neither gags, nor gibbets, nor penalties, nor prisons, discarding all the questionable modes in which the earth has sometimes helped the woman, allowing the fullest liberty to hold and to diffuse opinion, robbing of no civil right, and asking for no penal bond-to take our stand, as did our brave and pious fathers, by the precious altars of our faith, and to cry in the homesteads of our youth, and in the temples of our God, "All kindness to our Romanist fellow-subjects, but a barred door to Popery, and NO PEACE WITH ROME."

Horrible as was the massacre of St Bartholomew, the subsequent celebrations of it were yet more revolting.

Rome and Madrid were intoxicated with joy. Pope—Gregory and his cardinals went to church, amid the jubilee of citizens, and the booming of cannon, to render God thanksgiving for the destruction of the Church's enemies. A medal was struck to commemorate the event to the faithful, and a picture of the massacre embellished the walls of the Vatican. Protestant Europe was struck with astonishment and horror. Germany began to hold the name of Frenchmen in abhorrence. Geneva appointed a day of fasting and

prayer, which continues to this day. Knox, in the Scottish pulpit, denounced vengeance for the deed, with all the boldness of the Hebrew Prophet; and when the French ambassador made his appearance at the court of Queen Elizabeth, she allowed him to pass without a word of recognition through files of courtiers and ladies clad in the deepest mourning.

Shortly after these events, Charles IX. miserably died, consumed with agonies of remorse, and whether from corrosive sublimate, or from some new and strange malady, with blood oozing out of every pore of his Henry III., his brother and successor, was a strange medley of valour and effeminacy, of superstition and licentiousness. His youth of daring was followed by a voluptuous and feeble manhood. He was crafty. cowardly, and cruel. One of the chief actors in St Bartholomew's tragedy, he afterwards caused the asassination of his confrère the Duke of Guise, who was poniarded in the royal presence-chamber. When revolt was ripe in his provinces, and treason imperilled his throne, he would break off a council assembled on gravest matters, that he might sigh over the shipwreck of a cargo of parrots, or deplore in secret the illness of some favourite ape. The leaguers hated him, and preached openly regicide and rebellion. The Huguenots distrusted him, and Henry of Navarre routed his armies on the field of Coutras. Gifted with high talents, and of kingly presence, he shrank into the

shadow of a man—a thing of pomatums and essences the object of his people's hate and scorn. was a continual succession of intrigue and conspiracy between all the parties in the realm; and in 1589, he fell by the knife of Jacques Clement, who was canonised by the Pope for the murder; and the Vicar of Christ, seated in full consistory at Rome, dared the blasphemous avowal, that the devotion of this assassin formed no unworthy comparison with the sacrifice of the blessed Redeemer. In Henry III. terminated the "bloody and deceitful" race of Valois, "who did not live out half their days." Francis I. died unregretted; Henry II. was killed by the lance of Montgomery; Francis II. never came of age; Charles IX. expired in fearful torments; Henry III. was murdered by a Dominican friar; The Duke d'Alençon fell a victim to intemperance; Francis and Henry, successive Dukes of Guise, fell beneath the daggers of assassins. The heads of the persecutors came not to the grave in peace. It is not without an intelligible and solemn purpose, that retribution should thus have dogged the heels of tyranny. Oh, strange and subtle affinity between crime and punishment! Lacratelle, in his "History of the Wars of Religion," has accumulated the proofs that nearly all the actors in the massacre of St Bartholomew suffered early and violent deaths. In the earlier persecutions of the Reformed, the clergy instigated the cutting out of the tongues of the victims, to stifle their

utterances of dying heroism. See the sad example followed by the frantic populace against the clergy, two hundred and fifty years afterwards, in the reign of terror! In the time of the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Loire was choked with common victims; in the time of Carrier of Nantes, it ran with noble blood! Henry, Duke of Guise, kicked the corpse of Coligny on the day of St Bartholomew, with the exclamation, "Thou shalt spit no more venom." Sixteen years passed over, and the monarch of France, spurning the slain body of this very Duke of Guise, exclaimed, "Now at length I am a king." Charles IX., in the frenzy of cowardice, or in the contagion of slaughter, pointed an arquebus at the flying Huguenots; two hundred years after, Mirabeau brought from the dust of ages that same arquebus, and pointed it at the throne of Louis XVI. Beza spoke truly when he said, "The Church is an anvil upon which many a hammer has been broken." "Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth," and though "the heathen have raged, and the kings of the earth taken counsel together against the Lord, and against His anointed," drifted corpses on the Red Sea shore, Babylon's monarch slain in his own palace, scattered vessels of a proud Armada, wise men taken in their own craftiness, the downfall of a fierce oppressor, the crash of a desolated throne, tiny things working deliverance, the perfection of praise ordained from the lips of babes,—all these have proved that "He that sitteth in the heavens doth laugh, the Lord doth have them in derision." The bush in the wilderness has been often set on fire, flames have been kindled on it by countless torches, flaring in incendiary hands; but the torches have gone out in darkness, the incendiaries have perished miserably, and

"The bush itself has mounted higher,
And flourish'd, unconsumed, in fire."

HENRY of Navarre succeeded to the throne, but found himself in the peculiar position of a king who had to conquer his kingdom. The leaguers refused allegiance, and set up as king the old cardinal of Bourbon, under the name of Charles X. The Duke of Mayenne had convened the states-general in Paris, and was ready to be the Catholic champion, and many of the nobles attached to the party of the court, refused to march under a Huguenot leader. The Protestant captains remained faithful and were less exacting. The chief of them, the Duke de Bouillon, de Chatillon, the son of Coligny, Agrippa d'Aubigné, Lanoue, the illustrious Duplessis Mornay, and the still more illustrious Baron de Rosny, afterwards Duke of Sully, rallied round him and inspirited his small army of seven thousand men. At the head of this army, scanty in numbers, but sturdy in valour, and having the new obligation of loyalty added to the old obligation of religion, Henry joined battle with his adversaries and triumphed both at Arques, and on the memorable field of Ivry. A few days before the latter battle, Schomberg, general of the German auxiliaries, demanded the arrears of payment for his soldiers. The finances fell short, and the matter was reported to the king. In the first moment of impatience, he said, "They are no true men who ask for money on the eve of a battle." Repenting of his ill-timed vivacity, he hastened before he went into action to offer reparation. "General," said he, in the presence and hearing of his troops, "I have offended you; this battle will perhaps be the last of my life. know your merit and your valour, I pray you pardon and embrace me." Schomberg replied, "It is true, Sire, that your Majesty wounded me the other day; but to-day you have killed me; for I shall feel proud to die on this occasion in your service." In the hour of danger Henry called to mind the instructions of his pious mother. Raising his eyes to heaven, he invoked God to witness the justice of his cause. "But, Lord," said he, "if it has pleased thee to ordain otherwise, or if thou seest that I shall be one of those kings whom thou givest in thine anger, take from me my life and crown together, and may my blood be the last that shall be shed in this quarrel." Then riding through the ranks cheerful as a lover speeding to his bridal, he thus addressed his soldiers, "You are Frenchmen, I am your King, and yonder is the enemy." Pointing to a white plume which he had fastened in his helmet, "My children," he said, "look well to your ranks. If the standards fall, rally round my white plume, it will shew you the short road to glory." Animated by strains like these, the soldiers fought like heroes, the leaguers were utterly routed, and the French historians say that this single field of Ivry has covered Henry of Navarre with a wreath of immortal fame. It has indeed immortalised him, though in a manner on which they would hardly calculate, for it has throned his memory in the clarion stanzas of Macaulay's undying song:—

"Oh, how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears:
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land,
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand.
And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligny's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King has come to marshal us, all in his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest;
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye,
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high:
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing.
Down all our line a deafening shout, 'God save our Lord the King.'
An' if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray;
Press where ye see my white plume shine amid the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.

A thousand spears are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star, Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre:

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turn'd his rein, D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain. Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale. The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.

But we of the religion have borne us best in fight,
And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white;
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high: unfurl it wide; that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His Church
such woe;

Then on the ground while trumpets sound their loudest point of war, fling the red shred—a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

"Ho! maidens of Vienna; Ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night:
For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath raised the brave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise and valour of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are,
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!"

After this spirit-stirring eulogy, it may seem rather an anti-climax to question whether the cause of the Huguenots has, in the long run, been furthered or damaged by the patronage of Henry of Navarre. Indeed, it was in many respects a grievous misfortune to the interests of Protestantism in France that it was allied for so many years to the fortunes of the house of Bourbon. It was deserted and betrayed by them all.

Anthony of Navarre forsook it in hope of a sovereignty; his brother, Louis of Condé, for the chance of becoming lieutenant-general; the younger Condé, to save his life on St Bartholomew; Henry IV., not content with one apostasy, was recreant twice, first for the preservation of his life, and then for the preservation of his crown; and the three following Bourbons "persecuted this way unto the death." Surely, if they of the Reformed had been docile scholars, apt to learn the lessons of experience and wisdom, they would have profited earlier by the admonition, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help." The abjuration of Protestantism by Henry IV. has found some earnest and zealous defenders. is said, that by adhering to the Reformed Church, he would have prolonged war, dismembered France, been a king without a crown and without a kingdom, abdicated in favour of the Guise, and delivered up the defenceless Huguenots to the blind fury of the Leaguers and their party. On the other hand, by returning to the Romish communion, he would have restored peace, secured toleration, established an empire, and transmitted a dynasty. With what reason, say they, in the prospect of such consequences, could he persist in the maintenance of a creed, to which he had only given, at any time, a traditional and thoughtless adhesion? Such apologists are worse than any accusers. Henry of Navarre, with all his faults, was a truer man

than these defenders make him. He was no hypocrite when he led his gallant troops at Coutras and at Ivry; and to suppose that for long years he conducted one of the deadliest civil wars which France has ever known without one honest enthusiasm or a solitary religious inspiration, is to fasten upon him the brand of a colossal blood-guiltiness for which history would scarcely find a parallel. Some ascribe his apostasy to a humane and politic foresight; others, quite as plausibly, to the absence of commanding principle, the power of seductive influences, and a weakness for sensual pleasure. But whether prompted by godless expediency, or by fatal flexibility to the influences of evil, it was a great sin. It deserves sharp and stern reprobation. Taking the best view of it, it exalted human sagacity above God's great laws of truth and right, which cannot be violated with impunity. Taking the worst view of it, it was an impious blasphemy against all sacred things,-in the strong, but just words of a modern French historian, "a lie from beginning to end." But honesty is the best policy, as well as the noblest practice; and it may be questioned fairly whether the abjuration was not, à la Talleyrand, "worse than a crime—a blunder;" whether the political results of it were not fraught as much with mischief as with blessing. It conciliated the Catholics, but by presenting religion as a profession which might be changed like a garment, it tended to sap the founda-

tions of all piety, and prepared the way for those godless philosophising ideas which cursed the France of the future with a blaspheming and destructive infidelity. It gave the Huguenots a comparative and mistrusted toleration, but it robbed them of their severer virtues. and imperilled their consistency by the contagion of its scandalous example. It secured to himself a reign of seventeen years, but they were years of vice and terror, abruptly terminated by the assassin's dagger. rescued France from the rivalry of a disputed succession, but it entailed upon her two centuries of misrule and despotism. It transmitted the crown to seven of his posterity in succession; but one was a monkish hypochondriac, one has left an infamous and execrated name, three were deposed by their tumultuous subjects. and one perished on the scaffold. Louis XIV. seems to be the only exception to the fatality which, like a weird-spirit of disaster, waited upon the house of Bourbon, and even he—a despot and a debauchee, a prodigal and a persecutor-entailed ruin, if he did not suffer it, upon his name and race, So true are the maxims of the Holy Book-" A lying tongue is but for a moment, but the lip of truth shall be established for ever." "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance, but the memory of the wicked shall rot."

We have said that there was in the character of Henry of Navarre a fatal flexibility to evil influences, and we are inclined to think that if we regard him as

too indolent to rebel against the pressure of present advisers, constant only in fickleness, we shall explain many of the seeming inconsistencies of his conduct and of his reign. He seems to have had mingled with the bravery and intellect which he undoubtedly possessed, a marvellous ductility which yielded to wellnigh every touch of interest or passion. He never seems to have said "No," to any one. "My son," said Jeanne d'Albret, "swear fealty to the cause of the Reformed." The oath was taken. "My brother," said Charles IX., "don't bury yourself in the country, come to court." Henry came. "Don't you think you had better marry Marguerite of Valois?" No objec-"The mass or the massacre," thundered out the assassins on the day of St Bartholomew. "Oh the mass, by all means." "Follow after pleasure," whispered Catharine de Medicis; "kings and princes are absolved from too strict adhesion to the marriage vow." Henry too readily obeyed. "Let us form an alliance," said Henry of Valois, although he had told the States at Blois that they were not to believe him, even if he promised with most sacred oaths that he would spare the heretics. "With all my heart," was the reply of Navarre. "Become Catholic," shouted the nobles of the court, "and we will swear allegiance." "Wait a bit," was the answer of the king. "Abjure," was the soft whisper of the all-powerful Gabrielle d'Estrées; "the pope can annul your marriage, and

then ours shall be love and gladness." Henry abjured. "Sire, we look to you for protection," respectfully said the Reformed. "Oh, of course; only if I should seem to favour the Catholics, remember the fatted calf was killed for the prodigal, and you are the elder son." "Sire, don't you think it rather hard upon the Jesuits that they should be banished from France? May they not come back again?" Oh, certainly, if they wish it;" and they came—and among them Ravaillac the Throughout the whole of his life there is assassin. scarcely a recorded instance of his maintenance of an individual opinion, or of his assertion of a commanding will. Oh, these men who cannot say "No;" what mischief they have wrought in this world! Their history would be a sad one if we could only trace it. Advantages thrown away, opportunities of golden promise slipping by unheeded, fortune squandered, friends neglected; one man drawn into difficult controversy, another involved in ruinous speculation, a third wallowing in the mire of intemperance, a fourth dragged into the foul hell of a gaming-house. drunkenness, felony, beggary, ruin both to body and soul, all because men could not say "No." A lively essayist of modern times has humorously depicted some of the evils which rise out of this inability to utter negatives:---

"Is he a rational being who has not an opinion of his own?—No! Is he in possession of his five senses who sees with the eyes, who hears with the ears of of other men?—No! Does he act upon principle who sacrifices truth, honour, and independence on the shrine of servility?—Again and again we reply, No! no! no!

"There's Sir Philip Plausible, the Parliament man. He can make a speech of nine hours, and a calculation of nine pages. Nobody is a better hand at getting up a majority, or palavering a refractory oppositionist. He proffers an argument and a bribe with equal dexterity, and converts by place and pension when he is unable to convince by alliteration and antithesis. What a pity it is he can't say 'No.' 'Sir Philip,' says an envoy, 'you'll remember my little business at the Foreign Office?' 'Depend upon my friendship,' says the minister.' 'Sir Philip,' says a fat citizen, with two votes and two dozen children, 'you'll remember Billy's place in the Customs?' 'Rely on my promise!' says the minister. 'Sir Philip!' says a lady of rank, 'Ensign Roebuck is an officer most deserving promotion!' 'He shall be a colonel!' says the minister. Mark the result! He has outraged his friendship; he has forgotten his promise; he has falsified his oath. ever an idea of performing what he spoke? Quite the reverse! How unlucky that he cannot say 'No!'

"Look at Bob Lily! There lives no finer poet! Epic, elegiac, satiric, Pindaric, it is all one to him! He is patronised by all the first people in town. Everybody compliments him, everybody asks him to dinner.

Nay! there are some who read him. He excels alike in tragedy and farce, and is without a rival in amphibious dramas, which may be called either the one or the other; but he is a sad bungler in negatives. 'Mr Lily,' says the duchess, his patroness, 'you will be sure to bring that dear epithalamium to my conversazione this evening.' 'There is no denying your grace,' says the poet. 'I say, Lily,' says the duke, his patron, 'you will dine with us at seven?' 'Your grace does me honour,' says the poet. 'Bob!' says the young marquis, 'you are for Brookes's to-night?' 'To be sure!' says the poet. Mark the result! He is gone to eat tripe with his tyrannical bookseller; he has disappointed his patroness; he has offended his patron; he has cut the club! How unlucky he cannot say 'No!'

"Ned Shuttle was a dashing young fellow who, to use his own expression, was 'above denying a thing.' In plainer terms, he could not say 'No.' 'Sir!' says an enraged Tory, 'you are the author of this pamphlet!' Ned never saw the work, but he was above 'denying a thing,' and was horsewhipped for a libeller. 'Sir!' says an unfortunate pigeon, 'you had the king in your sleeve last night!' Ned never saw the pigeon before, but he was 'above denying a thing,' and was cut for a blackleg. 'Sir!' says a hot Hibernian, 'you insulted my sister in the Park!' Ned never saw the lady or her champion before, but he was 'above denying a thing,' and was shot through the head the next morn-

ing. Poor fellow! How unlucky that he could not say 'No!'"*

Believe me, he who can say "No," when to say it is to speak to his own hurt, has achieved a conquest greater far than he that taketh a city. Let me exhort you to cultivate this talent for yourselves. You need not mistake sauciness for strength, and be rude, and brusque, and self-opinionated in your independence. That extreme were as uncomely as the other. But let it be ours to be self-reliant amid hosts of the vacillating—real in a generation of triflers—true amongst a multitude of shams—when tempted to swerve from principle, sturdy as an oak in its maintenance; when solicited by the enticements of sinners, firm as a rock in our denial. I trust that yours may never be the character which, that you may be the more impressed by it, I give you in the poet's pleasant verse:—

"' He had faults, perhaps had many,
But one fault above them all
Lay like heavy lead upon him,
Tyrant of a patient thrall.
Tyrant seen, confess'd, and hated,
Banish'd only to recall.'

"'Oh! he drank?' 'His drink was water?'
'Gambled?' 'No! he hated play.'
'Then, perchance, a tenderer feeling
Led his heart and head astray?'
'No! both honour and religion
Kept him in the purer way.'

Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

"'Then he scorned life's mathematics,
Could not reckon up a score,
Pay his debts, or be persuaded
Two and two were always four?'
'No! he was exact as Euclid,
Prompt and punctual—no one more.'

"'Oh! a miser?' 'No.' 'Too lavish?'
'Worst of guessers, guess again.'
'No! I'm weary hunting failures.
Was he seen of mortal ken,
Paragon of marble virtues,
Quite a model man of men?'

"'At his birth an evil spirit
Charms and spells around him flung,
And with well concocted malice,
Laid a curse upon his tongue;
Curse that daily made him wretched—
Earth's most wretched sons among.

"'He could plead, expound, and argue,
Fire with wit, with wisdom glow;
But one word for ever fail'd him,
Source of all his pain and woe:
Luckless man! he could not say it,
Could not, dare not, answer—No!"

The sole result of advantage, immediately flowing from the king's apostasy, was the power which it gave him to promulgate the celebrated Edict of Nantes, the great charter of the French Reformation. In the preamble it was acknowledged that God was adored by all the French people, with unity of intention, though in variety of form; and it was then declared to be a perpetual and irrevocable law—the main foundation of union and tranquillity in the state. The concessions

granted by it were,-1. Full liberty of conscience (in private) to all; 2. The public celebration of worship in places where it was established at the time of the passing of the edict, and in the suburbs of cities; 3. That superior lords might hold assemblies within the precincts of their chateaux, and that gentlemen of lower degree might admit visitors to the number of thirty to their domestic worship; 4. That Protestantism should be no bar to offices of public trust, nor to participation in the benefactions of charity; 5. That they should have chartered academies for the education of their youth; 6. That they might convene and hold national synods; and 7. That they should be allowed a certain number of cautionary towns, fortified and garrisoned to secure against infractions of the This edict, though as it appears to us, recognising an imperium in imperio, and as such giving freedom but in grudging measure, was for eighty-seven years the rule of right, if not the bulwark of defence for the Protestants of France. years, after all, were years of distrust and suspicion, of encroachment on the one hand, and of resistance on The fall of Rochelle, and the edict of the other. pardon in 1629, definitively terminated the religious wars of France, and the Protestants, excluded from court employment, and from civil service, lost their temptations to luxury and idleness, and became the industrial sinews of the state. They farmed the fine

land of the Cevennes; and the vineyards of Berri. The wine-trade of Guienne, the cloths of Caen; the maritime trade on the seabord of Normandy, the manufactures in the north-western provinces, the silks and taffetas of Lyons; and many others which time would fail us to mention, were almost entirely in their hands; and by the testimony of their enemies, they combined the highest citizenship with the highest piety; industry, frugality, integrity—all the commercial virtues hallowed by unbending conscientiousness, earnest love of religion, and a continual fear of God.

The Edict of Nantes was revoked on 22d October 1685. The principal causes which led to this suicidal stroke of policy, were the purchased conversions and the Dragonades. Louis XIV. had a secret fund which he devoted to the conversion of his Protestant subjects. The average price for a convert was about six livres per head, and the abjuration and the receipt, twin vouchers for the money, were submitted to the king together. The management of this fund was entrusted to Pelisson, originally a Huguenot, but who became a convert to amend his fortunes, and a converter to enrich them. The establishment was conducted upon strictly commercial principles. It had its branches, correspondents, letters of credit, lists of prices current, and so forth, like any other mercantile concern. is extant a curious letter, perhaps we should say circular. of Pelisson's, which shews that, amid all his zeal, he had

a keen eye for business, and was not disposed to be imprudent in his speculations with the consciences of "Although," he says, "you may go as far as a · hundred francs, it is not meant that you are always to go to that extent, as it is necessary to use the utmost possible economy; in the first place, to shed this dew (O blessed baptismal dew!) upon as many as possible, and besides, if we give a hundred francs to people of no consequence, without any family to follow them, those who are a little above them, or who bring a number of children after them, will demand far larger sums." Pelisson's success was so great, that Louvois was stimulated with the like holy ambition, only his converting agency was not a charge of money, but a charge of dragoons. Troops were quartered upon Huguenot families, and the soldiers were allowed every possible licence of brutality, short only of rape and murder. All kinds of threat and indignity were practised to induce the Protestants to abjure; the ingenuity of the soldiers was taxed to devise tortures that were agonising, without being mortal. Whole provinces were reported as being converted. One of the agents in the Cevennes wrote to the Chancellor thus:--" The number of Protestants in this province is 240,000. until the 25th of next month for their entire conversion. but I fixed too distant a date, for I believe that at the end of this month all will be done." No day passed without bringing to the king the news of thousands of conversions; the court affected to believe that Protestantism in France was at an end, and the king, willingly deluded, no longer hesitated to strike the last On 22d October 1685, he signed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The following were the chief provisions:—The abolition of Protestant worship throughout the land, under penalty of arrest of body and confiscation of goods. Ministers were to guit the kingdom in a fortnight, but if they would be converted they might remain and have an advance of salary. Protestant schools were closed, and all children born after the passing of the law, were to be baptized by the priests, and brought up in the communion of Rome. All refugees were to return to France in four months, and to abjure, otherwise their property was declared confiscate, under pain of the galleys for men, and imprisonment for women. Protestants were forbidden to quit the kingdom, and to carry their fortunes abroad. All the strict laws concerning relapsing heretics were confirmed; and finally, those Protestants who had not changed their religion, might remain in France until it should please God to enlighten them." This last sentence sounds bravely pious, and liberal, and many of the Protestants began to rejoice that at least private liberty of conscience remained to them; but they soon found that the interpretation of it was, "until the dragoons should convert them as they had converted whole provinces before." The provisions of the edict were

carried out with inflexible rigour. The pastors were driven into immediate banishment, the laity were forbidden to follow them, but in spite of prohibitions and perils, in the face of the attainder and of the galleys, there were few abjurations and many refugees. crossed the frontier sword in hand, others bribed the guards and assumed all sorts of disguises; ladies of quality might be seen crawling many weary leagues to escape at once from their persecutors and their country. Some put out to sea in frail and open boats, preferring the cruel chances of winds and waves, to the more cruel certainty of their fierce human oppressors; and fair women who had lived all their lives in affluence, and whose cheeks the air of heaven had never visited too roughly, fled without food or store, save a little brackish water, or gathered snow by the road-side, with which the mothers moistened the parched lips of their babes. Protestant countries received the refugees with open England, America, Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Prussia, Holland-all profited by this wholesale proscription of Frenchmen. It is difficult to estimate the numbers who escaped. wrote, a year after the Revocation, that France had lost 100,000 inhabitants, 60,000,000 of francs in specie, 9000 sailors, 12,000 veterans, 600 officers, and her most flourishing branches of manufacture and trade. Sismondi considers the loss to have exceeded 300,000 men; and Capefigue, the latest writer on the subject,

and an adversary to the Protestant cause, reports that at least 225,000 quitted the kingdom. But all are agreed that the refugees were among the bravest, the most loyal, and the most industrious in the kingdom, and that they carried with them the arts by which they had enriched their country, and abundantly repaid the hospitality which afforded them in other lands that asylum which was denied them in their own.

So early as the latter half of the sixteenth century thousands of French fugitives had taken refuge in England, from the persecutions which followed the massacre of St Bartholomew. The first French church in London was established in 1550, and owed its origin to the piety of King Edward VI., and to the powerful protection of Somerset and Cranmer. Churches were subsequently founded by successive emigrations, in Canterbury, Sandwich, Norwich, Southampton, Glastonbury, Dover, and several other towns; so that at the period when the Edict of Nantes was revoked, these were centres of unity around which the persecuted ones might rally. It is estimated that nearly eighty thousand established themselves in this country during the ten years which preceded or followed the revocation. About one-third of them settled in London, especially in the districts of Long Acre, Seven Dials, and Spitalfields. Scotland and Ireland received their share of refugees. The quarter in Edinburgh long known as Picardy, and French Church Street in Cork, are attestations of their presence there. The French Protestants were very efficient supporters of William of Orange, in those struggles for principle which drove the last of the Stuarts from the throne. The revolution in England was effected without bloodshed; but in Ireland numbers of the refugees rallied round the Protestant standard. A refugee, de la Melonière, was brigadier at the siege of Carrickfergus; a refugee, Marshal Schomberg, led the troops at the Battle of the Boyne; and when William was established in London, and, breaking off diplomatic relations, enjoined the French ambassador to quit within twenty-four hours, by one of those caprices which are strangely like petribution, a refugee, De l'Estang, was sent to notify his dismissal; and a refugee, St Leger, received orders to escort him safely to Dover.

The influence which the refugees exerted upon the trade and manufactures of the country was more wide-spread, and more lasting. The commercial classes of England ought, of all others, to feel grateful to the Protestants of France; for the different branches of manufacture which were introduced by them have mainly contributed to make our "merchant princes, and our traffickers the honourable of the earth." They established a factory in Spitalfields, where silks were woven on looms, copied from those of Lyons and of Tours; they taught the English to make "brocades, satins, paduasoys, velvets, and stuffs of mingled silk and cotton." They introduced also the manufacture of fine linen, of Caudebec hats, of printed calicoes, of

Gobelin tapestry, of sailcloth, and of paper. Most of these things had previously been obtained only by importation; and where native manufactories were at work, they produced articles of coarser material, and of less elegant design. It has been ascertained by calculation, that the manufactures introduced into this country by these same despised Huguenot traders deprived France of an annual return of £1,800,000. There is an old proverb, "Whom the gods will destroy they first madden;" and certainly the revocation of the Edict of Nantes was not only an atrocious wickedness, but an act of unparalleled folly.

Many of the refugees and their descendants attained honourable positions, and well served the country of their adoption in art, and science, and statesmanship, and jurisprudence, and literature, and arms. Thomas Savery, a refugee, was the inventor of a machine for draining marshes, and obtained a patent for it so long ago as 1698. Dennis Papin, a refugee, realised, a century before Watt watched the tea-kettle, the great idea of steam-power, and had a notion, which they called "a pretension" then, of navigating vessels without oars Saurin burst into the reputation of his eloquence at the Hague; but at the old French church in Threadneedle Street, he "preened his wings of fire." Abbadie discoursed with mild and earnest persuasion in the church at the Savoy, and then wrote, with ability and effect, from the deanery of Killaloe. The first literary

new-paper in Ireland was published by the pastor Droz. a refugee, who founded a library on College Green, in Dublin. The physician, Desagulièrs, the disciple and friend of Newton; Thelluson (Lord Rendlesham), a brave soldier in the Peninsular War, more distinguished than notorious; Thelluson, the millionaire, the eccentric will-maker, more notorious than distinguished; General Ligonier, who commanded the English army at the battle of Lawfield; General Prevost, who distinguished himself in the American War; General de Blaquiere, a man of high personal valour and military skill; Labouchere, formerly in the cabinet; Lord Eversley, who, as Mr Shaw Lefèvre, was the Speaker of the House of Commons; Sir John Romilly, the present Master of the Rolls; Sir Samuel Romilly, his humane and accomplished father; Majendie, some time Bishop of Chester; Saurin, once Attorney-General for Ireland; Austen Henry Layard, the excavator of Nineveh,-all these, it is said, are descendants of the families of the French refugees.

The descendants of the Huguenots long remained as a distinct people, preserving a nationality of their own, and entertaining hopes of return, under more favourable auspices, to their beloved fatherland. In the lapse of years these hopes grew gradually fainter, and both habit and interest drew them closer to the country of their shelter and of their adoption. The fierce wars of the Republic, the crash of the first revolution, and the

threatened invasion of England by the first Napoleon, severed the last ties which bound them to their own land, and their affinities and sympathies being for the most part English, there was an almost absolute fusion both of race and name.

One hardly knows, indeed, where to look for a genuine Saxon now, for the refugee blood circulates beneath many a sturdy patronymic, whose original wearer we might have sworn had lived in the Heptarchy, or trod the beechen glade in the times of Eanwolf and Athelstan. Who would suppose for a moment that there can lurk anything Norman in the colourless names of White and Black, or in the authoritative names of King and Masters, or in the juvenile name of Young, or in the stave-and-barrel-suggesting appellation of Cooper, or in the light and airy denomination of Bird? Yet history tells us that these are the names now borne by those who at the close of the last century rejoiced in the designations of Leblanc, Lenoir, Loiseau, Lejeunes, Le Tonnellier, Lemaitre, Leroy. The fact was, that when Napoleon threatened to invade England -to which they owed so much—they felt ashamed of being Frenchmen, and translated their names into good sturdy Saxon. Thus did these noble men—faithful witnesses for God, brave upholders of the supremacy of conscience—enrich the revenues and vindicate the liberty of the land which had furnished them a home, and then, as the last tribute of their gratitude, they merged their nationality in ours, and became one with us in feeling, in language, in religion.

Protestantism in France—oppressed by many restrictions, suffering equally under a parricidal republic, and under a "paternal despotism"—yet lives and struggles Though small in its numerical extent, it does no unworthy work-though unostentatious in its simple worship, it bears no inglorious witness against apostasy and sin. There is hope for the future of France—hope in the dim streaks of the morning, that the day will come—hope in the hoariness of Popery, for it is dismally stricken in years—hope in the inability of scepticism and philosophy, falsely so called, to fill a national heart, around which an unsatisfied desire keeps for ever moaning like the wind around a ruined cairn-hope, above all, in the unexhausted power of that Divine Word, which, when it has free course, will be glorified; and in the sure promise, faithful amid all change, that "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and His Christ, and He shall reign for ever.

And England, what of her? The dear old land—rich in ancestral memory, and radiant with a younger hope; the Elim of palms and fountains in the exile's wilderness—whose soil the glad slave blesses as he leaps on her shores a freeman: England—standing like a rock in mid-ocean, and when the tempest howls elsewhere, receiving only the spent spray of the revolutionary wave; or as the ark in the deluge, the only mission

of the frantic waters being to bear it safely to the Ararat of rest: England-great by her gospel heritage, powerful by her Protestant privileges, free by her forefathers' martyrdoms-what of her? Is she to be faithful or traitorous? gifted with increasing prosperity, or shorn of her strength, and hasting to decay? The nations of old have successively flourished faded. Babylon and Carthage, Macedon and Persia, Greece and Rome-all in their turn have yielded to the law of decline. Is it of necessity uniform? Must we shrivel into inanition, while "westward the course of empire takes its way?" I may be sanguine, that is an error of enthusiasm-I may be proud of my birthland, of all pride that is the least unholy—but both the patriot's impulse and the seer's inspiration prompt the answer, No-a thousand times No!-if only there be fidelity to principle, to truth, to God. Not in the national characteristics of reverence and hope-reverence for the struggling past-hope in the beautiful future; not in the absence of class antagonisms, nor in the fine community of interest in all things sacred and free; not in the true practicalness of the British mind, doing, not dreaming, ever; not in any or all of these, valuable and influential as they unquestionably areput we our trust for the bright destiny of England. Her history has facts on record which we would do well to ponder. "One uniform connexion," as Dr Croly has accurately shewn, "between Romish ascendancy and

national disaster—between Romish discountenance and national renown." To the question of Voltaire, then, "Why has England so long and so successfully maintained her free institutions?" I would not answer, with Sir James Stephen, "Because England is still German," though that may be a very substantial political reason; but rather "Because England is still Protestant, with a glad gospel, a pure altar, an unsealed, entire, wide-open Bible." Let her keep her fidelity, and she will keep her position, and there need be no bounds to the sacred magnificence of her preservation. For nations as for individuals, that which is right is safe. A godless expediency or an unworthy compromise are sure avenues to national decline. Oh, if we would retain that influence which, as a nation, we hold in stewardship from God, there must be no adulterous alliances between Truth and Error, no conciliations at the expense of principle, and an utter abhorrence, alike by church and cabinet and crown, of that corrupt maxim of a corrupt creed, that it is lawful "to do evil that good may come."

"Do ill that good may come, so Satan spake;
Woe to the land deluded by that lie;
Woe to its rulers, for whose evil sake
The curse of God may now be hovering nigh:
Up, England, and avert it! boldly break
The spells of sorceress Rome, and cast away
Godless expedience; say, Is it wise,
Or right, or safe, for some chance gains to-day,
To dare the vengeance from to-morrow's skies?
Be wiser thou, dear land, my native home,

Do always good—do good that good may come. The path of duty plain before thee lies, Break, break the spells of the enchantress, Rome."

And now, at the close, let me repeat the sentiment advanced at the beginning,—God is working in the world, and, therefore, there shall be progress for ever. God's purpose doth not languish. Through a past of disaster and of struggle, "Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne," through centuries of persecution, with oppressors proud, and with confessors faithless, amid multitudes apostate and shamehearted, with only here and there an Abdiel, brave, but single-handed - God has been always working, evolving, in His quiet power, from the seeming, the real, from the false, the true. Not for nothing blazed the martyrs' fires—not for nothing toiled brave sufferers up successive hills of shame. God's purpose doth not languish. The torture and trial of the past have been the stern ploughers in His service, who never suspend their husbandry, and who have "made long their furrows." Into those furrows the imperishable seed hath fallen. The heedless world hath trodden it in, tears and blood have watered it, the patient sun hath warmed and cheered it to its ripening, and it shall be ready soon. "Say not ye, There are yet four months. and then cometh harvest? Lift up your eyes," and yonder, upon the crest of the mountain, the lone watcher, the proplet with the shining forehead, looking out upon God's acres, announces to the waiting people — "The fields are white unto the harvest. Thrust in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe." But the Lord wants reapers. Who of you will go out, sickle in hand, to meet Him? The harvest is ripe; shall it droop in heavy and neglected masses, for want of reapers to gather it in? To you, the young, in your enthusiasm-to you, the aged, in your wisdom-to you, men of daring enterprise and chainless ardour -to you, heirs of the rare endurance, and strong affection of womanhood-to you, the rich in the grandeur of your equalising charity—to you, the poor, in the majesty of your ungrudging labour, the Master comes and speaks. Does not the whisper thrill you? "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" Up, there's work for you all-work for the lords of broad acres, work for the kings of two hands. Ye are born, all of you, to a royal birthright. Scorn not the poor, thou wealthy—his toil is nobler than thy luxury. Fret not at the rich, thou poor-his beneficence is comelier than thy murmuring. Join hands, both of you, rich and poor together, as ye toil in the brotherhood of God's great harvest-field—heirs of a double heritage—thou poor, of thy queenly labour-thou rich, of thy queenlier charity—and let heaven bear witness to the bridal-

> The rich man's son inherits lands, And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,

And he inherits soft white hands, And tender flesh that fears the cold, Nor dares to wear a garment old: A heritage, it seems to me, One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares,—
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares;
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn:
A heritage, it seems to me,

pre scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art:
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learn'd of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow comes, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door:
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

Oh, rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands,
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten soft white hands;
This is the best crop from thy lands:
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rick to hold in fee.

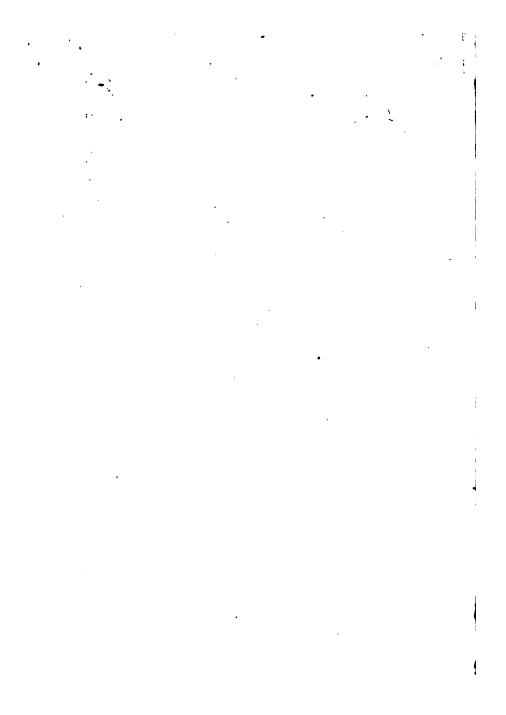
Oh, poor man's son! scorn not thy state.
There is worse weariness than thine
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign:
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last,
Both, children of the same dear God.
Prove title to your heirship vast,
By records of a well-fill'd past:
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

LONDON, Feb. 8, 1859.

THE END.

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